

THE
Fortunate Country Maid.

Being the Entertaining

MEMOIRS

Of the Present Celebrated

MARCHIONESS of L. V.

WHO from a COTTAGE, through a great Variety.
of DIVERTING ADVENTURES, be
came a Lady of the first Quality in the COURT
of FRANCE, by her steady Adherence to the
Principles of VIRTUE and HONOUR.

Wherein are display'd

The Various and Vile ARTIFICES employ'd
by Men of Intrigue, for seducing of Young
Women; with suitable REFLECTIONS.

VOL. II.

From the *French* of the Chevalier DE MOUHY.

Example *draws*, where Precept *fails*;
And Sermons are less read than Tales.

PRIOR.

L O N D O N:

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and Bookbinder near Chancery Lane, Holbourn.

MDCCXL.



IT is so far from being dangerous, that it is in some sort necessary for young Persons to be acquainted with the Passion of Love, that they may be able to shut their Ears against it, when it is Criminal, and know how to conduct themselves in it when Innocent and Honourable.

M. HUET,

Bishop of AURANCHES.



ADVERTISEMENT.

I was my Design to bury in Oblivion the Motives for the suppressing the seventh Part at Paris, and to have slighted by my Silence Proceedings as extraordinary, as they were unjust; but reflecting, that such a Conduct might forfeit the Esteem of all Lorrain, of which I am inexpressibly jealous, I have prevailed with myself to give the Detail of this Affair, that the Publick may judge if I deserve the severe Treatment I am going to relate.

About a Month after this seventh Part was publish'd at Paris, my Footman inform'd me one Afternoon, that a Man in Boots had a Letter for me from the Lieutenant General de Police: it surprized me; I was requir'd to appear that same Day before M. Herault, on Affairs that regarded me personally. I did not know what to think; and tho' I had no Grounds to apprehend such a Visit, it gave me no small Uneasiness.

M. Herault told me, it concern'd the seventh Part of the Fortunate Country Maid : that the Dutcheſs of Lorrain was prejudiced againſt me : that at her Inſtance I was commanded never to mention Lorrain but with due Reſpect. In a great Surprize, I aſk'd this Magiſtrate, on which of my Works this Calumny could be ground'd ? Aſſuring him, that this ſeventh Part actually extoll'd the Lorrainers : He reſert'd me to the Sieur Jean, one of his principal Clerks : this Man gave me an Account of the Affair, and threw me into the greateſt Aſtoniſhment, by letting me into the Particulars of the Charge. I depended upon the Work itſelf for my Juſtification, which I gave in to be examin'd ; the Thing appear'd ſo plain, that it ſtopp'd there, and not a Word more ſaid of it.

A Fortnight afterwards there came an Order from Court, which ſuppreſs'd the ſeventh Part, I had given to be examin'd ; all my Remonſtrances were in vain, the Book was abſolutely ſuppreſs'd : I was a long Time before I unravell'd this ſurpriſing Adventure, but at laſt I compaſs'd it ; ſee page 45.

The Marqueſs, relating his Journey to Lorrain, tells his Miſtreſs, that in the Affairs of Life, the firſt Step is all ; tho' Melancholy, ariſing from your Abſence, hung upon me, yet I had a Reliſh for Company ; but, what chiefly drew me frequently to one particular Houſe was the near Reſemblance which the Counteſs de Charée's eldeſt Daughter has of you, in every Thing except her Temper and Height ; methought I ſaw you whenever I was in her Company : And this Difference of Temper is the Grounds of the Accuſation and Suppreſſion. To give it an Air of Probability, this is the Way they argue : The Country Maid is repreſented under a perfect Character, all thro' the Work ; ſpeaking of Miſs Charée, 'tis ſaid, ſhe reſembled Jenny in every Reſpect except her Temper, which was therefore bad. A pleaſant Conſequence ! Jenny is chearful, Miſs Charée melancholy, there's my Answer. Was

ever

ever Man taxed with Malevolence, for saying that an amiable Person was melancholy, or chearful? The Word Temper is a Substantive, and vague, and determines not the Idea annexed to it, without the Relatives joined thereto. We say Miss such a one is ill temper'd, or good temper'd, this is easily understood. The Word Temper defines the Humour, the Dispositions, and leaves no bad Impression, when employed, unless Adjectives are added, which determine the Sense. An ordinary Comprehension suffices for this. How could then this Passage be alledged against me, to prove me guilty of Malice, and to prosecute me as such? How have they farther taxed me with Malevolence in all I have advanc'd of the Lorrain Ladies? Let them be at the Trouble of reading pag. 45, what the Marquess there says to the Country Maid of them; after this Examination, I am sure the World must render me the Justice that is due to me, and be astonish'd, as well as I, to see me persecuted on such frivolous Pretences.

Let me explain myself however; 'tis not the Court, nor much less the Publick, that are the Author of this Persecution; on the contrary, I am much beholden to them both. After some Months I discover'd to whom I am obliged for the Strokes I have received; the Reader will see in a Passage betwixt the Marquess and the Country Maid, by what Means I brought upon myself the Enmity of a Man who was once my Friend; it is Page 49, the anagrammatical Name of this Hero is St. Alu.

Lorrain shall witness the Facts I report, and the World shall judge after reading this History, and all the Politeness and Partiality, with which I mention this Nation, whether the Pretences employed for suppressing this seventh Part, were founded upon Reason and Equity.

PART

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the matter of the County Jail, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
 Yours, &c.
 J. W. Smith



PART VII.

NEXT to my Bedchamber, was a Closet adorn'd with Pannels of Looking-Glass, the Hangings, like those of the Apartment, were Crimson Damask, border'd with gold Fringe: Several Pictures representing Children playing together, and beautiful Landscapes, all placed with great Symmetry between the Glasses, had a charming Effect; but what pleas'd me most, was a Book-Case at the farther End, containing great Choice of new Musick Books.

My Toilette was placed in the Wardrobe I mention'd before; it contain'd every thing that regards Dress: the Boxes were filled with Bracelets, Gloves, and modern Trinkets in an elegant Taste. Whatever Inclination I had to examine every thing in particular, the Fear of being interrupted, not having sufficient Time to go thro' the Whole, oblig'd me to content myself with a transient View of so many bewitching Objects,

I was not a little surpriz'd, in opening the Chests, at the great Abundance of Linnen and other things. What was design'd for my wearing, appear'd exceeding fine; but a compleat Service of Plate, which I found by itself, I must needs own, quite charm'd me.

Another Chest furnish'd a set of China of the finest Sort; in the Partitions was contain'd every thing belonging to the Table.

After running over all these Things, I return'd to my Chamber; I was very curious to know the Contents of a large Commode with a marble Cover, which was no small Ornament to the Room.

The first Drawer was fill'd with Mercer's Goods, for making Gowns proper for the several Seasons of the Year ; nothing was forgot even of the most trifling Nature : This Detail may very well be thought tedious, yet it's really necessary in order to give a just Idea of my new Admirer. Self-Love, possibly, finds its Account here, but that is a Subject I am not very willing to discuss ; such an obliging Attention must necessarily make a very engaging Impression on the Mind of a young Creature. Not to own I was very much affected with this generous Behaviour, would be making too free with Sincerity ; and as Experience convinced me that his Conduct was not in the least influenced by any criminal Views, I was the more sensible of the Obligations conferred on me.

The little Rest my Affairs had allow'd in the foregoing Nights, oppress'd me to that Degree, that notwithstanding my Eagerness to continue the Scrutiny, I was obliged to desist ; Sleep overpower'd me, and I threw myself into Bed. There my Soul, perfectly satisfied with my present Situation, and void of Care for what was to come, entertain'd none but the most agreeable Ideas, follow'd by so profound a Repose, that I did not wake till the Day was far spent.

It was near Sun-set, when the Noise of the Coaches obliged me to rise ; I immediately recollected that I had fasten'd my Chamber Door, upon which I went and drew back the Bolts : this was no sooner done, but my waiting Woman enter'd. Lord ! Madam, said she in a wheedling Tone, you are certainly very timorous to barricade yourself thus in broad Day Light ; I have been several Times at the Door to know if you wanted me, but the Fear of disturbing you, made me wait till now, This was answer'd with great Indifference on my Side. Her Countenance did not please me ; such Antipathies are many times involuntary, and from my

my Childhood I was liable to Prepossession of this Nature, tho' they are often groundless, and always argue a Weakness in our Understanding. We ought to guard against such Follies, as there are many who by an unfortunate Cast in their Aspect promise nothing commendable, and yet their real Worth greatly surpasses that of others whose Countenances are very taking at first Sight. Every Day's Experience justifies this Remark, tho' very few correct the Failing.

Brochan having open'd the Windows, I plac'd myself at one of them; the Evening was delightfully pleasant, and abundance of People were taking the Air; such a Sight was altogether unusual to me, its great Variety affording an agreeable Amusement. I was charm'd with the Neatness and Elegance of the Womens Dresses; I examin'd them with great Attention, and such as pleas'd me most, drew my Eyes after them as far as I could possibly distinguish one Object from another. This so entirely took up my Thoughts, that every thing else was banish'd my Breast.

Women must own with me, that our strongest Propensity is to examine each other; this is generally attended either with Jealousy or Envy, as we can seldom prevail on ourselves to do one another Justice; a wretched Disposition, which seems inseparable from the Sex. As much as I have at this Day got the better of little Follies, if I deal ingenuously, I must acknowledge myself still subject to such mean Impressions. If ever I should publish the Sequel of my Adventures, as perhaps I may, I propose to treat of this Matter more at large, and prove by Examples how careful we ought to be in forming a Judgment on outward Appearances: Fatal Experience has convinc'd me of this; I am now very cautious, it's true, and endeavour to correct so great a Weakness; nevertheless, it often hap-

happens that Custom, that second Nature, prevails over Reason.

Whilst I was deeply engag'd in examining every one that pass'd by, some body clasp'd me fast in their Arms, without my perceiving who it was took that Liberty with me. My Colour came, and I turn'd about very hastily, struggling to free myself from such an unexpected Embrace. It would be no easy Matter to surprize you, said *Madame de Geneval* laughing; you are so much upon your Guard, and are so strong, there would be nothing got by romping with you. Upon my asking her Pardon with a Smile, for being so rough in disengaging myself; I'll pardon you this once, replied she in a jesting Way, but another time, I shall not be so easily prevail'd upon; and even now, it shall only be on this Condition, that you do us the Honour of supping with us. This Invitation was accompanied with so polite an Air, that I could not refuse it, after which we placed ourselves at the Window, and began to criticise those that pass'd by.

Madame de Geneval had a particular Talent for this dangerous Pleasure; Dress, Figure, Countenance, nothing escaped her; the Women seldom found Mercy at her Hands; those who were handsome rarely escap'd the most satyrical Strokes; the Men came better off, that is, such as were above the ordinary Rate, for the Others were excluded all Favour.

What do you think of Her, cried *Madame de Geneval*, that comes this Way with that flaunting Gate, and false Air of Beauty that deceives at a Distance? Don't be mistaken, her fine Complexion is only borrowed from the Mysteries of the Toilette, as her Carriage is from the Information of a much consulted Looking-Glass; for all her Affectation, she is very plain, as you will own when you see

see her nearer ; I'll lay a Wager, added she, that you would not suspect her Hair, trick'd up as it is with Ribbands, was none of her own ; and yet she is as bald as a Foot, and has recourse to Art for supplying the Deficiency of Nature. Speak the Truth, would not you guess, by her Attendants and Dress, that her Husband belong'd at least to the Exchequer ? Far from it, he is Cook to the Prince of

Though her Mother sold Fruit, her Vanity aim'd at his Steward ; but she is very well off in marrying his Cook, who must cheat his Master to maintain her Extravagance : And yet, in return for his too great Indulgence, has never a quiet Moment ; they say, his Heart is broke ; but it's all to no purpose, she goes on her old Way. Pray behold that other Woman that is coming out of the great Gates, by her Behaviour and the Airs she gives herself, would you imagine her to be five and twenty ? and yet she is turn'd of Fifty ; but in order to impose on those who don't know her Age, she tells them with an affected Air of Sincerity, that she dresses in Brown, because it is her favourite Colour and suits any Age ; but the best of the Jest is, that she cannot prevail on herself to marry a Man who has long made his Addresses, for fear, she says, of dying in Childbed. . Saying this, *Madame de General* burst into such a hearty Fit of Laughter, that I could not forbear joining with her, though I knew not why.

We had spent near an Hour in this kind of Amusement, when a Flourish on the Kettle-Drums, and a Hurry in the Street, made me enquire what could be the Occasion. The King is returning from Hunting, replied *Madame de General*, we shall see him pass by. My Heart began to flutter at this, as I immediately recollected the first Time of my seeing his Majesty, and the Consequences his Presence had drawn after it. Though I was now grown

up to years of Discretion, and had already fatissied my Curiosity, I found the same eager Desire of seeing the King seize my Soul, as in the Forest; it's true, I conceal'd my Earnestness; Vanity, which always grows upon us, made me imagine I should want no Assistance to distinguish the King from the rest: persuaded of this, I fixed my Eyes on that Side the King was expected, and gave very little Attention to the Criticisms *Madame de Geneval*, with her usual Charity, pass'd upon every one that came in her way.

My Impatience did not remain long unsatisfied; the Hunt return'd, and, contrary to what was usual, moved very slowly. Day-Light was not quite gone, and I congratulated with myself on the Opportunity I was going to have of considering the King's Person very attentively; but the false Shame of informing myself which was the King, disappointed my Hopes, surrounded as he was by the Courtiers: by good Luck, his Majesty dropp'd something out of his Hand, otherwise he would have pass'd by undistinguished; for the Eagerness every one express'd to take up his Glove and return it, sufficiently pointed him out, and I had the Satisfaction I so much desir'd.

My Admiration of this charming Prince was so great, that I could not forbear observing to *Madame de Geneval* the Gracefulness of his Person; but she scarce made any Answer to what I said on the Subject: her Eyes were fixed on a Nobleman, with whom she seem'd to be entirely charmed, and was no less solicitous to make me sensible of his personal Accomplishments, than I was in remarking those of the young Monarch: but the best of it was, we mutually applauded each other's Remarks, falsely imagining they regarded one and the same Object.

In the mean time, the Court was directly under our Windows; I was so taken up, with the Sight, that

that I quite forgot I was in a very plain Undress. *Madame de Geneval* was full dress'd, and, either thro' Malice or Inadvertency, did not give me the Hint; thus was I unwittingly expos'd to the curious Eyes of the Company, for my own little Vanity would never have relish'd the Negligence of my *Deshabille*. I think, I have elsewhere mention'd how much I suffer'd on such Occasions, and indeed, do to this Day.

Good God! cried *Madame de Geneval*, with a mysterious Air, but such as betray'd how well she was satisfied with her own dear self, these Men are turn'd Fools surely! One can't be at a Window, but they stare one through! See, Madam, I beg, how they eye us! In effect, they all to a single Man look'd up to our Window as they pass'd by. Indeed, Madam, replied I, you make me observe what would not have surpriz'd me, had we been the only Women that look'd out of Window in the Street; but, methinks, the whole Court seems intirely taken up with staring at us. Oh! replied *Madame de Geneval*, what you say does not at all surprize me; I am so well known, so very well known, my pretty Lady, that you must not wonder at what you see: You don't know that the King himself is pleas'd often to favour me with a Look; not that I would have you to think, continued the vain Thing, putting on an Air of Modesty, that I attribute this to any thing very flattering in myself; my Husband goes every Day to Court, and as he is upon very good Terms there, it's no wonder if some Notice is taken of me. Did not I tell you so? added *Madame de Geneval*, standing up; see, the King does us the Honour to look at us! He certainly remembers my Face. — — — For Heaven's sake, Madam, let us retire, continued she in a childish affected Tone, I can stand it no longer.

A Nobleman, who was opposite to the Window singled me out with his Hat to those that were near him; Own, Gentlemen, said he, that young Lady to be exceeding handsome, and that the *Deshabille* you see her in, far surpasses all the Arts of Dress. This was no sooner spoke, but every one ey'd me with fresh Attention, and bowed to us one after another: The King being directly opposite to our Window, look'd up a second Time, and took off his Hat: I blush'd prodigiously, and imagining I ought to return the Compliment, made an exceeding low Courtesy. Lord, Madam, what are you doing, cried *Madame de Geneval* loud enough to be overheard, no body ever salutes the King; you'll make us be taken for meer Country Creatures. The King and whole Court fell a Laughing at this ill-timed Reprimand. Whether this was owing to her manner of Expressing herself, or my Simplicity, I can't determine; this I know very well, the hasty Reproach struck me all of a Heap: I should have remain'd in this Condition for a considerable Time, had not *Madame de Geneval*, in order to ingratiate herself with me, and show her Knowledge of the Court, given me the Names and History of part of his Majesty's Retinue, tho' heard with great Indifferency on my Side: I had not forgot the little Mortification I fancied she had drawn upon me, and Self-Love made my Resentment appear very justifiable.

My vain cajoling Landlady, imagining my Silence proceeded from the Relish I had for her Conversation, continued the Subject for some Time, sparing no-body that came in her Way: When breaking off on a sudden, she propos'd going down to her Apartment, Supper-Time, as she said, drawing near. I replied, that it would be proper for me to put on some Head-Clothes, since she would not allow me to dress. Oh! by no means, cried *Madame de Geneval*, you are killingly handsome in the Dress

you

you are in ; neither am I the only one who thinks so, as you have just now heard : We shall have frequent Opportunities of seeing you dress'd, for this once let us enjoy you in your native Charms. This Compliment was answer'd in a proper Manner on my Side, not forgetting her Beauty, with which she seem'd mightily taken ; as indeed this was truly her weak Side. It's very justly said, cried she begging Pardon for the Freedom of taking me in her Arms, that Women of Quality are always distinguishable by their Behaviour : I have always been fond of their Company, as their Conversation is so very instructing. What won't Prejudice effect ! As long as she took me for the Countess *des Roches*, this was always her Style ; but, the Moment she discover'd the Truth, she protested to one, who gave me an Account of it, that she all along took me for a Counterfeit ; that, notwithstanding the Airs I was pleas'd to give myself, she saw thro' the Artifice, and every Day discover'd something that betray'd my mean Birth. So much for Prejudice.

Altho' I was very much press'd to go down undress'd as I was, I should never have consented, had not *Monsieur de Geneval* surpriz'd us in the Debate : he accosted us in a genteel Manner, and paid his Compliments gracefully enough ; he had something of the Fop in him, his Voice trifling, and much upon the Familiar : As Superintendant to the Duke of ——— he imagin'd himself Company for any one ; handsome, tall, and well made, always in the Pink of the Mode, and very full of himself ; a ready Wit, and so happy in his little Sallies, that the Spleen was entirely banish'd wherever he came, and made his Conversation much coveted. The vicious Part of any one's Character is much easier attain'd, that what is valuable in it ; his satyirical Vein *Madame de Geneval* had acquir'd, and was very ready at biting Expressions ; but then,

then, she wanted the fine turn of Wit in applying them, of which he was a perfect Master; insomuch that he would frequently lash People to their Faces, with so much Art, adapting his Voice and Expression so justly, that every one present, except the Person concern'd, immediately discover'd who was aim'd at; nay, it often happen'd that the Object of his Raillery was the most diverted of the whole Company: Let any one judge if such Talents were not esteem'd in an Age, so favourable to satyrical Reflexions, that all Charity for our Neighbour is exploded as a thing quite out of Date.

Our Supper was perfectly Neat and Elegant. *Monsieur de Geneval* acquitted himself exceedingly well in doing the Honours of his House; we were five at Table, without reckoning a Boy of seven Years old, so very ill bred, that he seiz'd every thing he could lay his Hands on, daub'd the Table-Cloth, and spoil'd the Clothes of those who had the Misfortune to be near him; and all this without his Father's being allow'd to reprimand him. As he was very pretty, and, by way of Compliment, said to be like his Mother, she thought upon this Account he could not be too much indulged, and consequently spoil'd him to such a Degree, that he was ready to sling things at any one's Head, that presum'd to find fault with him.

A Relation of *Monsieur de Geneval*, about fifty Years of Age, made the third Woman in the Company: her Humour seem'd gay and airy; she amus'd us with abundance of Pleasantry, accompanied with so much Wit, as threw a Veil over her Age, and the malicious Turns she frequently gave to things. She was not all of a Piece; her Folly betray'd itself in giving us to understand, that in her younger Days she stood unrival'd in point of Beauty; then her Discourse run upon the Extravagancies Princes and Noblemen had committed in making their Addresses to her; there was no end of this Subject,

Subject, and if any one took a Fancy to contradict her, as it sometimes happen'd, the Scene was changed in an Instant, from Affable and Polite, she became downright Scurrilous.

A Gentleman belonging to the Household, about Thirty, was the very Opposite to the Person just mentioned: Taciturnity, Gloom, and Disdain were strongly imprinted on his Countenance; he never was known to approve of any thing in all his Life; and before you utter'd a single Syllable you might depend upon being contradicted by him; *But* was his favourite Transition, and *No* his darling Particle.

Notwithstanding this Difference of Characters, I soon perceiv'd that the Company was agreed upon making me talk, with a Design to learn some Account of my Affairs; but *Monsieur St. Fal*, who had a good deal of Foresight, gave me my Lesson in writing: my Story was framed, digested and got by heart; I came off very well, notwithstanding their Attacks, and this chiefly by the concise Answers I gave. The only Secret for baffling Curiosity, is to say little; there is no Hazard in being cautious, whereas giving a Loose to the Tongue overburdens the Memory, and endangers the contradicting one's self: A ticklish Situation, to which Persons ought never to expose themselves, who have Reasons not to be publickly known.

The Desert had not been long serv'd up, when a Footman came and whisper'd something to *Madame de Geneval*: she immediately turn'd towards me, and told me in my Ear, that a Nobleman enquir'd for me: imagining it must be *St. Fal*, who was come with some News, I ordered the Footman to conduct him to my Apartment, and was preparing to go and receive him. The Servant hearing me name that Nobleman, assured me it was not him, but that he guess'd by his Livery, it must be the Duke of——. The Name surpriz'd me,
and

and *Monsieur de Geneval* perceiving it, ask'd me if I had any Reason for not receiving the Visit, for in that Case it was only saying I did not sup at Home: My answer was, that I did not desire to be seen, as the Person was an utter Stranger, and I did not apprehend what his Business could be. *Madame de Geneval* rose from Table at this, bidding me make myself very easy, for she would speak to the Duke herself: Adding with a mysterious Air, that she partly guess'd his Errand; saying this, she left the Room, making me several Signs which I did not comprehend.

I expected her Return with great Impatience, wondering what could detain her so long; the Dread I had of the old *Marquess*, brought him continually to my Mind, whenever troublesome Accidents gave me any Uneasiness.

Monsieur de Geneval perceiving me much disquieted, endeavoured to make me share in the Mirth of the Company: Complaisance obliged me to feign an Attention to what pass'd. What an irksom Task it is, to counterfeit a Satisfaction, when the Mind labours under Perplexity!

After half an Hour's Stay, *Madame de Geneval* return'd laughing very heartily. Did I not tell you, said she speaking to me, that we were examin'd very narrowly when at the Window? Without Vanity, our Charms make some Noise in the World. Who doubts that? replied the Husband, all the Court envies my Happiness in possessing so lovely a Creature as *Madame de Geneval*. None of your Jest, continued she half angry at his ironical Tone; I could give very convincing Proofs of the Truth of what you say. But that is not the Business at present. It's very certain I have had a thousand soft Things said to me just now by a very gallant Spark: it's true, I was not altogether impos'd on, knowing very well, continued

Madame

Madame de Geneval pointing slyly to me, the Countess has the best Title to the Courtship, tho' address'd to me. Meaning me, Madam, I replied very gravely ! How can I be any ways concern'd ? I am but just arriv'd from the other End of the Kingdom : have no Acquaintance — Alas ! that's no reason, replied *Monfieur de Geneval* very earnestly ; there are a thousand for your engaging their Adoration. I could not forbear smiling at the Manner in which I was address'd. The Wife, thinking perhaps this was carrying things too far, and like many other Women, was piqued to hear another extoll'd, or might be naturally a little jealous, corrected the Transport her Husband had been guilty of, by saying, that if I had not really been so very handsome, Novelty was of great Service in this Country ; nevertheless, it must be supported by something more lasting than Beauty ; that the Vogue drew Admirers for a while, but when that was over, the Object was as easily neglected, as it had been eagerly pursued. The Gentleman of the Household oppos'd this Maxim, asserting, that what was once truly aimable, was always so. *Madame de Geneval*, who had her Reasons for maintaining what she had advanc'd, brought a recent Example in favour of her own Opinion. You all saw, said she, addressing her Discourse to her Husband's Kinswoman, the famous *Lyonnoise*, so much talk'd of about two Years ago at *Paris* ; she was as fair as Alabaster, had fine Features, a good Shape, and an Air of Grandeur ; notwithstanding all this, I could find nothing very extraordinary in her ; she no sooner appear'd in publick, but was follow'd by all the World. I happen'd to be one Day at the *Thuitleries*, when the *Lyonnoise* was walking there ; as the great Alley perfectly swarm'd, I enquir'd of one I met, what could occasion such a Crowd : Good God ! Madam, where do you come from, replied the Person, not to know that the beautiful *Lyonnoise* is come

VOL. II. B to

to *Paris*, and is now actually walking in the *Thuileries*? I shrug'd up my Shoulders at such a preposterous Answer, and resolv'd to see with my own Eyes on what it was grounded: I made my Way thro' the Crowd, and at last got a Sight of this so much extoll'd Beauty. Whether thro' Prejudice, or not being according to my Taste, or not so handsome as they pretended, she did not please me at all. I pitied the Stupidity of the Publick, which often is lavish of its Praises on Objects that, upon a nearer View, are scarce tolerable: It's true, sooner, or later, the Prejudice is laid aside, as it happen'd in the Case of this very *Lyonnoise*.

Some Weeks after this, I was at the *Thuileries*: I met her again; but she was scarce taken Notice of: nevertheless, she was exactly the same; and, as the Inconstancy of Mode never affects me, methought she was even handsomer than at first. No wonder, replied the Kinswoman very slyly; you lik'd her the better, because no body admir'd her; and consequently Envy had nothing to work on: put the Case she had once more become a reigning Toast, and you had seen her surrounded with a Crowd of Admirers, she would have appear'd as plain, as at first: the Thing speaks itself.

Madame de Geneval frown'd a little at this cutting Remark: From one of her Character, a sharp Reply might have been expected, but she had her Reasons for being moderate; Interest, which always rules, and to which she was an absolute Slave, prevail'd on her to stifle her Resentment: to do it with a better Grace, she went on thus.

The *Lyonnoise*, nettled at the Injustice she met with at *Paris*, came to show herself at Court; her Charms had a run, but soon underwent the same Fate as before; she disappear'd on a sudden, and I have since been inform'd, is gone for *England* in search of new Admirers.

I presently discover'd the malicious Drift of this Story, and the Application *Madame de Geneval* was willing should be made of it ; from whence I concluded, that her Character and mine would not long sympathize.

The Discourse run again upon the Duke's Visit, which *Madame de Geneval*'s Reflexions had interrupted : She told us, that all she could gather from what he said, was, that in returning from hunting, the Sight of a young Lady had made such an Impression on him, that he came to enquire after her, and in case she had any Affairs depending at Court, to offer his Service.

Madame de Geneval added, that all this was express'd in so polite a Manner, that though she was prepar'd to answer this gallant Preamble, which doubtless was aim'd at me, as it deserv'd, yet she could not avoid replying with a great deal of Respect, and letting him know who I really was : that the Duke upon hearing my Name, assured he was well acquainted with my Family, for which he had a great Value, and would have the Honour of being introduc'd at a more seasonable Opportunity.

I apprehended from the Confusion in which this Nobleman retir'd, continued my Landlady, that without doubt he took the *Countess* for one who had her Fortune to make, and that he need only come, to be well received : a foolish Presumption Men are often guilty of, who think that in visiting a Woman they do her an Honour. This Vanity must either be grounded on the Figure they make, or the Confidence they have of our Weakness. As for my Part, who am often expos'd to the Intrigues of these Gentlemen, I use them with a great deal of Freedom, ridicule their serious Faces, amuse myself and laugh at them ; this I take to be the Method : Not so very commendable, replied the Husband something maliciously, as you may perhaps imagine ; under this Pretext of In-

differency, the Gallants are retain'd and listen'd to without Suspicion. Their Follies amuse me, you'll say? No doubt of it; and that is just what they look for; to have Admittance into certain Houses, is all they can hope for at first; taking up your Time agreeably and amusing you, Ladies, is their second Step; but, what lucky Fellows, if you do them the Honour to smile on their Endeavours! Lord, cried *Madame de Geneval* interrupting him, it would have been a Wonder indeed, if you had not contradicted me; it's mighty becoming a Husband, who fancies his Honour is at Stake, if he does not thwart his Wife on every Occasion. Not in the least, replied the Gentleman of the Household; you are stung for want of understanding him: your Spouse is far from being of a different Opinion on this Point; does not his Conduct give you daily Proofs of it? can you imagine, that if he were really serious in what he says, he would allow you such an unbounded Liberty? A continuation of your long Silence, Sir, replied *Madame de Geneval* very sharply, would have been much more acceptable, than the Part you are pleas'd to take in the Conversation. The Gentleman, not the best bred Person in the World, took her up as smartly on his Side; and like many others, who when they have got footing in a House, take upon them to controul at large, indulged a malicious Pleasure in maintaining the Argument with equal Vehemence. The Mistress of the House exceedingly haughty, apprehending possibly the Consequences of such a Dispute, and provoked besides at the little Ceremony with which she was treated, and her Husband's not silencing her Opponent, address'd herself to him with bitter Reproaches for his want of Tendernefs in her Regard; declaring that for the future she should take proper Methods, and the Moment certain Countenances appear'd.——Being apprehensive, from the

the Sharpness of the Gentleman's Reply, that the Conversation was growing still warmer, I thought it high time to retire. *Madame de Geneval* was too much taken up in retorting the sarcastical Replies of the Gentleman and her Husband, to perceive I was gone. But *Monsieur de Geneval*, more attentive to what pass'd, left his Friend to pursue or drop the Argument, and came after me to present his Hand, and make an Apology for the Scene, of which I had been a Spectator. She is very silly, said he, speaking of his Wife, a Trifle discomposes her, and makes her exceptionous: I overlook it all, as she is with Child; when she is so, there is no bearing with her; but, in Consideration of her Condition, some Complaisance must be shewn. I commended *Monsieur de Geneval* for his Moderation, but blamed him at the same Time for suffering the Gentleman to divert himself in provoking his Wife. To this he replied, that he was an old Friend, whose Characteristick was, never to yield in a Dispute; that he was so well known for it, that nobody ever resented his Obstinacy. Upon this he told me an odd Story: This very Gentleman was deeply in Love with a young Lady, who on every Account was a very proper Match for him, and the Affair on the Point of being concluded: it happen'd very unluckily, that he invited his future Father in Law, after signing the Writings, to Supper; the Conversation turning upon the Ceremonies observed at the Marriages of the Ancients, the old Gentleman and his future Son in Law, neither of whom wanted Wit or Learning, enliven'd the Discourse with many interesting Passages and curious Citations; but the Spirit of Contradiction, the predominant Passion in *Geneval's* Friend, soon made the old Gentleman lose all Patience; it's true he yielded for some Time, apprehending his Memory might fail him, till the Son in Law, who had been bred a Scholar, falling upon a Point in Divinity, which the old Gentleman hap-

pen'd perfectly to recollect, he maintain'd his Ground; the young one contradicted him; the other, positive that he was right, run home to his Library, brought the Book, and imagin'd he had carried his Point; but the Son in Law disclaim'd both the Author and the Edition. This Obstinacy provok'd the young Lady's Father so much, that he retir'd without any Ceremony: Upon this, their Friends interpos'd, and endeavour'd to make up the Breach; the old Gentleman, the most reasonable of the two, was not averse to an Accommodation, and only insisted that his future Son in Law should acknowledge himself to have been mistaken; but *General's* Friend chose rather to lose a very advantageous Match, than purchase it at so dear a Rate.

This whimsical Story amus'd me the more, as having just experienc'd, that the Hero of it was very well qualified to furnish many such Adventures. After some Reflexions on it, *General* left me. I ordered the Servant to light him down, and then shut myself into my Apartment, with a firm Resolution of avoiding, as much as possible, such an odd Medley of Company.

I was going to Bed, when I heard some body knock at the Door; curious to know what important Affair could occasion a Visit at One in the Morning, I went to the Window; in order not to be seen, I bid the Maid carry the Candles out of the Room: I discover'd a Footman holding a Flambeau, by whose glimmering Light I perceiv'd a tall Man standing at the Door, which was just open'd: Upon listening I heard him ask the Maid if a young Lady did not lodge there, who arriv'd but that very Day: finding, by the Answer that he was not mistaken, he enquir'd if she was up and could be spoke with. The Maid, who had been present at Supper when her Mistress gave an Account of the Duke's Visit, answer'd the Stranger very roughly, that the Per-
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son he enquir'd after was not to be seen, especially by Night, and so shut the Door upon him.

I thought it likewise time to draw in, lest if I should be seen, the Person might insist upon speaking with me.

I went to Bed without reflecting on this Accident, persuaded as I was, that it had been occasion'd by the Visit intended me at Supper Time.

It is with some Confusion I own the profound Tranquillity, with which I slept till ten in the Morning, as if I had not the least Reason to be uneasy. Such is giddy Youth, almost void of Reflexion! My waiting Woman came to acquaint me that a Mantua-maker and other Work-Women waited my getting up; I was inconsiderate enough to ask if she had sent for them; she answer'd with some Surprize, that I had given her no such Orders, but, that the People said, they came by my Appointment. This made me presently imagine that *M. St. Fal*, with his usual Foresight, was the Contriver of this Piece of Gallantry; I got up, was taken Measure of for Stays and Gowns, without examining any farther, which I judged could be of no manner of Service, nor alter their Opinion of me, one Way or other.

The Clock had struck one; I was sitting down to Table (for my House Affairs were as well regulated the first Day, as if I had been settled ten Years) when *M. de St. Fal* sent in his Name. He was richly dress'd; I had not till then consider'd his Person with any Attention; notwithstanding my Affections were prejudiced in favour of another, I could not be so unjust as not to look upon him as a very accomplish'd Person; his Address was even more respectful than usual; a nice Conduct to avoid reminding me how much I was beholden to him. Whilst my waiting Woman was present, he constantly employ'd the Word Madam, and only talk'd of general Things. I insisted on his sitting down
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to Dinner, which he complied with. As soon as we were alone, he began by expressing the Pleasure he had in seeing me, and the Apprehension he was under lest time should hang heavy on my Hands in a strange Place. Upon this I related to him all that had passed since he left me; I describ'd the Supper, acquainted him with the Duke's intended Visit, not omitting the Debate which ensued on that Occasion. I could not prevail upon myself to hide my Suspicion of *Madame de Geneval's* ill Temper; his Answer to this was that the being obliged to provide a Lodging for me on a sudden, prevented his taking a whole House; that it was not yet too late; and that while he was looking out for one, he advis'd me to avoid *la Geneval's* Company as much as possible.

It was with the greatest Difficulty imaginable that I took the Count off this Subject; he did not relish the Duke's Visit; the Stranger who enquir'd after me at Midnight gave him no small Uneasiness; he took heart however when I gave my Word to avoid all Visits and the Occasions of them, so far even as not to amuse myself at the Window for the future. *St. Fal* appear'd as much transported at this Promise, as if I had acquainted him with the most agreeable Piece of News, he could have wish'd to hear; he confess'd he did not dare ask such a Favour, lest I should look upon it as a Restraint on my Liberty.

Resuming his usual Tranquillity, he came at last to the Point which concern'd me most. I had already ask'd several Times whether he had seen my Lover's Father, without receiving any Answer; but now he gave me an Account of a smart Conversation, whereof I was the Subject. Would you believe, said *M. de St. Fal*, that the old *Marques* could scarce be persuaded you had escaped out of my Hands? He would be informed of the Time, Place, and other Circumstances. In order to detect me, he sent for my *Valet de Chambre*, question'd

tion'd him apart in his Closet, to try if we both agreed in the same Story: in 'a Word, I never saw him in such a Passion before; but all his Precautions gave me no Uneasiness, being prepar'd on all Hands, by giving my Servant his Instructions, and being well assured he would not betray me.

As to my Uncle, though he threaten'd to go himself to the Place, he has not as yet proceeded any farther in the Affair; his Anger is over, or at least he pretends as much; he was very inquisitive as to your Beauty, Character, and every thing which regarded you. I need not say, I did you Justice, continued the *Count*; on such a Subject could any one have been reserved? The Description of your Person was called over several Times; from whence I judg'd, he recollected what had pass'd in the Village, where he waited for his Horses. The Confusion into which his first Onset threw me, made me forget what you had related concerning that Affair, and I gave him an exact Likeness of you.

This Conformity set him on thinking. If I am not mistaken, cried he, there is no Room to wonder at my Son's Passion for this Girl. I pretended to be surpriz'd at the Exclamation; but the old *Marquess*, either because he mistrusted me, or was unwilling to let me know his Sentiments, changed the Discourse, and I retir'd exceedingly pleas'd with extricating myself so well out of this ticklish Affair.

The Assurance *St. Fal* gave, that his Uncle's Indignation seem'd appeas'd, made me something easy. Whatever Reason I have to believe that to be the Case, continued the *Count*, I shall be continually on my Guard; we have a subtle crafty Politician to deal with, and lest he should impose upon me, I shall be very careful not to give him any Handle for suspecting the Sincerity, with which I have pretended to act in this Affair. Upon this Account I never left him since Yesterday; to morrow he goes to *Paris*, and I shall take the Opportunity of his

his Absence, to spend the Day, lovely *Jenny*, with you, in order to settle your little Affairs.

The Word *Settle* reminded me of what this generous Person had already done for me. Good God ! Sir, replied I, what will you think of me ! I am, as you may see, in the greatest Confusion imaginable for being so backward in making my Acknowledgments for your Favours, of which I have a far greater Sense than I can possibly express. Ah ! *Mademoiselle*, cried *St. Fal* interrupting me, your bare remembring them is too great a Return ; I beg we may say no more of such Trifles—— I look upon them in far different Light, replied I ; but still some melanco'y Reflexions overpower my Gratitude, and give me very cruel Alarms. I have already said, continued I, that all the Grandeur of the World shall never draw me from the Rules I have prescrib'd to myself ; and if your Views—— No, once for all replied *St. Fal*, in the sincerest Manner, my Word and Honour is your Security, the which, assure yourself, I am not capable of violating ; and I consent to be look'd upon as the last of Mankind, if ever any Behaviour of mine contradicts this Protestation I have the Honour of making to you. On these Terms, replied I very much encouraged, I shall take a Pleasure in seeing you, and abstracting from the Sentiments you have formerly express'd, so opposite to those in my own Breast, I should take a Pleasure in not hiding any thing from you. Alas ! cried the *Count* with great Earnestness, let that be no Hindrance ; on the contrary, charming *Jenny*, such a Confidence would afford me the greatest Consolation ; how happy should I be to possess it ! The Effects of Love are as various as the Persons it influences, and in me, widely different from what they are in others. I was always of Opinion, that to love for one's own Sake merited no Return ; for it's properly Self-Love, where one's own Happiness is the End persued ; as it is Self-
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Interest, not That of the Object beloved, which is consulted. The proof of a disinterested Passion, is to promote the Happiness of a Mistress, even in Opposition to our own Desires: judge then, too lovely Creature, what kind of Passion I entertain in your Regard; it's your Satisfaction, it's your own Happiness I study. Yes, continued the *Count* seizing my Hands, you shall see me strive as eagerly to promote your Union with him you love, as if my own Happiness immediately depended on it. It's true, in losing you, I lose all that is dear to me in Life; but I shall have the Comfort of reflecting, that in point of Disinterestedness and Generosity, I stand unrival'd.

Sentiments so delicate, so refined, and so new to me, rais'd an Admiration that Silence alone could express. Ah! can you doubt my Sincerity, continued the *Count*, you make me no answer? Will you exclude me from the Confidence you mention'd, one of the Favours (alas!) I can only expect. The Sentiments I have just now express'd, however commendable in the Theory, you perhaps imagine impracticable. My Behaviour thus far, my late Protestations, all betray some secret Views; yes, such I have, too charming Creature; shall I acknowledge them, continued *St. Fal* rising up? Will you be convinced of what I have said, if I pour out the secret Motions of my Soul? Well then, replied I terribly alarm'd, what is it you hope for? You ought to know me, and consequently not to flatter yourself, that I should ever——Ah! *Mademoiselle* cried *St. Fal* interrupting me, hear what I have to say; don't suspect that under an apparent Probity, a Villian lies hid: I love you, I adore you, your Charms have vanquish'd me, and, to deserve you, I would sacrifice Rank and Fortune a thousand Times over; but I would owe this Happiness to your own Choice, and not to any Importunity of mine. I am persuaded, that had not your Inclination for my Cousin prevented me, I might one Day have been so
hap.

happy as to gain your Favour ; but the Probity on which I value myself, and my singular Way of thinking, have rein'd in my Passion, tho' not extinguish'd my Hope : on this is regulated my present Conduct, and That which I shall observe till Fate shall leave me no Possibility of possessing you. Not that I wish the *Marquess* may change, and much less, that Death should ravish him from you : knowing you as I do, and in the Sentiments I profess, it would be desiring your Unhappiness ; but the Events of Life are so various, and so continually subject to change, that such a Thing may naturally happen : in either of these unfortunate Cases, may I not reasonably hope that you would one Day call to mind the Purity of my Sentiments, the Services I had done, or at least endeavour'd to have done ? and that then, presenting a Heart, which I may venture to say would not have been disagreeable, had you not been prejudiced in favour of another, you would crown a Passion that never was inspir'd to be unfortunate.

The *Count's* last Words were utter'd with so much Tenderness, that I was greatly affected. You are not mistaken, replied I with some Emotion and yielding one of my Hands, which *St. Fal* bath'd with his Tears ; you are not mistaken in relying on my Gratitude : I'll say more ; were not my Affections already engaged I know no one but yourself could succeed in fixing them ——— For the present this suffices, cried *St. Fal* throwing himself at my Feet, I am less wretched : this Acknowledgment affords Relief, and transports me ——— How ! charming *Jenny*, may I flatter myself ——— Heavens ! what do I hear, cried a Voice from the Door which was half open ; I am betrayed : perfidious Creature ! I'll never see thee more.

The Sound of the Voice, the cruel *Apostrophe*, the sudden disappearing of him that spoke, the Posture the *Count* was in when I was surpriz'd ; all together made me start up and fly to the Door.

Alas !

Alas! I am undone, cried I discovering the *Marquess* as he made off. This unexpected Apparition struck such a Terror into me, that I must have sunk upon the Floor, had not a *Sopha* luckily receiv'd me. *St. Fal* no less surpriz'd than myself, ran to my Assistance, endeavouring to comfort and bring me to myself. Ah! Sir, cried I, leave me and follow your Kinsman; he believes me guilty and detests me, of all which you are the Cause——O Heavens! I am quite spent, I am in Despair.

St. Fal did not hesitate a Moment; he run down Stairs and presently overtook the *Marquess*. I would fain have got on my Feet to prevent a Quarrel, which their high Words gave me too much Reason to apprehend, but the Agony I was in, render'd it impracticable. My waiting Woman came up in a violent Agitation; she put the finishing Hand to my Misfortunes, by acquainting me, that *St. Fal* and an Officer, as she called the *Marquess*, were gone out disputing, and by the Fury visible in the *Marquess*'s Countenance, she really believ'd a Duel would ensue. At this terrible News I exerted myself, and ran to the Window to bring them back; but, alas! they were so far gone, that it would have been in vain to call after them. Ah Heavens! cried I, not observing I betrayed myself before a Servant I had no reason to confide in, what will become of me, if I lose all that is dear to me in this Life! Go, *Mademoiselle*, said I to my Woman, lose not a Moment; run and endeavour to bring them back. God forbid, replied *Brochan* with an Air of Disdain; it would be very fine truly to see young Women running after such Sparks; if I had imagined I was hired to be engaged in these kind of Adventures, I would never have darken'd the Doors. After this comfortable Harangue she left the Room muttering to herself, but so loud as to let me hear several shocking Expressions.

Let any one imagine the Condition I was in : I knew not what to do : if I go after them, said I to myself, to what purpose ? Put the Case, I reach them whilst they are engag'd, as they certainly are, ought not I to apprehend my Presence will only serve to redouble the *Marquess's* Fury, and hasten some tragical Event ? He thinks me perfidious ; what effect can my Prayers have on him ? Again, how shall I be look'd upon here ? I reflected, that though the prying *Madame de Geneval* should happen not to be at Home when the *Marquess* and *St. Fal* went out, I must expect that Prude *Brochan* would not fail to inform her of all that had pass'd. What would not be the Consequence ? Women, especially those of my Landlady's Character, show no Mercy on such Occasions : In fine, I knew not which way to turn myself ; sometimes I rely'd on *St. Fal's* Prudence and sincere Attachment to me ; then again all Hope vanish'd when I consider'd him vigorously attacked, as I had Reason to think, and under an absolute necessity of defending himself. I walk'd about my Room in a violent Agitation, musing on all these Particulars, when, to compleat my Misfortunes, *la Geneval*, notwithstanding her former Politeness, enter'd without the least Ceremony, and ask'd very hastily the meaning of what she had just been inform'd of ; adding something drily, she would not for the World any untoward Affair should happen, wherein her Name could be brought in Question ; she told me her House was not design'd for such Purposes, and that she took it heinously ill, that *M. de St. Fal* should expose her to any such Inconveniencies.

To all this I answer'd not a Word ; I was so confounded, that I could not devise the least Pretence to give a favourable Turn to what I was reproach'd with. *La Geneval*, taking my Silence for a tacit Acknowledgment of what she thought of me, perhaps confirm'd in it by the Remarks of my
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devout waiting Woman, continued her Discourse in so high a Strain, with so many bitter Taunts and Expressions so very ill-timed, that not being much prejudiced in her Favour, I took her up very short for her Impertinence, telling her with a piercing Look to leave my Room, that I waited for the *Count's* Return, and should not fail to acquaint him with the Civilities I had receiv'd in the Apartment he chose for me, and where I had expected to be safe from any Insult. This was utter'd with so much Resolution, that she durst not make any Reply: her Husband who came in and heard part of what I said, ask'd very earnestly if any of his Family had behav'd otherwise than with Respect. I thank'd him very coldly for his Concern, and perceiving his Wife was going to open again, I retired to my Closet, throwing the Door after me; there I burst into Tears, and lost myself in a Train of Reflexions surpassing each other in the Anguish they occasion'd.

Abandon'd thus to myself, I look'd upon what had happen'd, as a just Punishment for accepting of *St. Fal's* Offers: It would have been much better, said I to myself, to have gone to a Monastery, which would have answer'd all Purposes: Love and Reason might have gone Hand in Hand; the old *Marquess* perhaps would have desisted from persecuting me. I must have suffer'd, it's true, from my Aversion to a Cloyster; but Virtue, being free from any Alarms, would have afforded some Comfort, in representing me bemoan'd and valued by a Lover truly dear, and whose Preservation was of such Consequence. This Day my Ruin is compleated, continued I shedding a Torrent of Tears, what will he not think? What has he not room to imagine? He finds me in the Hands of another; however innocent I may be, he surprises him at my Feet; Appearances are against me, he'll never return.

Three Hours were spent in the most melancholy Situation; no Account of what had pass'd, which my Imagination represented very Tragical; the strict Honour of *St. Fal* was too notorious, not to render it more than probable: I could not forbear thinking he must have perish'd in the Combat, since he thus left me a Prey to racking Uncertainty. This Notion gaining Strength, let me into the Consequences of such a terrible Affair; it was natural to expect being seiz'd, and made responsible for what my Imagination represented to have happen'd as the Cause, tho' very innocent of the Quarrel: In this Case I had no room to flatter myself; on the contrary, it was reasonable to suppose I should find no Favour, but meet with the severest Treatment.

Such just Alarms produced other Reflexions; I thought it high Time to consider seriously what I had to do: Flight seem'd the best grounded, as well as safest, and which consequently I resolv'd on. Money I did not want (for I forgot to mention a Purse of Gold I found in the Commode) but, I repeat it once more, I was no longer that *Jenny*, Mistress of so much Resolution in any Adventure; Plenty, Ease, consulting my Inclinations, had instill'd all the Terrors and Weaknesses usual with young Women of Quality; I was even afraid of being left alone; I loved to be at my Ease; and the Apprehension of being otherwise, gave me no small Anxiety. A Service I could not think of with Patience; and yet the only Means which presented themselves were a Service, or to work for a Livelihood. What could I set about? I knew nothing, and could scarce wait on myself; it signified nothing to debate the thing, a thousand Obstacles oppos'd themselves to what my Virtue pointed out; it did not yield indeed, but maintain'd its Ground, yet, sullied as it was by so many concurring Accidents, it no longer cast forth those bright Rays, it had formerly

merly done, when not weigh'd down with the Follies of the Age; I saw plainly my wretched Condition, and bewail'd it; but that was all, I came to no Resolution.

It was now near ten at Night, and nothing determined; I knew not which way to turn myself, overwhelm'd as I was, I never thought of eating. My Cook-Maid, who was mightily taken with me from the first, and whose good Nature, which far surpass'd that of my waiting Woman, made her more considerate and attentive, came to look for me in my Closet. I shall make no difficulty to enter into a Detail of what pass'd between us, as it proved afterwards to be of Consequence. Lady of ours, said she very innocently, do People live here on the Air? Why your Supper has been ready this two Hours. *Jesu-Maria*, cried she holding her Candle to my Face, you are all in Tears! can Persons at your Age have any thing to trouble them? Mercy on us! what will become of others, when such sweet Babes take things to heart? Just Heaven! I am rarely fitted truly, out of the Frying-Pan into the fire; my last Mistress was always grumbling, growling, snarling, and throwing things about; this here cries like a Child: Patience, every one has their Humour. . . . But, in plain truth, what makes you take on thus? You want for nothing: have you not a good Lodging, well furnished? a large income? As for Youth or Beauty, Heaven be praised, we need not go from Home, so that you are much to be pitied truly! Pies on't, what would you do, if you were in my place, simple as I stand here? Gracious Saviour! continued the good natured Creature with Tears in her Eyes, I warrant yee all this is for the Loss of her Husband! Well, he's gone, and there's an end on't. For one cold one, there's a thousand warm ones. We shan't miss our Market; we live, Heaven be praised, in a Country, where they are as plentiful, as the Miseries of a Kitchen Wench.

I could not forbear smiling at my Maid's Comparisons and Manner of comforting me: I told her however, to leave me, and that I did not intend to eat. Then I must e'en fast too, continued she; for it would not be right in me to regale whilst my good Mistress is in Affliction: well, well, it won't kill me; if I go without any Supper to Night, I'll eat two to-morrow. *Barbara* (for that was her Name) left me saying this: her Compassion moved me, I called her back, and ordered her to go to Supper. Come then, said she, we'll compound the Matter: if you'll but sup a Porringer of Broth, I'll undertake to eat as much as any Four in the Parish; otherwise I can out-fast our Curate, the greatest Penitentiary in all the Country, and a very good Man if he did not love Money, and here and there a pretty Girl, you know what I mean: if it were not for such little Fooleries, they say, he might have been a Saint long ago; but, like the rest of the World, he loves himself, and after all he may not be so much to blame, as People pretend.

I endeavour'd a second Time to send *Barbara* away, losing all Patience thro' her Nonsense; when we are under Affliction, every thing incommodes us; but this Day I was destin'd to be embroil'd. Be gone, said I, very hastily, do you think I have nothing to do but—Well, Madam, I am gone, said she, without stirring an Inch: I see foul Weather gathering, and you must be obey'd. How one may be deceiv'd! I could have sworn, with so much good Nature in your Face, you would never be angry: but they say, one should never judge of People by their Looks; and I fancy, when you have a Mind, you can scold as well as another. Heaven be prais'd, Women of my Rank (that was her Expression) are born to suffer: I liv'd with one *Mademoiselle de Elbieux*, who like you——*Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*! cried I struck with the Name, where is she? Why are you acquainted with her, answer'd *Barbara*?

No,

No, said I dissembling the Truth, but a Friend of mine knows her. So much the better, if you are not acquainted, replied *Barbara*: She is a malicious Miss, or Lady, which you please now she is married; our Village has a good Riddance of her, she plagued us out of our Lives, when she came to pass the Summer there, which was only every Year. What is the Name of your Village, said I, extremely surpris'd that what I heard should agree so well with the Place of my Birth? If you imagine I have forgot, Madam, replied *Barbara*, you are mistaken, my Memory is not so short, nor is it so long since I came from thence; it's called *D—*, and though the least in the Forest of *Fontainbleau*, it's not behind hand with the best of them, a perfect little Paradise on Earth, I long to end my Days there; but Patience, all in good Time, if God grants me Life, every thing has its Day; something must be laid up to prevent starving; we are poor Folks, it's true, but very honest; and our Family, God be prais'd, has nothing to reproach itself with, except one of my Neices, who has made Noise enough, and they say will make her Fortune: but there is not one of us would be in her Place; for it's a Proverb in our Village, More Honour and less Money; a good Name is better than a golden Girdle.

Upon this she went away. Let any one imagine the Consternation I was in to find my Cook-maid to be my own Aunt; for by what she said, she was my Father's Sister. This is one of those Accidents, which are least expected and make the deepest Impression. I could have wish'd to have enter'd a little more into Particulars with this good natur'd simple Relation; but I thought it proper to take another Opportunity of asking abundance of Questions which occur'd. My Head was too much perplex'd to take the necessary Precautions Prudence would suggest, in order to prevent betraying myself in such a Conversation.

Good

Good natur'd *Barbara*, or rather my Aunt, presently brought me a Porringer of Broth: I receiv'd it in an obliging Manner, and behaved to her with great Tenderness. She went away, swearing I had pleas'd her better than if I had bestow'd an *Agnus* on her: this was saying a great deal for her, being very fond of Relicks, tho' her Devotion was well ordered, and no ways resembling the precise Severity of *Mademoiselle Brochan*, my cross-grain'd waiting Woman.

I was no sooner left alone, but I was buried again in Reflexions: Various Projects were form'd in my disturb'd Imagination; sometimes I was for discovering myself without any Ceremony to my Aunt, and going back with her to the Village; the next Moment, I was for retiring to a Monastery and concealing myself so well, as never to be heard of more; then again I resolv'd to write to *Madame de G*—or go to her and beg to be receiv'd as a Servant; in a Word, twenty different Schemes presented themselves, but I had not Courage to fix upon any one of them.

My last Resolution after a long Struggle, was to go to *Paris* and shut myself up in some Room where I might learn to work, till I had recovered myself sufficiently to determine what was to be done. This Resolution taken, I dried up my Tears, and then began a Letter to the *Marquess*: I justified myself in a handsome Manner, and concluded with assuring him, that since he had thought fit to suspect my Conduct, he should never see me more.

In the same Packet I enclosed another directed to *Monsieur de St. Fal*, wherein I return'd him thanks for all his Civilities, him and assured, that whatever befell me, they should always be fresh in my Memory; I told him, that it was with the greatest Regret I deprived myself of so generous and disinterested a Friend; and added, that I should do him the Justice to flatter myself, that notwithstanding what the World might

might think fit to say of me, he would scorn to condemn me on bare Appearances as his Kinsman had done : this Offence provok'd me so much, that it was frequently mention'd in both my Letters.

I was going to seal them ; my Design was to leave them on my Toilette, to pretend the next Morning to take the Air ; to lock up my Apartment and send the Keys to generous *St. Fal*, that he might withdraw his Effects, and after these proper Measures, to take a Place in the Coach for *Paris* : I was beginning, I say, to order these Affairs, when my Aunt came hastily into the Room, telling me to dry up my Tears ; that she had learnt the Occasion of them from *Madame de Genewal's* Servant ; that I had nothing to do but to be merry, for that the Danger I apprehended was all over. I ask'd *Barbara* with great Earnestness, whence she had learn'd all this ? Here, said she, (pointing to *St. Fal* and the *Marquess*, who that Moment enter'd the Room) here is a convincing Proof of what I say. God be prais'd, you are easy, and that Witch *Brechan's* Heart will burst with Spleen.

I gave no Attention to what she said : the *Marquess* was at my Feet ; he had seiz'd my Hands, endeavour'd to speak, but was not able, nor was I to prevent his Caresses ; my Tears alone could force their Way, no despiseable Language on such an Occasion.

St. Fal was still silent ; leaning on the Back of my Chair, from whence I had not Power to rise, he seem'd to wait the Result of the first Emotion. I have brought you back, said he to me, a tender and a faithful Lover. Appearances impos'd on him but for a Moment, and I had no Difficulty in convincing him how deserving you are of his Affections ; Twenty times he has blush'd to think, he could suspect your Conduct ; and we should have been here four Hours ago, had we not met with my

Uncle.

Uncle; I easily foresaw how much you must suffer from your Apprehensions, and should have sent Word of our being prevented from waiting immediately on you, thro' fear of giving the old *Marquess* any room to suspect us, but that we thought such a Commission of too great Consequence to be entrusted with a Stranger.

Recover yourself then, *Mademoiselle*; dry up your Tears, and enjoy without Disturbance the Pleasure of seeing a Lover again, who deserves you as well for his honourable Intentions, as by the Greatness of his Passion. Saying this, *St. Fal* left us, promising me to return the next Day; he went, as he said, to meet his Uncle, in order to give the *Marquess* an Opportunity of discoursing with me. My Heart was so full and so much affected with the Presence of a Lover too dear to me, that I was scarce able to return a Bow to this generous Friend.

At any other Time, I would not have been left alone with the *Marquess*; but, then, I was in a different Way of Thinking. I felt a secret Joy to find myself acquitted in his Mind, and wish'd to hear it confirm'd; my Tears were no longer the Effect of Despair; the Trouble I was in, seem'd a pleasing Kind of Melancholy, and afforded a Satisfaction. How delightful must that Pleasure be, which comes in the Room of Misfortunes that were expected! This Period of my Life is never reflected on but with the utmost Content.

The Moment I am writing such an interesting Passage of my Memoirs, this admired Lover, this Husband, in whom I am now happy, surprises me in my Closet: He smiles at my Perplexity in properly expressing so momentous an *Epoch*; he says, he will assist my Memory on this Occasion; he takes the Pen, he writes, he will not be refus'd; though he were not so dear to me as he really is, he must be obey'd. Thus, indulgent Reader, or severe Critick,

you

you must not wonder, if the Style, in the following Sheets is not always alike; the *Marquess* of *L. V.* is so complaisant, as to assist me often in the Execution of this Work. I am sensible this Digression, as well as my frank Confession above, is not entirely accordingly to Rule; but, is there any to be observ'd, when the Heart itself speaks? I should chuse to break through it, rather than lose an Opportunity of mentioning the most amiable of Husbands. But to return.

I was so transported, as I mention'd above, to see a Lover again whom I gave over for lost, that I never thought till now of making him rise: I used my utmost Endeavours to prevail on him to change so painful a Posture: but, pressing my Hands, he answer'd, No, charming *Jenny*, I'll dye at your Feet, if you refuse to pardon the cruel Outrage I have committed. I acknowledge myself the last of Mankind; I thought you capable of Perfidy; I imagin'd my Cousin in possession of that only Treasure I covet, and after which I have sigh'd so long. Alas! what did I not think? How difficult is it to be impartial when in Love! I own such Suspicions are highly criminal, I repeat it: I ought to have known you, and that alone should have prevented my indulging a Jealousy, which Appearances hurried to an Extremity.

What did not my Heart feel, whilst the *Marquess* made his Apology! How gracefully did he acquit himself! A Heart of Marble must have been moved at what he said on that Subject. Happy are those young Women, whose inbred Virtue and Modesty are their Guards, or severe Education supplies the Want of such happy Dispositions! Without one of these Restraints, I know not (with Confusion I speak it) how far I might have indulged myself. The Blushes arising from these too endearing Reflexions, were look'd upon by the *Marquess* as the Marks of a Resentment still subsisting; a second Time he ask'd if I for-
gave

gave him. Yes, my Lord, answer'd I hiding my Face, I do : At the same Time let me beseech you to forget the Vexation, my listening to the *Count* your Kinsman's Advice has perhaps occasion'd : I am very sensible I ought to have been the first to engage him in a punctual Compliance with your Father's Designs ; but that very Inclination, that over-ruling Deference, at the same Time instill'd a Horror against a Convent, which necessarily implied an absolute Separation from you. It is that very Passion, which you have inspir'd, and has been but too much cherish'd, that endanger'd my forfeiting your Esteem, by some Indiscretions——No, adorable *Jenny*, replied the *Marquess* seating himself by me, you are no ways to blame : Ruin on your Side, and Despair on mine, must have been the inevitable Consequence of your falling into my Father's Hands: his Design was to shut you up for Life; his Measures were so well concerted, and his Orders would have been so punctually obey'd, that I must have lost you for ever. All this I learnt but the other Day. A Servant of my Father's, in whom he much confides, knowing my very Life lay at Stake, let me into the Secret: I took Post immediately upon it, and came but a few Hours too late ; imagine the Despair which seiz'd me, when coming to *Madame de G——*'s, I found you gone ; she was moved at my Condition; and it was from her I learn'd *St. Fal*'s Commission : She had the Precaution to engage my Word of Honour, or I would have risked my Life in extorting from him the Place where he had left you. I dissembled with him, set Spies upon him ; in fine, discover'd his Haunts ; it was I that came last Night to enquire for you : to speak the Truth, all these Practices, the Neglect or rather Contempt of my Father's Orders, the remaining at *Versailles*, this Lodging, all together turn'd my head. Ah ! cried I to myself, I am betray'd ! *St. Fal* has taken Advantage of the Authority

thority put into his hands; *Jenny* was terrified with it; my Cousin is handsome, and *Jenny*, perhaps, unfaithful. This Notion, throwing me into Despair, made me watch *St. Fal* all night. When he came to *Versailles*, I endeavour'd to sift him, but not getting any thing out of him (for you was not then arrived) I blamed my own Suspicions. Thinking you was in some Monastery, I began to resolve upon coming to Extremities and breaking my Word, in order to force *St. Fal* to discover where you were secured: with this design, I endeavour'd to find him out; but hearing he was gone the Evening before, and not expecting to overtake him, I resolv'd to wait his Return, and then revenge the Evils he had brought upon me. Heaven was merciful, and order'd matters otherwise: going out of the Park, whither I went to indulge my Thoughtfulness, I had a sight of *St. Fal* walking with great Emotion; I follow'd him, and found he enter'd here, by which means I discover'd your Lodging.

This is part of the Uneasiness, lovely *Jenny*, you made me undergo: but, judge of my Despair, when coming up to an elderly Woman, who waits on you, and to whom I address'd myself to let you know I was at the Door, I learnt from her, that you saw nobody; that the preceding Evening a Nobleman had been refused, and that *St. Fal* alone had Admittance. I would have told my Name, and persuad'd her to let me in; she replied, that the Count and you were alone, and she did not think proper to interrupt you. All this was deliver'd in so mysterious a Manner, as disturb'd me very much. Ten *Louis d'ors* proffer'd and accepted removed all Obstacles; the old Woman, charm'd at the Sight of the Gold, was so far from continuing refractory, that of her own Accord she propos'd concealing me, provided I gave my promise that I would never discover her Complaisance, nor what she was going to impart to me. The more Mystery

he affected, the more my Suspicion encreas'd. Give me Leave to pass over in Silence the Impertinence she was guilty of in your regard. Here I interrupted the *Marquess*, and would know what a Servant could pretend to say of me, with whom she had been but two Days acquainted. It was with some Difficulty the *Marquess* satisfied me on this Head; he own'd that *Brochan* had given him to understand, that *St. Fal* comforted me in my Affliction for the Loss of a Husband, and upon that Account I refused all other Visits. Forgive me once more, cried the *Marquess* seeing me moved at this Detail; I know very well I ought not to have given the least Credit to it; but one would imagine every thing conspir'd to involve me in Guilt. I find *St. Fal* at your Feet, your Expressions are endearing, he kisses your Hand, you don't resent it. Could any Man, as much in love as myself, calmly behold so interesting a Scene? But, what do I say? Ought I to be surpris'd that my Cousin should wear your Chains; or rather ought I not to expect as many Rivals, as there are Men who behold your Charms?

This Discourse concluded with the tenderest Marks of the most lively Passion: the *Marquess* express'd himself with so much ardor, as would not by any means admit of the least Interruption; however I gain'd so much over myself, as to refer the sequel of a Conversation, which concern'd me so nearly, to the next day, telling him it was past midnight, and that Decency requir'd he should retire. Ever complaisant and tractable, he obeyed, kissing my Hand. I plainly perceiv'd by his Countenance and Address that he wish'd for something more; I thought I might allow him a Kiss, and turn'd my Cheek to him, but with so much Confusion, that he easily perceiv'd it was the first Favour I ever bestow'd on any Man, and for which he was entirely beholden to the Sincerity of my Passion.

The

The Emotion, occasion'd by so many different Adventures, was too great to suffer me to enjoy that Repose, which might naturally arise from the endearing Behaviour of the *Marquess*; hitherto I had been an entire Stranger to that modish Complaint of the Ladies, called *Vapours*; but this Night I sufficiently experienced the Violence of them, and it was Day-break before I began to rest.

Tender *Barbara* came to wake me about two in the Afternoon, alarm'd at my profound Sleep: She inform'd me that St. *Fal* had called in the Morning. I could not but admire his Discretion; my simple Aunt frankly owning it was not her Fault, that he did not come into my Bedchamber; but he refused it, lest, as he said, my Rest might be disturbed. We have not many Instances of such Moderation; the *Marquess* has since own'd, he should not have behaved so well.

I took this Opportunity of remonstrating very mildly to my Aunt, that Decency requir'd she should never suffer any one to come into my Chamber when I was in Bed: As she meant no Harm, this was sufficient to make her promise to be more upon her Guard for the future.

I was sitting down to Dinner, when the *Marquess* came in, more amiable than ever; his Dress was exceedingly genteel, and the Satisfaction visible in his Countenance, gave him so charming an Air, as could not, but with difficulty, be withstood. His Conversation was lively and affecting; I assur'd him, as often as he desired, of my entire Reconciliation. How dear and fleeting are the Moments spent with those we love! The Clock struck Four, when we had still a thousand Things to say, and were so taken up with each other, that if *Barbara* had not reminded me of Dinner, I should have pass'd the whole Day without eating. The *Marquess* made a thousand Apologies for having undesignedly given Occasion to this Delay. I ask'd him

with a Smile, whether he would venture on such a Meal as was ready ; he was transported at my Proposal, thinking himself much obliged. *Barbara*, whom I did not blush to call Aunt, was ordered to serve up Dinner immediately ; we sat down to Table, and Love, as will easily be imagin'd, supplied the Place of a third Person ; after Dinner we entertain'd each other with the Detail of all that had pass'd since our Separation : Adventures, Reflexions, nothing was omitted, not even *St. Agnes's* History, which I related to the *Marquess*, and the Share I had in every thing which regarded that dear Friend. My Lover assured me, that, in consideration of our mutual Friendship, he would employ all his Interest for setting aside her Vows, and seem'd much concern'd that I had not by me the Letters entrusted to my Care, for that he would have dispatched *du Bois* express to M——, with them as they were directed, and have heard some Tidings of *Melicourt*. I informed the *Marquess* into whose Hands I had deliver'd them, and thence took an Occasion of acquainting him with *Lindamine's* Adventures ; he had already heard of them, and express'd himself very much in her Favour.

The Conversation turn'd insensibly on *St. Fal*. If Jealousy were the Standard of Love, I ought to have been very well satisfied with the Vivacity of the *Marquess's* Passion ; he ask'd a thousand Questions concerning that of his Cousin ; I answer'd them very sincerely ; I discover'd that the Detail gave him Pain ; but, at the same Time, I observed with Pleasure, he did *St. Fal* Justice ; even so far as to tell me, that *St. Fal's* Honour was so much to be relied on, that though he knew him to be his Rival, and was himself enclined to be jealous, yet if my Affairs requir'd it, he should not hesitate a Moment to leave me in his Power. I answer'd with a Smile, that my Way of thinking was a sufficient Governess : to which he replied with the same

same good Humour, he did not question it, but that his chief Dependance was on the Regard, he flatter'd himself, I had for him. I remember I looked on him, at that Instant, with so much Tenderness, that he might easily discern, the natural Modesty of the Sex hid from him a part of what then pass'd in my Breast.

The Emotion I perceived in his Eyes, making me apprehensive lest my own had betrayed me, and he should reflect we were alone, I ask'd him, in order to divert his Thoughts another way, whether he could with as little Difficulty give an Account of his own Behaviour, as I had done of mine. What Account can I give you, replied the *Marquess*, but of a great deal of Impatience and Vexation? several Copies of Letters wrote to my charming *Jenny*, but prudentially suppress'd? Have a Care, replied I looking very earnestly at him, what you say: I have been informed of a certain fair Lady at *Pont-à-Mousson* who was not altogether indifferent to you; that you found a good deal of Amusement in those Parts, and that another Lady——Good God! cried the *Marquess* interrupting me and smiling, who could have told you all these Stories? I know none but *du Bois* capable of making such Blunders; he has been tiring you, I suppose, with the Adventures that Country furnish'd; and as they are frequent enough, he has brought me in by Head and Shoulders, in order to discover whether your regard for me would take the Alarm—A very notable Turn truly, cried I laughing; this Introduction to what you shall think fit to relate, makes me——Alas! lovely *Jenny*, replied the *Marquess* very earnestly, this is too serious a Subject to jest with. Can you imagine, that where you possess the Heart of one whose strict Honour equals mine, there can be any Room for other Objects? I am willing, my Lord, replied I, to credit what you say; nevertheless, I shall not dispense with your giving a De-

tail of your Stay in *Lorraine*. I was very pressing on this Subject. Whatever Self-Love might dictate, I would not rely on the Power of my Charms ; or perhaps, I sought the Pleasure of having a farther Confirmation of a Passion already so endearing : be it as it will, my Lover seeing me obstinately bent on hearing the Relation, thought fit to satisfy my Curiosity in the following Words.

The Detail of my Adventures, charming *Jenny*, will not be very long. A profound Melancholy seiz'd me on my Arrival in *Lorraine* ; I seldom went out of my Chamber except to Church ; *du Bois* seeing me pine away, thought proper to engage me to take the Air and see Company ; finding me averse to what he propos'd, and observing me to grow worse and worse, he applied to a Physician of Note in the Town where we were, and entreated him to come to me. In order to prepare me for his Reception, he said, I might, if I pleas'd, bury myself alive ; but that I could not refuse Visits, and must expect them ; though, according to the establish'd Custom, I ought to have prevented those who show'd me that Civility.

The Apprehension I was under, lest my *Valet de Chambre* should have made me guilty of ill breeding, by inviting in my Name any one to visit me, occasion'd my giving him a severe Reprimand. The Gentry of those Parts are People of Worth, but very nice in point of *Punctilio*, and I should have been unwilling to have given any Offence for several Reasons. *Du Bois* made me easy, by assuring me, that he was no ways blameable as to this particular, having only desir'd a Physician to call upon me. At that Instant the Doctor sent in his Name ; he enter'd the Room very genteely ; but I little expected so much Pleasantry from him ; his Name is *le Lorrain*, proper enough to remind him of the Place of his Birth. Instead of Physick, this merry Companion propos'd a Party of Pleasure ; he said,

I was

I was not fit to keep my Chamber, but must take the Air, to which the fine Weather invited me; that his first Prescription was, that I should go that very Day to a little Box he had at a small Distance, where I might possibly meet with good Company; that good Wine and fine Women were admirable Remedies in all Hypochondriac Cases; every Phrase was season'd with a Smile, and the Tongue moistening his Lips, serv'd for Comma's and Points; in a Word, lovely *Jenny*, I never met with so jocose a Physician. I was so taken with him, and his easy Behaviour was so agreeable, that I made him dine with me; all the while we were at Table, he entertain'd me with several diverting Passages: in the Evening we went to his Country-House, and found some good Company. I did not perceive the Ladies were in the least awkward, as they are generally represented; their Dress was very fashionable, their Accent, it's true, not so good as at *Paris*; nevertheless I must own, that in point of good Breeding and Politeness, they are no ways inferior to the *Parisians*.

My Physician dined with me the next Day; he prescribed for me with his usual Facetiousness, and for the first Time I was prevail'd upon to have recourse to an Apothecary's Shop; I found great Benefit from what I took, and never enjoy'd a better State of Health. It were to be wish'd that our Doctors behav'd in this Manner; besides his great Skill, he has the Knack of putting his Patients in good Heart, and this is half the Cure.

In the Affairs of Life, the first Step is all; tho' Melancholy, arising from your Absence, hung upon me, yet I had a Relish for Company; but, what chiefly drew me frequently to one particular House was, the near Resemblance which the *Countess de Charée's* eldest Daughter has of you, in every thing except her Temper and Height; methought I saw you whenever I was in her Company. This young
Lady's

Lady's Sisters are Persons of great Merit. *Made-moiselle de Charée*, the Youngest, is made up of Charms; her Brother as fine a Gentleman as any I know; the Mother of this amiable Family, to a great *Decorum* joins a graceful Behaviour beyond Imagination: I must leave you to judge how well I was pleas'd with so engaging a Family: and indeed I spent most of my Time there with a select set of Acquaintance; among the rest, I had the Pleasure of *Count de la Mesan's* Company; *Made-moiselle de Salé*, his Niece, made one in that Group of Beauties, and was no less distinguished by her Wit than her Charms.

The most intimate of my Acquaintance, and who remain such, are *Messieurs de Gombervault*, *d'Atel* and *Deslandres*: I had been very intimate with a certain Gentleman named *St. Alu*, a Person of Worth; but our Freindship suffer'd from some ill-grounded Suspensions, and was finally broke off by Constructions, as wrong made as understood.

The justifying my Character to you, is of too great Concern not to demand a succinct Account of this Rupture; perhaps you are of the same Opinion with me in an Affair of this Nature, and consequently may condemn my Conduct. I always look'd upon it as a Principle, that whoever breaks with his Friend, infringes the establish'd Laws of Society. In consideration of the first Engagements, every thing should be overlook'd; but if those Ties are to be laid aside, as incompatible with Honour and Reputation, a Man should leave the World to do him Justice, without the least Attempt to do it himself; for whoever undertakes his own Justification, after breaking with his Friend, only endeavours to prejudice in his Favour all those he makes Judges of his Case: this he cannot effect without defaming his Friend, and consequently commits a Fault against a just Delicacy of Sentiments, his own Choice, and Self-Interest; against proper Sentiments, by putting himself
into

into the woeful Necessity of being an Informer on one Side, and his own Panegyrist on the other; against his Choice, by tacitly acknowledging himself mistaken in chusing his Friend; and finally against Self-Interest, by setting up Judges, who may very possibly condemn his Conduct.

From what I have advanced, lovely *Jenny*, this may be gathered, that I blame any Man who breaks with his Friend, much more him that seeks to justify himself for doing it, but most of all him who gives Occasion to the Rupture. However, when a Man, without being wanting to those Duties to which Friendship obliges him, happens to lose his Friend through a Capriciousness not to be excus'd, and the Rupture, becoming publick, may tarnish his Honour, or that Esteem all polite People are fond of; then, he may be allow'd to justify his Conduct, observing always the Cautions before given, to prevent his Character being called in Question, and losing those favourable Prejudices which introduce us to the Sweets of civil Society, or the secret Springs that animate a Reputation of Benevolence, to which we are allow'd by honourable Methods to aspire.

This last was exactly my Case, dearest *Jenny*, at *Pont-à-Mousson*; I mention'd to you the great Friendship between *Monsieur de St. Ala* and me, it was really such. This Intimacy no longer subsists, and he publickly complains of me: he persists in it, he has gone farther, he endeavours to make me feel the Effects of his Resentment; he has even employed the most powerful Means to complete my Ruin: he does not give over all hopes of succeeding. I have been silent a long Time, I have waited with Patience, he openly attacks me; that is, he aims his Blows by those Hands, I have the greatest Reason to respect. Now then, may I not be allow'd to justify myself? I shall undertake to do it, strictly observing the Rules of Decency and Politeness I have

have just now established, and from which I hope never to swerve.

The Affair in Question, discreet *Jenny*, is as nice as it is difficult to relate: A formal Accusation laid against me. I am charged with a Violation of Friendship in the most atrocious Manner, my Innocence is my sole Defence, and my Honour my only Evidence: Malice, ever predominant over Charity, is on my Adversary's Side. Against such an Opposition, with what Arms can I support my Cause? must I not naturally expect to fall under the Weight? You alone, my Charmer, can encourage me: if you pronounce Sentence in Favour of me and my Sentiments, what may I not hope for from the Goodness of my Cause and the Indulgence of the Publick?

The greater Preparation the *Marquess* made for his Adventure, the more impatient I was to hear the Conclusion: He took so much Pains to win me over, that I was twenty Times upon the Point of telling him, that if I was to be judge, all this would only contribute to determine me against him; but the Fear of retarding a Relation, whose Introduction seem'd to be of such Importance, and wherein he appear'd principally concern'd, restrain'd me, and gave him an Opportunity of pursuing his Discourse in the following Words.

At my Arrival in *Lorraine*, I learnt with a great deal of Pleasure, that *M. de St. Alu* had taken up his Residence there; I was overjoy'd, we had been bred up together, and always very intimate.

We soon renew'd our mutual Friendship; and excepting our not being in the same House, we were seldom apart, and might have been justly call'd the *Inseparables*: We had no Secrets for each other, our very Thoughts were communicated.

There was a House in the Town where I visited with less Ceremony than at other places; the Freedom I there enjoy'd was so agreeable, that I generally

eat, or at least spent part of the Day there. *St. Alu* frequently reproach'd me for it: he was not upon very good Terms with the Provost's Lady (the Mistress of the House) and at that Time refus'd to do Justice to the Merits of her Daughter.

She is an amiable Person, has a great deal of Wit, and exceeding fine Parts. She was married very young, and in a few Months became a Widow. She might have married again very soon, if she had pleas'd; some Accidents, foreign to my purpose, had interfer'd: her Bloom was in its full Lustre when I was first acquainted with her, and a slight Knowledge of her sufficed to secure one's Esteem, and Interest in her Behalf.

St. Alu knew there was such a Person from the Time he settled in the Town, but had made no Acquaintance with her: what I advanced concerning the Agreeableness of her Conversation, surpriz'd him, and created a Desire of being able to judge for himself. I introduced him, he was received as an amiable Person, and it was not long before he gain'd their Esteem.

He had scarce frequented the House a Month, when he fell desperately in Love with the young Widow; his Merit had its usual Success, and his Courtship was not rejected.

In fine, notwithstanding some Opposition, the Match, he so earnestly desir'd was at last concluded, and he put in Possession of the Happiness he sought.

This Wedding was so far from making any Alteration in our Friendship, that it was rather encreas'd: *St. Alu* could not live without me, as he often said: we were continually together, and being willing on my Side to show a grateful Sense of such an endearing Deference, I spent whole Days with the new married Couple, and thought myself extremely happy.

Nevertheless, perceiving after some Months that my Friend was inclin'd to Jealousy, I managed my

my Visits with Discretion, and often absented myself under various Pretences. For some time *St. Alu* was satisfied with the plausible Reasons I alledged for not seeing him so frequently; but, too quick-sighted not to suspect the real Cause, after some time he explain'd himself, and, without allowing me to make a Reply to a very obliging Speech, he forced me to promise I would see him as often as formerly.

I could not hold out against his Entreaties; they were so pressing, and accompanied with such Frankness, that I imagin'd the Laws of Friendship obliged me to desist from my first Design.

In small Towns, Assemblies are much in Vogue; the Leisure which abounds there, makes Time pass heavily, to remedy which Play is of infinite Service, by keeping up Correspondences, which could not subsist without that interesting *Primum Mobile*. *Lansquenet* was play'd every Night at *M. St. Alu's*; this Amusement drew the whole Town thither; and as they were well receiv'd, and much at their Ease in his House, good Company was never wanting; 'twas generally very late before they parted.

One Day, *St. Alu* sent a Footman in the Morning, to desire I would spend that Day with him, intimating that he would not be denied; it was a Festival and very cold Weather. I went immediately to his House, where he waited for me to go to Church; accordingly we went with his Lady. After Dinner, we fell to play, and supped all three in the best Humour imaginable. *St. Alu* was very gay, and sure enough I had little Reason to expect what immediately happen'd.

Just as we rose from Table some Friends came in, who usually were there early to begin Play. As People can't talk always, *St. Alu*, who has a fine Hand on the Viol, took up the Instrument, and entertain'd the Company with several pieces of Musick:

Musick : They heard him with great Pleasure ; I took this Opportunity to leave the Room, having been shut up the whole Day, in order to enjoy the fresh Air and a few Moments Reflexion upon you, dearest *Jenny*. When we have any thing at Heart, Solitude is agreeable, and, as it presented itself, I willingly embraced it.

To go to the Room in which we play'd, one was obliged to go thro' *Madame de St. Alu's* Apartment. I mention'd before the Coldness of the Weather : I had not been long in the Court, before I was pierced with the frosty Air. I knew there was a good Fire in the Room where the Company was expected ; I went thither, the Door was open, and thinking I was alone, I shut it after me.

The Candles were not lighted, which occasion'd my Error, having no other Light than what the Fire afforded. It must be observed, that in this Room there was a Bed with the Curtains drawn about it ; it was design'd for a Friend that was expected that Night.

I was standing very quietly with my Back to the Fire, thinking quite of another Thing than an Affair of Gallantry, when I heard somebody groan. Surpris'd at this, I ask'd who was there ? A Voice, which I knew to be *Madame de St. Alu's*, called me. I am extremely ill, said she ; I found myself chilly, and the Fire has struck the Cold up to my Head ; I am fainting away.

I ran hastily to her Assistance : (admire, dear *Jenny*, my unlucky Stars :) The very Instant I stoop'd down to raise her off the Ground, the Door was thrown open, and *St. Alu* appear'd. He started back at seeing us. Heavens! cried he, what's this ? I am betray'd ! my Wife is false, and you are a Villain and a treacherous Friend. This Reproach, which I had so little Reason to expect, bereav'd me of a Presence of Mind sufficient for my own Justification : my Silence, without doubt, confirm'd,

his Suspensions; when I would have made him sensible of his Mistake, it was too late, his Jealousy blinded him, he would hear nothing; he roar'd in a horrible Manner, calling us by all the vile Names his Fury could suggest. What was to be done? Reason was lost on him; it was to no Purpose to represent to him that the Company in the next Apartment, alarm'd by his Noise, would come in upon us, and be Witnesses of this unfortunate Misunderstanding. He would not be pleas'd; his Passion blinded him, and he ran headlong on his own Ruin. I thought it best for me, in such cruel Circumstances, to retire, which I did immediately. What I had foreseen, happen'd accordingly; it was the Hour for the Assembly to meet, the Stair-case was crowded with Company, and the whole Affair came out.

They ask'd me the Meaning of the Outcries they heard? I shrug'd up my Shoulders and answer'd, I think, some Family Dispute. To put an End to it, and drown *St. Alu's* Voice, who was still outrageous, I open'd the Door and cried out, as if nothing had happen'd, the Actors are come, we need only light away. I was in hopes *St. Alu* might come to himself, be pleas'd, and the Storm pass.

The Company enter'd the Room; it was very lucky there were no Lights, which would have discover'd a terrible Scene. *Madame de St. Alu* cried bitterly; the Husband had Tears in his Eyes; to me all this was discernible by the Fire-light.

St. Alu, under Pretence of ordering the Candles to be light, left the Room; when he return'd, as he pass'd by, he bid me in very harsh Terms to be gone, and never come into his Sight any more. It happen'd unfortunately that an Officer, next me, overheard him; this put me under the fatal Necessity of not complying, as otherwise I naturally should have done; nevertheless, as my Sword was in another

ther Room, and I did not think proper to run any Hazard from *St. Alu's* Obstinacy, I went and fetch'd it. His Lady, seeing me return, shew'd me by a Glance of her Eye how much she was concern'd at my Presence. But, unfortunately, as I said before, her Husband's Threats were overheard; and in a garrison'd Town, where Points of Honour are so much regarded, I could not think of giving the least Handle to People's Discourse, especially in an Affair wherein I was not allow'd to justify myself: I remain'd therefore, and had the Eyes of the whole Assembly upon me. This made me suffer cruelly; to put an End to such a troublesome Scrutiny, I propos'd a *Duppe* to the Company, and sat down to play.

After staying a sufficient Time to show I was not intimidated by *St. Alu's* Menaces, I left the House. Whilst I staid, the Husband, much to be pitied, gave evident Proofs of the Anguish he was under, sometimes calling for his Sword, sometimes his Hat; in fine, every Action betray'd what pass'd interiorly: It griev'd me excessively, and I was in the utmost Despair, for having been the Occasion of what had happen'd.

The next Day I was exceedingly surpris'd to hear, that the Lady, press'd by her Husband, who pretended to have seen strange Things, and on this terrible Evidence threaten'd to kill her, if she did not frankly own all that had pass'd, giving his Word to forget all that had happen'd, if she shew'd such an entire Confidence in him; The Lady, I say, thought she had done wonders in owning, that I would have taken off her Garters for a particular Use, she made me say, that would bring her good Luck. As I often amus'd myself with Cabalistical Operations and performing Tricks, which, though natural in themselves, surprise such as are unacquainted with them, this amiable Lady laid hold on the Pretext to excuse herself, in hopes her Husband, who

new me, would give credit to it. *St. Alu* took this Occasion to have convincing Proofs of the Truth. His Lady is truly pious, and he obliged her that Morning to approach the Sacraments, and then swear upon her Damnation, that nothing more had passed. She complied; and he agreed to live with her, provided she promis'd never to see me more.

This, dear *Jenny*, continued the *Marquess*, is the real Truth of the Adventure without the least Disguise. Far from blaming *St. Alu's* Conduct, and justifying myself by ridiculing him, I really pitied him sincerely, and always did him Justice. I never omitted any Opportunity of mentioning those good Qualities, my Friendship formerly remark'd in him. His Behaviour in my regard has been very different, every where railing against me. I never resented it; and whatever he may do to force me to change my Conduct, I shall always be the same, and ever avoid doing him the least Prejudice. This is the Life I have led during my Stay at *Pont-à-Mouffin*: Reading and Hunting took up my leisure Hours; but, whatever my Amusements were, You were always present to my Imagination.

My Lover related this Adventure with so much Candour, that I no longer suspected his Fidelity. After this our Discourse turn'd on the Situation of my Affairs: I could not forbear hinting the Uneasiness I felt, at being a Burthen to *St. Fal*; adding withall, that I could not prevail with myself to live any longer at his, or any other Person's Expence; that I was come to a Resolution, which was, notwithstanding my little Relish for a Convent, to take shelter in one, as a Place of Security against Temptations; that I could not depend on my own Strength, as the World had its Charms; that I run too great a Hazard in such a Situation.

The *Marquess* heard me without Interruption. He seem'd thoughtful: I continued to represent to him very earnestly the Dangers to which I was expos'd.

pos'd ; and to convince him I did not complain without Reason, I fairly related the Visit intended me by the Duke, the Remarks *la Genéval* had made on it, and her Behaviour to me the Day before.

My Lover seem'd sensible that I was in the right, particularly as to the Dangers I mention'd in so lively a Manner. He replied, that he would take till the next Day to consider on what I alledged, and that he did not despair of finding some Expedient between the two Extremes, which I should approve of ; protesting that he was too nearly concern'd in every thing which regarded my Reputation, not to concur with me in proper Measures. After some Discourse on this Subject, he retir'd, assuring me that he would immediately think of some Method to make me easy, till he had the Happiness of shewing, that he esteem'd nothing in this World equal to me.

These last Marks of my Lover's Tenderness afforded me much Comfort : My Hopes began to tower, and notwithstanding the many Obstacles that might discourage me from expecting a Husband of the *Marquess's* Quality, still I flatter'd myself with the bewitching Chimera. Every thing appears possible, when eagerly desir'd. After several Reflexions on this Head, I bethought myself of the Letters I had wrote to the *Marquess* and *St. Fal* : I had a Curiosity to read them again, but they were not to be found ; at first I was uneasy, and look'd earnestly for them, tho' in vain. Nobody had been in the Room but the Persons to whom they were directed ; I concluded they had committed the Robbery, and, all things consider'd, was well enough pleas'd.

These Letters, especially that to the *Marquess*, display'd my Aversion to my present Situation, and Disrelish for all Assistance from others : I imagin'd this might induce the *Marquess* to provide for me, without my seeming to ask it ; a thousand passing Fancies made

me long to depend on him alone. Methought That would screen me from my own Scrupulosity; he had promis'd to marry me, which I judged sufficient for my Justification; this was a great Step for me, whose tender Conscience was often alarm'd at Trifles.

The next Day I receiv'd a Letter from the *Marquis*, acquainting me, that he could not see me these two Days; being obliged to wait on his Father to *Paris*, who had Business of Consequence that requir'd Dispatch. He added, he had some Affairs of his own, which he would willingly end before he saw me; he ask'd it as a Favour, that I would not be impatient, hoping his Return would effect an agreeable Change in my Affairs, and assuring me I should have no room to repent the Confidence I had placed in him.



ADVER-



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

I Have too deep a Sense of the Regard, with which the Publick has hitherto favour'd me, not to foresee every thing that might be displeasing. The Necessity I am under in these Memoirs, to assign different Names to the Actors brought upon the Stage, making me apprehensive lest several of them should have a near Relation to those of living Persons, I think myself obliged to declare, that there has not been one Name given with an Intention of pointing out any Body, and much less for the Sake of an Application; if it had been in my Power to have invented them all, I would not have failed doing so on purpose to have avoided this Inconvenience: but it was not possible for me, in a French Narrative, to have introduced Foreign harsh Names in our Language. After these Protestations, I hope the Criticks will not seek to pick a Quarrel with me on this Subject; in good Truth, is it not worth while; and when they are disposed to gratify their Humour, they will find Diversion enough: so far from taking it ill at their Hands, I shall be the first to make one among them, when they chuse to be merry.

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Since I have begun advertizing, I must not omit to declare that this eighth Part is almost entirely the Marquess de L. V's; at least his Lady did me the Honour to write me Word so, when she sent the Manuscript; I had no Difficulty in believing it, from the Difference of the Style. It was my Design to have inserted here the Letter she wrote on this Occasion; but as I have receiv'd several during the Impression of this Work, and probably may a great many more before it's finish'd, I resolv'd to insert them all in the last Part, which I expect very shortly, the Marchioness de L. V. being actually employed in it at one of her Seats, whither she is retir'd during the Absence of her Husband, who is lately set out for London in order to recover something lately fallen to him.



PART VIII.



Resolved to shut myself up during the Absence of my dear Lover, and see nobody ; but *Madame de Geneval*, whom her Husband undoubtedly had made sensible of the Injustice of her Behaviour, came to see me, and made several Excuses for what had pass'd, by imputing to my Chamber-Maid, who was, she said, very foul mouth'd, the Cause of the unmannerly Expressions she had employ'd. How much soever I might be provok'd against her, she seem'd so humble and sincere, that I could not help returning a civil Answer to what she said on this Occasion ; I am not ill-natur'd, and of a forgiving Temper ; besides, I thought it was to no Purpose to shun her for the little Time I had to stay at her House.

Madame de Geneval went from one Extreme to another ; we were no sooner reconcil'd, but she invited herself to sup with me, the better to ratify her Pardon, as she said. I was not yet Mistress of that Faculty which teaches us politely to get rid of troublesome People ; I durst not refuse her. The Husband coming in, was of the Party ; and as *M. de St. Fal* arrived the Instant we were sitting down to Table, I obliged him to make one. *Monsieur de Geneval* entertain'd us, as usual, with a thousand Stories, gave us several Adventures that were not new, yet amusing by the new Turn he gave them. His Wife propos'd to go the next Day to the Park with me, assuring me the King would be there, and that he intended to fish in the Canal. As little dispos'd as I was, I could not resist this Party, for the

the following Reason ; one of *Geneval's* Friends, belonging to the Board of Works, had promis'd him a *Gondola* for his Wife, and I could not have had a finer Occasion of taking the Air agreeably.

The Pleasure I felt the next Day in this Party made me forget my Cares, and I was not sorry I had consented to it. *St. Fal* was with us, and show'd us the *Menagerie*, *Marly* and *Meudon* ; I admir'd these Palaces, which encreas'd my Eagerness to see that of *Versailles* the first Opportunity.

After having run over some other Parts of the Park, waiting for the King, who came pretty late, we amus'd ourselves with seeing him a fishing. *Madame de Geneval* remarked to me a very handsome Man, who had his Eyes continually upon us, and who, she told me, was the very *Duke*, who the Day of my Arrival had desir'd to see me. The Fear I was under, lest he should make an Attempt to speak to me, oblig'd me to return home, where we sat directly down to Table.

We lost no time ; the fresh Air had given us so keen an Appetite, that we all play'd our Parts with a good Grace. The Discourse roll'd upon the Places we had seen, which occasion'd from time to time some curious Anecdotes, which pleas'd me much. I found a Satisfaction in every thing relating to the Court, without guessing the Reason ; my Mind seem'd to forebode, that the Day would come when I should have a Place there.

In the mean Time, the Night being advanced, *Geneval* and his Wife retired. The Count seem'd to have a great Mind to talk with me ; but he thought proper to take another Opportunity, knowing my Nicety of *Decorum* ; and I must do him this Piece of Justice, never was Lover more assiduous, or more careful not to offend. I wish'd him a good Night with all the Chearfulness in the World, with which he seem'd so satisfied, that I dare say he slept well upon it. Lovers are very foolish ;
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least Thing defects, and a mere Nothing raises them again.

The next Day, destin'd for great Events, I rose extremely gay, with a certain Unconcern which was not customary. How easily we become acquainted with a Life of Pleasure! Like a great many Women, my Looking-Glass did not a little contribute to my good Humour, and in those Days it flatter'd me very much: a Millener that had been sent for, set me off in that Taste and Air, that is to be caught no where but at *Paris*, or the Court. I had a Mind to be fine that Day, and I don't know why, for I had no Design to please. A pair of Stays, brought Home the Night before, gave so easy and so fine a Turn to my Shape, that I was quite charm'd with it: my Clothes put on, nothing was wanting to compleat my Dress.

As soon as the Ceremonies of my Toilette were over, I pass'd into my great Room; I own my Weakness, I thought myself very well, and I said in my own little Conceit, it would be no Misfortune to the *Marquess* to have a Wife of my Air: in short, I found myself handsome, and I have seldom seen any that surpass'd me. Let this Vanity be forgiven me, it is the plain Truth, I have still some fine Remains.

Just as I had finish'd my Dress, *Monfieur* and *Madame de Geneval* came to my Apartment. The Husband extoll'd my Charms highly, Complements of Form: As for the Wife, she blam'd the Make of my Gown, arraign'd my Tyre-Woman, found fault with my Shoes and Stockings. True Woman; but I forgave her, in Consideration of her Proposal she made of going to see the King at Mass; I accepted of it the more readily, because I knew both the old *Marquess* and his Son were at *Paris*, and I was in no Fear of being discover'd.

Geneval having told us 'twas time to go, we went to the Castle; as it was but a Step, there was no

Occasion for Chairs. We pass'd by the *Comptroller* of the Household's Apartment, and so directly thro' the little Galleries leading into the Castle: we met few People, to my no small Disappointment. A Woman is always a Woman, and provided she is Pretty, likes to be seen and admir'd; the last Word, I believe, is the whole Truth.

I express'd my Surprize to *M. Geneval*: Oh! we are not yet come to the Court, said he to me smiling, these are but the Passages that lead to it. In reality, as soon as we were got to the Prince's Gallery, and began to enter into the Apartments, I was in such a Consternation, especially when I came into the great Gallery, that I forgot myself, stood still at every Step; fresh Matter of Admiration. If it had not been for *Monsieur de Geneval*, who was my Guide, and prevented my Distraction, I should have run among the Busiess of those, with whom the Apartments generally swarm.

In the mean Time, at every Step a Crowd of People stopt, and whisper'd to one another. I began to recover a little from my Enthusiasms, and to consider those who pass'd by: I could not refrain from blushing, so stared at as I was. Certainly, I think, there is no Nation in the World where they examine the Women so nicely. I was every Minute stepping on one Side or another, fearing lest they should speak to me, not to say any thing else; for they came so very near, it was excusable in me to have that Thought. *Madame de Geneval*, who perceiv'd the Confusion I was in, as well as what occasion'd it, fell a laughing very heartily; and but for her Husband, who told her she was not now at Home, I believe she would have enter'd upon a Discourse pleasant enough, and sufficiently overheard, to draw after us the young Fellows, of whom the Gallery was full. But my Turn soon came, and if I had been spiteful, I might have justly diverted myself at her Expence.

As we were walking, which *Madame de Geneval* did with an Air of Familiarity, and as if she had been a Person well known, the Closet Door open'd on a sudden: the King was going to Mass, every Body follow'd, and in an Instant the Crowd disappeared. *Monsieur de Geneval* told his Wife, she had done ill not to secure places, and that it was very likely we should not get into the Chapel. His Wife banter'd him for his Uneasiness, and told him, she was sure they would open her the Door as soon as she appear'd. The Husband shook his Head at this idle Piece of Pride, he foresaw part of what was to happen.

Madame de Geneval being, as she said, very well known at Court, and acquainted with its Ways, scratch'd at the Chapel-Door; a Centinel open'd it a little Way: You cannot come in, Madam, said he, there is no Room. She nam'd her Name, and was insisting upon her Prerogative; but the Guard shut to the Door without answering her, as if he thought her a Person of no great Consequence. Transported with Rage, she told me, that this was some young Recruit, who did not know his Duty, but that she would teach it him. For my Part, I could not help smiling; she perceiv'd it, and her Vanity making her believe it was occasion'd by the little Notice taken of her, she return'd to the Charge, and scratch'd once again at the Door. Why, Madam, 'tis to no Purpose, cried the Guard, I have already told you, you cannot come in: With these Words he was going to shut the Door, when I advanced. I will not say my Countenance pleas'd him, I would not indulge my Vanity so far; perhaps I resembled some Lady of Quality, or that my Dress impos'd on him; be that as it will, opening the Door to me, he stretch'd out his Hand, and said to *Geneval*, Pray, Madam, make Room: Upon this I advanced again, and he let me in. The poor Woman was obliged, in order to follow me, to say she was of my Company. It seem'd as if
that

that Day was destin'd to mortify her ; there was but one Place left upon the Forms, which was given me, *Madame de Generval* standing all the while. I pitied her, and offer'd my Place, but she refus'd ; telling me with a Disdain she could not hide, that People us'd no Ceremony in the King's Presence.

I was too much taken up with the charming Sight, to mind what she said. If a Person out of the Country is amaz'd the first Time she finds herself at Court, let any one imagine my Astonishment ; I, who at most had heard talk of it, without ever having had any Grounds to form Ideas of that kind.

Of all the brilliant Objects that struck my Sight, I fixed my Eyes on nothing during part of the Service, but the Tribune, where the King distinguished himself as much by his Devotion, as by an Air of Greatness inseparable from him. I forgot nothing that could confirm me in my Prejudice, by which I was so zealously attach'd to him: I plainly saw that the Monarch was alone, and that this Loneliness was the Privilege of his Rank. The Crowd of Lords behind him, had an Effect which struck me ; I look'd on it as a Shade, which placed in the most advantageous Light this amiable Prince, with whom I was so much taken ever since the lucky Moment when Chance had brought him in my Sight.

After having for a long Time consider'd this attracting Point of View, I let my Eyes wander thro' the Galleries ; this Sight show'd me the Injustice of the Remark, I had often heard made, concerning the little Piety which reigns amongst those of the great World ; on the contrary, I was edified at the Decency with which the Courtiers assisted at the Mysteries : each Person seem'd recollected within himself ; no Discourse, no Trifling ; their outward Behaviour inculcated Modesty and Respect ; methought I was the only distracted Person, and I blush'd to see it : I have since learn'd from Experience,

per'ence, that what I then look'd upon as solid Piety, was but an Imitation of the Master. 'Tis all Copy at Court ; when the Model is good, all around it bears his Resemblance.

Mas's being over, I was taken up with so many curious Objects, that I should have remain'd the last in the Place, so deeply was I engaged : but a Hand which I felt, and which I thought was *Madame de Geneval* reminding me to go, brought me to myself ; in this Notion, I answer'd her without turning about ; my Eyes were fix'd upon a Lady whose Countenance had pleas'd me to that Degree, I could not take them off ; she was tall, exquisitely well shaped, large black Eyes, a Singularity in her Face that struck me. I was examining her Person with an eager Eye, when *Madame de Geneval* interrupted me in a Tone of Voice, which retain'd a great deal of her former Humour : Pray, Madam, answer the *Marquess*. At this Name I turn'd suddenly about, thinking it to be my Lover ; for I knew nobody call'd by that Name except himself. But, how was I struck ! who would have expected such an Incident ? I trembled every Joint at the Sight of the old *Marquess de L. V.* Father of him who possess'd my whole Thoughts ; he did not go, as he had told his Son, it was only an Artifice, the Sequel will shew, why it was employ'd ; but to return.

Pardon me, Madam, says this old Nobleman, if I take the lucky Opportunity that favours me with a Sight of you : Features like yours are not easily forgot ; give me Leave to express my Joy at having once more found you. The Circumstances in which I left you gave me great Uneasiness ; and, but for the Duty of my Place, which called me away, I should assuredly have staid till you had recovered your Health ; but if they executed my Orders, they must have told you, that I commanded all imaginable Care to be taken of you—— But what is

the Meaning of this, Madam, continued the Nobleman, perceiving by my Countenance that I was in Pain? Is my Presence always to occasion Trouble and Uneasiness? Is it possible that I should be so unfortunate? Have you any private Reasons—— The Lady can have none, Sir, said *Geneval*, who could no longer hold her Tongue. Any one would think it an Honour to be taken Notice of by so polite a Nobleman, as the *Marquess* is. I am very much obliged to you, Madam, replied he, looking earnestly at her, as if he endeavour'd to call her to Mind; I wish this Lady was of the same Opinion. A Man somewhat in Years, and who seem'd to be a Person of Distinction, came luckily to speak to the *Marquess*, which gave me Time to recover; I blush'd at my own simple Behaviour, and this Reflection stung me to that Degree, that I believe I should have come off with flying Colours, if the Attack had been renewed; but undoubtedly the Courtier, who interrupted so opportunely this perplexing Conversation, was of a Rank to put even Persons of Quality under Constraint as soon as they appear. I was not mistaken; going out of the Chapel *Madame de Geneval* told me, that the Person in Question was in Favour, and 'twas every body's Business to keep well with him.

Surprise frequently hides part of the Danger, but the Reflection afterwards magnifies it. I had no sooner left my Father's Lover, but my Blood was chill'd at the Thoughts of my narrow Escape: a hundred Things came into my Mind, and occasion'd such a Consternation, that I neither heard nor saw any thing; instead of going down the Stairs, as I ought to have done, my Hurry of Thought carried me back to the Apartments: *la Geneval*, ignorant of my Design, followed me, and perceiving that I made no Answer to what she said, thought I resented the haughty manner in which she had spoke to me; she judg'd proper to make some Attonement,

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by abating of her proud Disposition : this same Pride of hers prov'd advantageous to me, in as much as Experience let her see from time to time that Persons of the first Quality show'd me Respect : she was perswaded, I must be much above the ordinary Sort : be that as it will, she joyn'd me, and stopping me with great Politeness, ask'd if I was angry with her, and if her Company was disagreeable ; adding, that she had Reason to believe so, by my hurrying so fast from her, which was taken Notice of, and look'd as if she was troublesome. These Words drew me from my *Reverie*, I assur'd her I was quite of a different Opinion from what she seem'd to apprehend ; that she did not do me Justice, having Reasons for quitting the Castle, and going home : She replied, I did not take the Way, and was going quite wrong. I begg'd her to lead, and following her, was vastly surpriz'd to find how far I had to go back before we reach'd the Courts. I was offer'd blue Chairs, which always wait at the foot of the Stairs, to carry me home. I was going to throw my self into the first, without farther Thought than the Dread of being follow'd, when I heard a Voice calling out, Run, and beg her to stay a Moment. *Madame de Geneval*, who heard these Words as well I, instead of going into her Chair, stopp'd mine, saying, that the same Nobleman who had accosted me in the Chapel, was coming down the great Stairs, accompanied by one of his Pages, and that he ask'd to speak with me. My Fears redoubled ; O Heaven ! cried I to myself, inspire me what to do in this perilous Occasion. How comes it I always meet the Father, and never the Son ; his Presence now would be very serviceable, to extricate me from this fatal Perplexity. Making this Reflection, the old *Marquess* join'd me ; I remain'd in the Chair ; my Confusion was so great, that I thought I certainly appear'd to him excessively ill bred. I must not suffer you, Madam, says he without taking Notice

of the Confusion I was in, to make use of this Chair ; here is mine, that shall carry you Home ; you will be more at your Ease in it ; and I must beg Leave to pay you my Respects after you have dined : I have not forgot the Regard you express'd for People of my Age, in the Conversation I had with you in the Country, and I reflect on it with Pleasure. Saying this, he presented me his Hand to lead me to his Chair ; it seem'd as if this Lord had an Ascendant over me, which could not be resisted. However I answer'd his Compliment, that I was sensible of his Civilities, and should be very much honour'd by his Visit.

The Chair went off at these Words : as I turned towards the Grate, I spied the old *Marquess* talking with *Madame de Geneval*, which gave me not a little Disquiet, as I knew the Woman was very talkative ; I imagin'd as I went thro' the Courts, every one stopp'd to examine me ; I concluded it was on Account of the Chair I was in, as the Arms were known : and, to speak the Truth, notwithstanding the many Cares with which I was oppress'd, Self-Love was sooth'd with its Chimeras, and I was not sorry to see myself in so pompous and brilliant an Equipage.

My Cook-Maid *Barbara*, ('tis the last Time of calling her by this Name) deliver'd me a Letter as I came in, which I open'd in great Haste, because I knew the Hand. Notwithstanding the late vexatious Incident, my Affection was not diminish'd for the Person from whom it came ; 'twas from *St. Agnes*, that unfortunate and tender Friend, whose Story is related in the fourth Part. It was as follows.

LET-

LETTER.

I Never doubted, my dear Jenny, of your Affection, or generous Sentiments; lovely Lindamine gave me Proofs thereof the very first Day she arriv'd, by informing me with what Zeal you had engaged her to serve me, and the Steps that had been already taken for making me easy. I durst not flatter myself with any good Success from 'em; I thought all the World had forgot me. What Transports did I not feel, from the convincing Proofs, that my Friend and my Lover were true! Yes, dear Jenny, your Endeavours and Friendship triumph. I have receiv'd an Answer from constant Melicourt, he will be here shortly, to convince me his Passion is unalterable; I should have wrote to you before, had I known your Address; but your Letter, which I have just now receiv'd, makes me snatch the Opportunity given me of acquainting you with the Satisfaction I enjoy. I know you share my Troubles and Pleasures; I will not fail to give you a full Account, as soon as Melicourt arrives; as far as he is his own Master, he will not fail, on what I shall say to him, to go and inform you what I have to fear or hope for. Imagine, dear Friend, what I suffer whilst my Fate is in Suspence: Alas! I blush to own it to you; but if I am so unhappy as to be forced to finish my Days in a Cloyster, they will soon be at an End. Adieu, dear Friend; shorten by your endearing Letters the tedious Hours, spent in Care and Impatience; you know but too well from Experience, how horrible Uncertainty is, not to alleviate the Weight of its Torments. Lindamine, who is now made acquainted with your History, and who loves you sincerely, desires the same Favour: she has a great deal of good Sense and Wit; every Body here loves her, and respects her Virtue; convincing Proofs thereof appear'd in resisting the Violence of her Lover's Passion, of

which he gave publick Marks. As dear as Belifay was to her, she would never see him. You know her History, she had told it me; but you don't know, that this rash Lover found out Lindamine's Retreat, and that a moment after she was got into the Monastery, he appear'd, and committed numberless Extravagances, in order to oblige his Mistress to come out.

The Rashness of his Passion pleaded his Excuse, and he at last thought fit to retire. The charming Pilgrim could not help being mov'd at it, but by her admirable Vocation she has surmounted this natural Weakness. How happy she is! why cannot I follow her Example? Once more Adieu, dear Friend. I expect to hear from you, with an Impatience great as my Affection: that is saying a great deal, for 'tis beyond every thing that I can express.

Saint Agnes.

I had scarce read the Letter, when General came in: You never told me, Madam, said she, looking very cunning, that you knew the *Marquess de L. V.* I will make no secret to you, that he was an Admirer of mine before I was engaged: tho' advanced in Years, he was still dangerous; and my Mother kept me from him with as much Caution as if he had been a young Man. He has been just now putting me in Mind of this, and he seem'd to recollect these Trifles with some Pleasure; but for all that, I was not so blind as not to discern his asking me Leave to renew our Acquaintance, is only a Pretence to gain Yours. You banter sure, Madam, replied I in great Confusion, I do not know the Person you speak of Not know him! cried *Madam de Geneval*, fixing her Eyes on me; what means this Mystery? Did not he once meet you as he pass'd thro' a Village? That is true, continued I, perceiving easily by her Discourse that he had told her this particular; but, he might have acquainted you,

continued

continued I, that I had the Honour to see him but for a Moment. Ay, said she, I know you fainted, and he went away without knowing who you was, in spite of all his Enquiries; and that same Curiosity not being then satisfied, is what has occasion'd the Discourse we had together; but as I could answer his Questions very imperfectly, I contented my self by assuring him, that as soon as he should signify his Desires to you on that Subject, he would be fully satisfied.

Dinner, which was then serving up, interrupted a Conversation that was very troublesome to me. *Geneval*, who had Company to dine with her, would engage me to assist in doing the Honours of the Table; but I excused my self, under Pretence of a Pain in my Stomach, which was true enough; I was so overwhelm'd with the Rencontre I had had, and it caus'd such disagreeable Reflections, and those of such Consequence, that I was more than an Hour dreaming over my Meat before I could eat a Mouthful. My good Aunt, who stood behind my Chair, and who press'd me ever since I sat down to employ the Time as I ought, astonish'd to see me so distress'd, ask'd me with all the Respect she was capable of, if I could live without eating? To get rid of her importunity, and in order to be left alone, I complied, and forc'd myself to eat; after which I retired to my Closet, where calling to Mind the fatal Rencontre with the old *Marquess*, and all the Consequences that might ensue, I gave myself up to Sorrow and Tears: but struggling with my self, and expecting the *Marquess* would soon be with me, and that if he surpris'd me in this Condition, he would have Room for many Reflections; fearing on the other Hand that his Son was not yet gone, and lest he should come upon us whilst his Father was with me, which would discover all, I judg'd it prudence to prevent all these Incidents; for this Purpose, I thought my self obliged to write to my

Lover,

Lover, and apprise him of all that had happen'd to me, beseeching him in the Name of all that was dear, to take me away, and not expose me to the Danger of losing him perhaps for ever.

As soon as my Letter was finish'd, I fell into a new Perplexity, how to get it deliver'd. Who could I trust? I had no Choice but my Simple Aunt; I could depend on her Fidelity; but she was of that sort of Character which discovers itself at once; she had Wit, in her Way, but her Ingenuity was what I fear'd: These sort of People, by endeavouring to say nothing, say all; she might be question'd, and lov'd to prate: to recommend Secresy to her was giving her an Inclination to speak. After having weigh'd and examin'd this Design, I thought I could not do better than be my own Messenger.

This being determin'd, I order'd a Chair; by this Means I avoided a great deal of Perplexity. I was ignorant where my Lover liv'd; but he was universally known, and I did not question but my Chairmen could find his Lodging: I intended to make one of them deliver my Letter, and to keep close all the while in my Chair. Another Reason engaged me to go from Home, I was willing to avoid the *Marquess's* Visit, and gain Time, till I had given Notice to his Son, who perhaps sensible of my Danger, might find Means to secure me from what I fear'd with so much Reason.

I am perswaded there is nobody but enters at once into all these Things, and imagines that during this quarter of an Hour I was not very happy. Let us go on.

The Chairmen knew, as I imagin'd, where the *Marquess* liv'd; as soon as I came to the Door, I made 'em stop, and order'd him who seem'd the most intelligent of the two to ask if he was at Home. I was in such an Agitation, that I forgot the most important Precaution: the Man appear'd again very soon, and told me, that the Person I ask'd for

was

was at Table, that they were gone to acquaint him, and that I should have an Answer in a Moment. I had no Intention to speak with him in so suspected a Place, where we could be so over-look'd; a number of Livery-Men were passing backwards and forwards, might draw Conjectures from this Visit: I thought it was sufficient to send in my Letter, and I was going to give it to the Porter, with Orders to deliver it into the Hands of my Lover, when *Dubois*, the *Valet de Chambre* I mention'd in another Place, appear'd. My Dress was undoubtedly the Reason he did not know me again; he drew near, and told me, that the *Marquess*, hearing a Lady ask'd to speak to him, desired me to go into his Closet, and that he would immediately wait on me. I cannot, replied I, charm'd with being so happy to meet this Man; but dear *Dubois*, said I, give him this Letter, and tell him Ah Miss *Jenny*! said he knowing me again, what's your Design? to what do you expose your self? have you a Mind to be ruin'd? My Master is at *Paris*, and if it be him you want, as I doubt not but it is, they have made a Mistake; his Father is here, all is discovered if you appear. Heavens! cried I, what do you tell me? surely, I never design'd my Letter for him. Fly then, said *Dubois*, our old Master will be here presently, he is too much an humble Servant of the Ladies to make 'em wait. They told him you was handsome, and I tremble lest he comes before your Chairman, who is missing, be found.

Let People judge of the Consternation into which these Words threw me; I bid the Chairman, that remain'd with me, to open the Door, chusing rather to return on foot than risk such an Interview.

But the Obstinacy of this Fellow in searching after his Partner, was the Cause why I had it not in my Power to retire when he was come.

A Page, who had been eying me from the fore Parlour, and seen me speak to *Dubois*, and who saw the

the Letter I had just deliver'd, regaled his Master with the Discoveries he had made: The Company was then bantering him upon his good Fortune; the Stupidity of the Man that carried my Message, who thought he had done finely in adding that I came to sollicite his Interest, occasion'd their Rallery; this wicked Page, I say, (I hope he will forgive me the Epithet) came slyly, and inform'd the old *Marquess*, that, tired with waiting, I was just going away, and, but for one of the Chairmen that was missing, I had been gone before. One of the Lords at Table with him cried out, Ah! this is too cruel: after which he ran out, and was followed by seven or eight other young Persons, who came just as they were taking me away. One of them, whom I knew to be the *Duke of ———* him that *Geneval* made me take Notice of at the Canal, bid 'em set me down, and coming to my Chair, told me I was going to have Audience of the *Marquess*, and that in his Name he ask'd a thousand Pardons for making me wait. Pierced to the Heart at this Accident, I made Signs to go on without returning any Answer, but in vain; the Respect the Men had for the Noblemen that surrounded me, made 'em set down the Chair, and open the Door. The young Nobleman who spoke to me, presented his Hand; but he no sooner saw my Face, than turning to the rest, the *Marquess* is no unlucky Man, cried he, this pretty Lady is the same we all admir'd at her Window on our Return from Hunting. At this they all drew near, and examin'd me with a Murmur that flatter'd my Charms, but redoubled my Uneasiness. To encrease my Confusion, up comes the old *Marquess*, who knowing me again, retired two Steps with an Air of Joy: Ah! 'tis you Madam, cried he; Good God! why have you done me the Honour to prevent me? I am very angry at my self not to have hasten'd a Visit, I was bound to make. As he spoke these Words, he took me out of

my Chair very politely, and I followed him with a Trouble that may be well imagined.

I was accompanied by all those that were with the *Marquess*, and I heard one among them say to the Nobleman that spoke to me first, this is the Person, I'll engage, of whom you talk'd so much, and at whose House you were refused Admittance. You had reason to extoll her Beauty. This Discourse confirm'd me in what *Geneval* had said the Night before, and taught me at the same Time, how much one may depend on the Discretion of young People.

Crossing the Anti-Chamber, I spied *Dubois*, who plac'd himself in my Way, and dextrously put his Finger upon his Mouth, as much as to say, be cautious, and confess nothing. I understood extremely well what he meant by this, and methought it inspired me with Prudence. As soon as I was set down, addressing myself to the old *Marquess*, and affecting an Air of the greatest Sincerity, If I had known sooner, my Lord, said I, who you were, I should not have omitted coming to thank you for the Regard you shew'd when we met by Chance in the Village. *Madame de Geneval* inform'd me this Morning of these Particulars, and that you had carried your Goodness so far, as to have design'd sending a Physician to my Assistance. It is true, Madam replied the *Marquess*; but can one do too much for one so accomplish'd? I make you Judges, Gentlemen, said he speaking to the Company, can one regret any Pains so well employed? The Noblemen all said the politest Things imaginable on this Occasion, and I thought I did not return them very ill. The *Duke* of ——— ask'd me very earnestly, if he might be so happy as to be serviceable to me at Court. I framed my Answer upon the Story invented by *St. Fal*, and said, I did not doubt but I should want Advocates in the Affair which brought me thither; that my deceas'd Husband had done
good

good Service, and spent his Fortune in it ; that I ask'd, as a Consideration for all this, a Pension to maintain me in a Convent, where I was resolv'd to end my Days. At the Word Convent, the old *Marquess* and the whole Company exclaim'd ; they said one and all, that they sincerely offer'd me their Interest for the Success of my Suit ; but, on Condition, the last Article should not be mention'd in my Petition but for Form sake, adding all that young People could say on such an Occasion to a Woman that is not frightful. I came off pretty well in this Conversation, and was lucky enough not to be examin'd about the Regiment in which my pretended Husband had served ; * this would have gravell'd me, had it happen'd, as it might naturally enough. *Sr. Fal* had not instructed me on that Head ; 'twas very excusable in him, and we had neither of us much Reason to foresee our ever being in such perplexing Circumstances.

I was got up to take Leave of the old *Marquess*, who had ey'd me during the whole Time of my Visit, when he came to me, and desir'd me to stay a Moment longer: May I, Madam, propose a little Diversion to you, said he? there is a Play to Night, you have not perhaps seen, a Piece much in Vogue, called *Iphigenia* ; I am sure it will amuse you ; the Character is tender and well wrought : it pleases all the World, and I make no Doubt but it will have the same Effect with you. I thought I had a good Excuse, by my being then in the State of Widowhood ; but People in the great World are very apt to suspect Excuses of that sort. Oh ! as, to that, Madam, says the young *Duke*, that Pretence won't pass ; besides the Time allotted for Mourning is out ; it is presum'd you are not known, and even suppose you were, we live in a Court, where People don't insist on Trifles. I will be bold to say more, that as you intend to solicit the Court, it is not amiss to appear there, and let it be known how deserving you are. That is a very proper Reason,

added

added a young Person who had not yet spoke ; and I take upon me to acquaint the World, that a Widow so distinguish'd, ought not to be refused ; I declare myself from this Moment the Solicitor of her Pension. You see, Madam, said the *Marquess* smiling, this allows of no Reply. I don't in the least doubt but the *Duke*, knowing him as I do, will keep his Promise. Do not hesitate to charge him with your Affair, he is exceeding lucky in every thing he undertakes.

The *Duke* of — flatter'd by this Discourse, in order to give me a compleat Opinion of his Interest, loudly protested, that if in three Days my Pension was not granted, if I would be directed by him, he would submit to any thing that should be imposed on him, and never more appear in my Sight ; a Punishment, in his Opinion, beyond all Torments.

The serious Manner in which this was spoke, made the whole Company laugh ; for my part, fearing lest a longer Scene might clear up, who it was, I rose a second Time to go, representing for a Pretence, that 'twould be indecent for me to appear alone at the Theatre, or conducted thither by a Man. I foresaw this Objection, replied the old *Marquess*, replacing me with great respect in my Chair ; you saw me give Orders, I have sent for the Lady you live with ; I have sent my Chair for her, and I doubt not but she will be here presently : I know her, and am sure she will be overjoyed at the Honour of accompanying you — But in case she fails us, I'll give you an agreeable Companion ; and thus, Madam, continued the *Marquess*, all Difficulties are removed, and every thing conspires towards your seeing *Iphigenia*.

What could one answer to such pressing and polite Sollicitations ? Courtiers are not easily refused, particularly by Women. I recommended myself to God, and his divine Protection : I had no other Party to take ; 'tis generally our last Resource, tho'

it ought to be the first, as the most solid and assured.

This being resolved, cried the *Marquess*, the Question is who must introduce these Ladies to the Play; for my part, continued he, besides that I am too old, and should acquit myself very ill of the Employment, my being in waiting prevents me. All that were present offer'd themselves, but the *Duke* of——was the privileg'd Man, on account of his Quality without Doubt. The *Marquess* added, that he would provide us with Places, and would send to the *Ex-empt* on Guard. He said with a Smile, that he would employ *Dubois* as a worthy Agent of his Son's, and very intelligent in the Service of the Ladies. Had the *Marquess* turn'd his Eyes towards me at that time, he would have discover'd I was affected with what he said; but happily he did not then examine me. As for the Noblemen that surrounded me, they doubtless attributed to my Bashfulness the Disorder that appear'd in my Face; their Flattery was sufficient to make it probable, and the little Confusion, of which they imagin'd themselves the Authors, did not make against me. I have since learnt that a new Beauty was not thought odious in those Parts: But enough of that. A Woman may be pardoned for knowing a great many things, but she is not allow'd to expatiate upon them. Disguise is so much the Fashion, People are scandalized the Minute we lay it aside.

Dubois, who had been called, appear'd with an Air that betray'd his Surprize, apprehending a severe Reprimand, but he recover'd at the Order he receiv'd; he hearken'd to the *Marquess* with a Share of Astonishment, and made him repeat the Message twice over, he was so frighten'd. Notwithstanding the Agitation I was in, I could not help smiling to myself at his Perplexity. The Arrival of *Madame de Geneval*, in whose Looks I could read a secret Joy, help'd to keep me in Countenance; for
altho'

altho' I was flatter'd with being made for the World, I was not in my proper Element; the Comfort I had for my Want of Experience was, that my Friend seem'd more at a Loss than I: for a Woman that piqued herself on knowing the Court, I did not find her Behaviour suitable to the Company she was in. That Volubility of Speech, I had observ'd in her, made me think at first that she alone would be a Match for the whole Company; but I have found from Experience, that many of those who appear to have the most Wit among People of their own Sphere, are the most puzzled when among their Betters. *Madame de Geneval* continually lost the Thread of her Discourse: she *Lordship'd* every one who did her the Honour to address themselves to her; like a Tennis-Ball on a Racket, in the easy Chair plac'd for her, she was no sooner sat down in it, but at each Word spoke to her she bound up, and a Courtesy ensued. I could not forbear smiling several Times, at this excessive good Breeding; but I thought I should have laugh'd out when one of the Company express'd some Gallantry on the Subject of her Beauty; this Flattery soften'd her Looks into a studied Smile of Sweetness, design'd to convince how very sensible she was of the Favour; and her Body, as if it had been upon Springs at the same Instant, by a Motion that kept Time with her Head and Shoulders, put her Neck on the Rack to hold itself higher.

This is a small Sketch of what Self-Love can do, and at the same Time a Sample of our Charity. We Women shew each other no Mercy; and to conclude this Article with a Proof of my Sincerity, I must own nothing in these Memoirs has given me so much Pleasure as this little Piece of Satire. Where is the Harm in confessing the Truth? I wish others may not be guilty of the same Fault; upon Reflexion I was inclined to suppress

press this Passage, but then my Motive was Pride; so that all consider'd, I leave things as they are.

In the mean Time, the Attention with which the old *Marquess* examin'd me, renew'd my former Frights, and made me judge he was contriving something that regarded me. This brought to my Mind what he had said as he went out of my Chamber, when I feign'd to continue in my fainting Fit, as I mention'd in the sixth Part, that he had means of discovering who I was; but what chiefly terrified me, was his remaining silent as to what had then pass'd; and when I compared his Politeness with his Reservedness, after taking so much Pains to find me out, I could not help concluding from his seeming Tranquillity, that he acted the Politician, and had secret Motives for this Behaviour.

Preposess'd with these Reflexions, I repented my Facility in accepting of the Party of Pleasure propos'd; was not it possible that a hundred Inconveniences might ensue? I apprehended them; my Lover might come; what would have been the Consequence? would not our mutual Confusion have betray'd me, or given room for former Suspicions? A Croud of such like Apprehensions seiz'd my Mind at once, I grew pale, and the *Duke* of ———, who was near, and miss'd no Opportunity of saying soft Things to me, was not the last in perceiving it: You change Colour, *Madam*, said he, are you out of Order? you seem to be fainting. I excus'd myself in the best Manner I could, and I attributed the Alteration he observ'd to a new pair of Stays. The old *Marquess*, who heard my Answer, which was natural enough to gain Credit, came to me, and in an obliging Manner begg'd me to think myself at Home, and thereupon called for a Dram, which he assured me was exquisite for comforting the Heart.

Geneval, who judg'd she ought to share in the Assistance given me, offer'd to unlace me; all the
young

young Sparks applauded this Motion, and drew about me with Eyes that betray'd their Motive. I refused to suffer it with a Blush, which at the same Time made me appear to be better, altho' it was in reality the Effects of common Modesty; but my Resolution determin'd it, and they desisted; so true it is, that Men are no farther enterprizing than they are encourag'd.

The Dram being come, the old *Marquess* presented it himself: I thought proper to take some out of Policy. In effect it recovered me, and I found myself perfectly well as usual: but are all the Cordials in the World capable of curing an unquiet Mind?

Dubois, who had been to bespeak Places from the *Marquess*, return'd, and gave an Account of his Commission, he brought Word that the *Exempt* order'd two to be kept for us; but, that he desir'd us at the same Time to come early on Account of the Number of People he was to provide with Places. Upon this the *Marquess* presented me his Hand, and led me to his Chair; the Duke of ——— walked on one Side of me, and *Madame de Geneval*, to whom a *Count* gave his Hand, follow'd. We went very slow: the old *Marquess* said to me softly, you will make many Conquests, Madam, I am sure; but however flattering they may be, you triumph over a Heart, which places your Charms in the strongest Light. I expected, my Lord, replied I, these Compliments, not because I merit them, but as they naturally come from a Person of your Turn; with this Disposition I hear them without the least Vanity on my Side. Would to God, said the *Marquess*, with a Look far from suitable to his Years, that all the Vows address'd to you make no greater Impression! but with so many Charms it is not possible but you must have a compassionate Heart; 'tis a Point I beg Leave to discuss with you after the Play; I have a great deal to say to

you upon the Subject, and must own you make me uneasy on more Accounts than one.

The Discourse broke off there, and I was not a little perplex'd; we were at the Door of his Apartment, which put an End to it; I got into the Chair that was design'd for me, it was the young *Marquess's*, as I soon learn'd, and as it was the finest, they assign'd it to me. *Madame de General* went into that of the Father, which was ornamented in a manner agreeable to his Age: she seem'd so transported with the Honours shewn her, which she undoubtedly thought due to her Merit, that she could neither see nor hear, nor was sensible of any thing but her own dear self. Whilst we are in the Arms of Self-Love, we have very little Regard for any thing else.

We were scarce got out of Sight, but *Dubois* approach'd my Chair: In the Name of God, said I to him as soon as I saw him, tell me where your Master is, and how I may extricate myself from all the Difficulties I see round me. Faith, *Mademoiselle*, replied he, I know not what to say to it: I am so astonish'd, that I cannot imagine how these Things could happen, or why you should throw yourself into the Toils of our crafty Master. Here I interrupted *Dubois*, and I told him by what Accident it came to pass: He heard my Story out, and agreed, that after Meeting with the old *Marquess* at Mafs, my Behaviour was natural enough, and that neither himself nor I could prevent Accidents; upon this he told me, that both my Lover and *St. Fal* were at *Paris*; that it was impossible for the former to acquaint me that his Father did not come there, he not having changed his Resolution till a Moment before his Son's Departure, and that *Forsan*, his Gentleman, a Person entirely attach'd to the Father, accompanied him in the Journey, and that he durst attempt nothing, neither to write to me, nor any other Step, fear-

ing

ing left he should be examin'd, which would infallibly have happen'd.

Dubois and I both concluded from all these Precautions, that the old *Marquess* knew me better than I thought for, or at least had a Suspicion of me, and that the Journey was one of his Stratagems to clear up the Mystery. But, good God, cried I, fearing what might happen, dear *Dubois*, what Method can I take? Could you not, when I come from the Play, get me a Post-Chaise to make my Escape? By no Means, replied this trusty Servant, you may easily think, that if our Conjectures are well grounded, as there is no Room to doubt, there are Persons who watch you. Heaven keep us from any Attempt of that Sort! I have thought of a Contrivance which will have a much better Effect——The Minute he was going to tell it me, we found ourselves at the Play-House Door: A number of Chairs and a great Croud interrupted our Conversation. *Dubois* quitted me, saying, be easy, and cautious of what you say to the old *Marquess*; dissemble, and don't trouble yourself about the rest, I am going to *Paris*; he added something more as he retir'd; but the *Duke* of——, who was got into the Play-House by the Stage Door, and was ready to receive me, hinder'd my hearing it: A cruel Disappointment; my Lover was in Question, and that is generally a very interesting Article.

I had no Room to doubt, some moments after I was placed, but that the young *Duke* was the Person who at the first Sight had been so complaisant as to be dazzled with my youthful Charms; he told me as much, as likewise the Visit he had made me, and renewed his Acquaintance with *Madame de Geneval*, to whom he was very courteous, secretly aiming, no doubt, to get her of his Side, in order to have Access to me, or to oblige me, believing her more agreeable to me than she really was.

Whilst

Whilst he was making his Court, my Eyes ran over the Objects that surrounded me; the Prospect was enchanting; and the Impression it made was so great, that it took up my Mind, and banish'd all my Cares. Such is the Way of thinking with us Women, new Objects seize, engage, and make us vary; the most solid and faithful of us all, is she that returns ofteneft to the favourite Object.

This Sight humbled my Vanity; till that time I look'd on myself as the compleateft and prettiest Woman in the World; I could not help flattering myself that I had but few Equals; however I recovered with a Sigh from these two Errors. The first Thing that struck me, as I cast my Eyes towards the Boxes, was the Magnificence and Taste which shined there; I then turned my Eyes on myself, in order to draw a Parrallel betwixt these Ladies and me: What Disparity! Besides my Beauty, I thought I had a natural Air, but I discover'd a Stiffness in myself; there if Art supplied the Place of Beauty their easy Behaviour gave it such Charms, that I did not know myself. Though I disprov'd of the Red with which their Faces were vermillion'd, I secretly own'd it was of great Advantage; and I instantly called to mind my having on a certain Time made Tryal of it myself, and the Astonishment it occasion'd at my being so different from what I was before. I judg'd from thence, that 'twas no great Crime to indulge such harmless Satisfaction, and that if one's Happiness consists in being satisfied with one's self, it is not surprizing that People give into Practices which procure it.

The Duke of—, who had finish'd his politick Conversation with *Madame de General*, came back to me and interrupted my Reflexions by his soft Expressions: but seeing me consider very attentively a mighty pretty Woman, he ask'd my Sentiments
of

of her : I think her very charming, said I ; her chearful Countenance pleases me beyond Expression. I am infinitely taken, replied he, with this frank and natural Decision ; there are few Women who do Justice to their own Sex, particularly when Beauty decides in their Favour. She we talk of, resembles you in this Respect ; her Turn of Mind is excellent, and her History very remarkable : if I thought the King would give me time enough, I would relate it to you, and I am persuaded you would thank me. Having always had a strong Inclination for secret History, my Answer was, he would do me a sensible Pleasure ; he was just beginning, but that Instant every body rising up, inform'd us of the King's Coming. The Duke being obliged to do like the rest, he said, that if I would favour him so far, he would wait on me to give this Account, and hoped to have that Honour the next Day.

I scarce heard these Words ; I was taken up with the King's Presence to such a Degree, that I remained the only one standing, altho' every body was seated, which made me taken Notice of with some Smiles ; even the Name of Country Gentlewoman reach'd my Ears, and I took my Seat with a Blush, which punish'd me more Ways than one, for the little Uneasiness my Vanity had caused. As great a Pleasure as it is to be new, one hates to shew it by any thing in our Behaviour.

I had never seen a Play, so that 'tis easily to be imagin'd how attentive I was ; I even melted into Tears, and was more *Iphigenia* than *Iphigenia* herself ; whatever bears a Resemblance to the Sentiments of one's Heart and affects it, causes Emotions, and recalls the Object of one's Affections ; I found myself moved, thoughtful, anxious ; the Idea of the *Marquess* made deep Impressions in those Passages where the Lover complain'd of the Rigour of his Destiny ; methought he deserv'd a milder Lot ; in one Word,

I was

I was taken ill, I could scarce fetch my Breath. The *Duke*, more inur'd, or less attentive, could not help smiling at the Sincerity of my Sorrow: How happy is that Lover, says he to me in another of the Acts, in those precious Tears he causes you to shed! but a thousand Times more fortunate will he be, who shall please on a more real Occasion. Good God, my Lord, replied I, asham'd of my Tears, which I strove in vain to hide: You are very cruel to be diverted with my Tenderness; great Resolution is requisite to resist the Motions of the Soul, and you plainly show thereby your own Insensibility. Ah! what do you say, Madam, replied he, and upon what do you ground that Suspicion? Why, is it not evident? said I, vexed to have given Room for this Discourse; I am not the only one who seem to be touch'd at this fine Scene: my Tears are excusable; but you, my Lord, who very far from being mov'd, seem to brave Compassion, don't you discover that 'tis none of your favourite Virtue, and that you was born with a hard Heart? Much less than you imagine, return'd the *Duke*, Witness those fine Eyes of yours in my Behalf; I can easily confute your Reproach, since all that belongs not to you, at present is indifferent to me. Yes, charming Creature, if *Iphigenia* should be a hundred Times more charming and lovely, she could never make any Impression on my Sentiments: You reign alone without a Rival, and I think nothing lovely besides yourself.

This Declaration appear'd so lively and open; that I thought proper to be silent: The Play enabled me the better to observe this Conduct; it engaged me so closely, that I soon forgot what had pass'd: I interest myself more and more in the Distresses of the Heroine, and it was over when I expected another Act would follow? so deep and tender Effect it had on me.

The

The *Duke* of . . . who seem'd enamour'd with my slender Charms, would have resum'd the Discourse: I began to be at a Loss in answering him, nor did I well know on what Pitch to frame my Discourse. When one has given one's self out for Somebody, and yet thro' a Sincerity of Heart disdains to assume a haughty Air, that Face of Brags is wanting which Impostors easily attain. If I had really been the *Countess des Roches*, I should have known very well how to banter the *Duke* on his being so sweet; but when I reflected upon what I was, by taking upon me, I ran a Risk of being one Day or other ridicul'd for my Affectation; I found myself under an Incertitude, which laid Restraint on my very Expressions.

Happily the King's Presence occasion'd such an Awe, that my Praises were utter'd so low, that they could not be overheard; nevertheless, I should have been oblig'd either out of good Manners, or Vanity to return an Answer; but an Accident, which I little expected, eas'd me of my Fears; an *Exempt* (whom I knew to be such by his Staff) advanced towards the *Duke*, and told him the King commanded him to his Box: he immediately rose, and appear'd concern'd at this ill-tim'd Order; at least his Looks signified as much; I turn'd my Eyes towards the King, he seem'd to consider me, this threw me into a fresh Perplexity.

How weak we Women are! How justly do they tax us with Self-Love! How many Conjectures did I draw from this Regard! Had I strictly examin'd myself, I might have discover'd a Belief that the Monarch thought me handsome, and that the Message related to me; but this Vanity was soon punish'd, the *Duke* presently return'd; 'tis true, he flatter'd me with a Compliment upon the Enquiry the Prince made after me, but upon the whole I found I was but the second Cause of the King's enquiring who I was; he had seen the *Duke* talk-
ing

ing earnestly to me. I was handsome and well dress'd but unknown to him, and he had a Mind to know who I was ; that is the Matter of Fact; and, all things consider'd, I found there was no Grounds for my first Thoughts : However, I was contented with the Reverse of Self-Love, and not sorry to have been mistaken.

The Play was over, and they were going to begin the Entertainment, when the old *Marquess* appear'd at the Box joining to the Place where I was ; he bow'd, and ask'd me if I had been diverted ? Altho' I answer'd properly enough to this Question, part of the Company turn'd their Eyes upon me, either on Account of my Pronunciation, or Person I stood it however, as well as all the polite Things the young *Duke* persist'd to say to me ; I won't disguise the Truth, I have said it before, and as a farther Proof, I own sincerely that though this Discourse caus'd no Emotions in my Heart, at least I hearkned to it with Pleasure. The wisest of us all are not insensible to Flattery, when accompanied with Taste and Delicacy.

I was then in a sort of State, scarce perceptible, and harder to be describ'd ; my Eyes involuntarily turn'd upon the *Duke* who was talking to me, when looking off him, I saw the young *Marquess* leaning towards us, who seem'd to overhear us ; he rais'd himself up as soon as I saw him, and look'd another Way : I was so struck at his unexpected Appearance, and so sensible of the Scorn which I thought he express'd, that I chang'd Colour and found myself ill. My new Admirer, who perceiv'd it, hastily ask'd me what was the Matter ? I am subject, replied I, to Giddiness, this is a Fit of it, and if I remain any longer here I shall faint away ; all which I told him to get out, not knowing any longer what Countenance to put on.

The

The *Duke* of ——— seem'd disturb'd at this) It is never the Custom, where the King is, to go out before he does, when it occasions any Stir. However, the *Duke* found me so much alter'd, that he thought fit to venture; he made Signs to the *Exempt* who had seated me, and when he was near enough to be heard, in a low Voice he told him I was ill, and to give a greater Weight to the Desire he had of serving me, he added that there were Reasons for it. This made me blush, and I heard People talk round me, which augmented my Confusion: however the *Exempt* presented me his Hand, and I went out followed by *Geneval*, who murmur'd greatly at my frequent Indispositions, and who was much mortified not to see the Entertainment; for notwithstanding her Pride, and her valuing herself upon being so well at Court, it was the first Play she had seen, as her Husband very imprudently told me, and perhaps if it had not been for me, she might not have had this Honour so soon. But let us come to something more interesting.

I was no sooner in the Chair, but was overjoy'd at being out of the House. I should infallibly have made a fine piece of Work on't, which might perhaps have become Publick, and forwarded what was to happen.

Let any one imagine my Trouble and Confusion, affectionate and tender as I was. What Innocence on my Side! and how many Motives of Suspicion for the *Marquess*! He finds me at the Play, I appear to be engaged with a very handsome young Gentleman, and attentive to his Discourse: No sooner do I discover him, but am out of Countenance; I do more, I go out, and so seem to avoid him. All these Things, united to the Uneasiness arising from what *Dubois* had undoubtedly told him, could not suffer him to be

very easy, particularly after the Proofs he had already given of his Jealousy.

I intended, when at Home, to shut myself up and write; but how much was my Anxiety increas'd, when the young *Duke* of . . . met me coming out of my Chair! He had followed me in his, and offer'd his Hand with an Air of Concern for my Indisposition, which very happily was visible in my Face; I made Use of this Pretext to get rid of him, by saying I found myself oppress'd, and was going to Bed. He approv'd of my Resolution, and offer'd to send an eminent Physician to my Relief; I thank'd him for his obliging Offers, and when I was come to my Apartment he retired, assuring me he would have the Honour of waiting on me the next Day, and in the mean Time he would inform himself punctually of my Health.

I thought I was going to be at Quiet, but I had *Madame de Geneval's* Officiousness to endure still; the Honour and Distinction I had procured her, render'd her polite, politickly hoping, that if we remain'd good Friends she should hereafter enjoy the same Prerogatives. I was oblig'd in Civility to wait till she pleas'd to quit me, which she did as soon as I was in Bed.

I order'd my Aunt in her Presence to lock my Doors, and let who will come, to tell them I was in Bed, in order not to be disturb'd in my Reflections, principally on the Incidents of that Day.

I began with Tears, which gave me Relief. In effect, could there be a more cruel Case than mine? had I one happy Moment, from the Time I first knew myself? One Accident had follow'd another, I had not one Moment's Rest. What could I hope from what was to come? What Incidents seem'd ready to create new Troubles? The Uneasiness of the old *Marquess* about me; his Son's Love and Jealousy.

Jealousy ; the *Duke* of . . . Sentiments, who had no sooner conceiv'd, than declar'd them ; would not all this draw on Consequences ? could I expect any thing else ?

I was only entering into a Detail of so many Perplexities, in order to take proper Measures, when my Aunt came into my Room : Madam, says she, here's a Nobleman desires in the handsomest Manner to see you . . Did not I tell you, said I with an Air I had much ado to sustain, that I would see nobody ? I remember it very well, replied the good Creature ; but the Person of whom I speak says he must necessarily speak with you, and has Things of Consequence to communicate to you. Do as I bid you, continued I in a Tone to be obey'd, thinking it might be the *Duke*, or the old *Marquess* ; sail at your Peril.

After my Aunt was gone, I rose, and to avoid all Surprise, considering her Simplicity, I drew the Bolts, and then I wrote the *Marquess* a Letter, in which I ingenuously gave him an Account of all that had pass'd. I foresaw the Uneasiness he would have on Account of my Conversation with the *Duke* at the Comedy ; I mention'd my Apprehensions in relation to his Father, and beg'd him, in order to obviate what might happen, to change my Abode, and even the Town, if it could be done.

I was much easier after relieving myself of the Burthen which weigh'd me down ; it was after Midnight before my Letter was seal'd, and there was no likelyhood of getting it deliver'd then ; it was of so much Consequence, I was determin'd to trust nobody with it, but *St. Fal* or *Dubois* ; the Latter had promis'd to call the next Day, and I form'd my Resolution accordingly. One is no sooner at Ease in one respect, but one wants to be so in another ; I was extreamly solicitous to know who came to see me, when *Barbara* brought me

Word of the Visit I refused. Having then my Wits more about me, I began to reflect on this Affair, and I found I was in the Wrong to imagine the *Duke* of would come again, 'twas so lately that he left me, when my Aunt came with the Message: it was not likely it should be him, especially knowing I was going to Bed; he seem'd to have more Respect for me, than to commit such an Indecence: I turn'd my Conjectures another Way, and as I could not but fix them upon the old *Marquess*, I found them also as ill grounded on many Accounts, unnecessary to be mention'd. But it was not the same as to his Son; he lov'd me, had many Reasons for desiring to speak to me; had not his Jealousy been one, it was very natural for him, seeing me go out, on account of being indispos'd, to fly to my House with Concern, and learn the Occasion of it, as well as several Things that might regard him. I had no sooner rais'd this Doubt, but was desirous to clear it up; I rung the Bell, and according to the Description my Aunt gave of the Gentleman she had sent away, I found my Suspicion too well grounded.

Had I foreseen that my Obstinacy in not hearing my Aunt, would occasion the cruel Consequences it did, I should then have regretted the giving Room for 'em. But can one foresee every thing when in Perplexity? So far from repenting, I thought my Lover would pass a favourable Judgment on his Disappointment in not seeing me, and would not condemn me in his Heart. But were Men born to be just? Pardon me, Oh best of Husbands, the Injustice of this *Apostrophe*! I retract it, my Love for you has long since excepted you from the Number of those I mean.

I pass'd the Night in great Anxiety, and I wak'd early, hoping *Dubois* would come, and carry my Letter to the *Marquess*. I was just up when my

my Aunt inform'd me of a Visit, and ask'd if she was to deny me as she did the Day before. I bid her show up, in Hopes it was the Man I wanted; but instead of *Dubois* a Gentleman of Figure appear'd, who named himself immediately *Melicourt*, Lover to that dear Friend; he came from the Monastery where *Madame de G.* had shelter'd me. How troubled soever I might be in Mind, out of Respect for my Friend, I receiv'd the Gentleman with great Politeness, and earnestly ask'd after his Mistress; he deliver'd me a Letter from her, telling me, that as soon as I had read it, he would fully satisfy my Curiosity; I open'd it, and read as follows.

I Send you, my dear Friend, the happy News I have receiv'd from *M. de Melicourt*, who will have the Honour to deliver you this Letter: I call it happy, because it will shortly perhaps procure me the charming Pleasure of embracing you, and renewing our tender Friendship. I am much oblig'd to him for complying so readily with the Desire I had, that you should be inform'd by him of the good Effects which have follow'd from your kind Offices; all we want is an additional Interest, to terminate our Affairs. I do not doubt but you'll employ the *Marquess of L. V.* to press my Discharge from the Monastery. I confess it will be so much the more agreeable, as it will bring me nearer you, a Happiness I am ambitious of beyond what I can express.

Our mutual Friend, the discreet *Lindamine*, charg'd me to tell you, that you are ever in her Thoughts; do you think I yield to her in the least, as to Vivacity of Sentiments?

SAINT AGNES.

I was charm'd with this Letter, and the Hopes it gave me of my Friend's Affairs drawing to a Conclusion. I turn'd to her Lover, and begg'd him to compleat my Joy, by informing me what had been done, and why I had been so long without hearing from her. Alas! Madam, replied he with a Sigh; the lovely *Minette* would never have heard more of me but for the Letters you forwarded, by which I at length learn'd where she was; 'tis to her, 'tis to you I owe the Happiness of having found her out; I thought her lost for ever, and I was very far from persuading myself of the Possibility of any such Thing, which I thought so distant; you yourself shall judge by what happen'd to me since the cruel Day when the Artifice and Credit of her unjust Father found Means to separate us.

You know, *Mademoiselle*, continued *Melicourt*, in what a cruel Manner I was snatch'd from the Embraces of so beloved a Wife; had my strength equall'd my Rage, I should have freed myself from the Hands of those cruel People who oppos'd the Relief I would have given her: but I was obliged to yield to Numbers, and it was not without a thousand Efforts that they at last seized me; however notwithstanding the Trouble my Resistance gave them, and my furious Transports, they behaved with Respect to me, they had Orders undoubtedly to use me well; the Officer who commanded the Party, knowing the deep Concern under which I labour'd, seem'd to share in it, and endeavour'd to pacify me by repeated Assurances, that my Confinement would be short, that he knew the Affair did not regard the State, but was entirely owing to the Interest of a Family; in all Appearance these Differences would neither be of any long Continuance, nor have any farther Consequences: Instead of answering, I held my Tongue; my Grief was mute, and continued in that Dispositi-

on during the four Days of my Journey, I would hear no Reason.

When I was arrived at V . . . they conducted me to the Town Prison; the next Day the Governor came to see me, and assured me if I behaved well I should not be confined eight Days. I ask'd him what was expected from me? To join, said he, in setting aside your Marriage; you may imagine, in spite of all your Efforts, it will be so neither more, nor less, for it must end there, the Methods you employ'd being unwarrantable: shall I acquaint you what must be the Consequences of your Refusal? A long and ruinous Suit between your Families. Is it not much better prudently to consent to what you cannot avoid, than to give your Adversary a handle to oppress you, and keep you here during Pleasure? Prudence requires of us to yield to Occurrences; and he is truly wise, who knows how to suit his Conduct to the Caprices of Fortune.

Such was the Governor's Discourse, as often as he came to see me, but without any Effect: I assured him of my Constancy and Resolution, with a Protestation that I defied *Monfieur de . . .* from the Hopes I had of being protected by the King's Justice, and his Decision in my Favour; that in the mean Time I would oppose Patience to the Persecutions prepar'd for me.

The Governor, who was undoubtedly an intimate Friend of *Monfieur de . . .* and who had been pitch'd upon in order to intimidate me, seem'd much dissatisfied with my Steadiness; however he behav'd like a Gentleman, and, barring my Confinement, I was treated with great Indulgence; but he had his Views, as I have plainly discover'd.

He came every eight Days, and after some Time, he ceas'd to talk of my Affairs, not to provoke me; my Fear of putting him upon the

Chapter of dissolving my Marriage, restrain'd my Curiosity, and hinder'd my asking any Questions.

In the mean Time the Uneasiness I suffer'd on Account of my charming *Minette*, tormented me Night and Day to the last Degree; there was not a Moment I did not lament her Absence, and seek Means of obtaining my Liberty; but I was so secur'd, that there was no hopes of effecting it.

After having lost these endearing Hopes, I employ'd myself in endeavouring to inform my Father of the Place of my Confinement, that he might exert his Power for my Delivery; this seem'd less difficult, than making my Escape. The Turn-Key who attended me, and whom I had been a long Time gaining by little Gratifications, and formal Promises of making his Fortune upon obtaining my Liberty, if he would come into my Measures, appear'd fit for my Purpose; I flatter'd myself the more, because he seem'd compassionate, and would sometimes of his own Accord bewail his being engaged in an Employment, to which he had, he said, such a Repugnance and Antipathy; this Confidence seem'd to me a good Omen, and when I imagin'd I had wrought him to that Pitch of Compassion I desir'd, I open'd myself one Day to him, and propos'd to him under Promise of a good Reward to deliver a Letter I had wrote to my Father. He seem'd struck at the Proposition, and express'd his Dislike of it, by representing the Punishments assign'd for those, who betray'd their Trust on the like Occasions; to enforce which, he cited several Examples, the very Rehearsal of which was really shocking, and he did it so pathetically in his Way, that he seem'd much terrified: I found him so averse this first Time, that I did not press him any farther, I thought it best to wait another Day to speak again, and prepare him by Degrees; thus he insensibly accustom'd himself to my Proposals,

It hap-

It happen'd as I guess'd, the Turn-Key yield-
ed at last, and charg'd himself with my Pacquet,
promising it should be deliver'd as directed, and
that I should have an Answer. These fair Hopes
gave some Truce to my Pain, and I waited im-
patiently the Issue; the Time seem'd insupportably
long, and there were now fifteen whole Days past
away, without hearing one Word; he exhorted me
to have Patience, assuring it would not be long be-
fore I was satisfied; as a Proof that I ought not
to be uneasy, the Turn-Key inform'd me how he
had contriv'd to be certain of the Pacquet's being
deliver'd, without running any Risk; he had sent
his Brother, as he assured me, who was to deliver
my Letter himself, and bring back an Answer; all
this seem'd so feasible, that I applauded it, and
easily believed all he said on this Subject.

I had wrote a Letter to my dear *Minette*, where-
in I assured her of being for ever constant; as I
was ignorant what became of her, I desir'd my
Father to get this Letter deliver'd wherever she was,
and to send her Answer; I was prepared on every
Side, and made no doubt but that I had taken Care
to be serv'd according to my Wishes: a Prisoner
has Time to think of every Thing.

One Night being more impatient than ever, and
lamenting bitterly that I had no News, I heard
an unusual Noise of Bolts, which surpriz'd me; I
was alone in my Tower, it could be but to me
they came, and unless it were something very pres-
sing, it was not then an Hour for any Body to
visit me; in fine, it was my Turn-Key. Joy in
his Countenance promis'd good News, and
immediately rais'd my Spirits; nothing but
Tidings of my Letters or my Liberty, that could
occasion his Visit, or his Looks. I eagerly ask'd
him, what I was to expect! See, said he, deliver-
ing me a Pacquet of Letters, to what Danger I
have expos'd myself, I say no more, Adieu, I
tremble.

tremble, my Fidelity must not be suspected ; my Brother is but just arriv'd, and notwithstanding the Danger in coming at this Time, I could not withstand the Pleasure of easing your Concern, and affording you a good Night. I thought this Regard of his so kind, that in order to give him an early Instance of my Acknowledgment, I drew a small Diamond from my Finger, and made him a Present of it with Assurances that I would not stop there. The Turn-Key went away well satisfied ; but I was certainly more so at that Time than he.

I was no sooner alone, but I open'd my Pacquet in great Haste ; it contain'd two Letters ; the first was from my Father, the other from my Wife ; I found my Father's Hand somewhat different from what it us'd to be, but I took very little Notice of it ; as for the second, sign'd *Minette*, I thought of nothing but the Pleasure I enjoy'd ; it was the first I ever received from her, and only delay'd by kissing a thousand Times, the Testimony I expected of her Love. However eager I might be to know the Reasons of my Confinement, Love prevail'd over Curiosity. Here is *Minette's* Letter.

I Thought I could not refuse, Sir, an Answer to your Letter ; I am sorry for what you suffer'd upon my Account : I advise you to contribute to your Enlargement, by submitting to what is expected from you. For my Part, I thought myself obliged to obey a Parent, and if I am the only Cause of your Troubles, I remove that Obstacle, by releasing you from any Engagement between us. I had some Scruple in the Affair, but I have been inform'd the first Duty of a Daughter is to obey her Father, and that all Engagements are void, which are made without the Consent of those who brought us into this World. I hope you will have Sense and Resolution enough to conform yourself to so warrantable an Excuse, and that your Esteem for me is such as not to oppose my Tranquillity.

I thought

I thought this Letter so cruel, and it overwhelm'd me with so violent a Grief, I had like to have fainted away; Despair alone preserv'd my Senses. Perfidious Wretch! (I cried, throwing the Letter disdainfully away :) could I expect such a barbarous Return? so much Love and Constancy, did they deserve a Change so odious? I was two Hours in a State as painful to feel as to describe, I threw out a thousand Imprecations against the ungrateful Creature, and stopp'd twenty Times before I could read over my Father's Letter; he express'd great Tendernefs, exhorting me to have Patience, and promis'd I should soon be at Liberty, provided I renounced my Marriage; he very frankly confess'd, that *Minette's* Father had much the better Interest, and that I should perish in Prison, if I did not submit to Power, as he had done; he gave me an Account of the Perfidy of my Mistress, who had held out but a few Days, and, to obtain her Pardon, had accepted of a Husband recommended by her Relations, to whom she was to be married in eight Days; he exhorted me to imitate her, assuring me that I should be restored to my Liberty as soon as I should take such a Resolution. I was not able to go through the Letter, I had too much of it already; the Night was spent in walking about my Chamber, and complaining of my perfidious Mistress.

I was three Days and three Nights without taking any thing, and 'twas the fourth Day, that, being ashamed of my Folly, I resolv'd on declaring I had no farther Thoughts of the unfaithful *Minette*; and that since she had been capable of deceiving me, I would never hear her named. I had no sooner explain'd myself on this Subject, and consented to the setting aside my Marriage, but I was promis'd my Liberty on this Condition, that I should return to my Father, and never more endeavour to see my ungrateful Mistress. I was too angry, and I thought,

I thought I had too much Reason to despise her, to make any Difficulty upon that Head. My Hatred so naturally express'd, forwarded my Liberty, and it was granted three Days after.

As soon as I was at Liberty, I went to my Father; he confirm'd *Minette's* Perfidy, and shew'd me a Letter setting forth all its Circumstances; he told me what Steps he had taken to procure my Liberty, which prov'd ineffectual, thro' the great Credit which *Minette's* Father had employ'd; he told me however, that in spite of all his Interest, his Adversary would have had the worst on't, because as my Father acted *incognito*, he must have been Plaintiff in the Tryal, without a Defendant, on Account of his refusing to own his Daughter; if I had not given my Consent for the annulling the Marriage, which occasion'd a Letter from Court, by which he was given to understand that if he push'd Things any farther, he should never see me again; a Menace that stop'd him short, by reason of the Tenderness he had for me.

Above six Months after, talking with my Relations about my Confinement, and telling them after what manner I found Means to write to my Father, I understood he had never receiv'd my Letter; this Incident astonish'd me, and I greatly surprised my Father in my Turn, when I produced the pretended Letter I thought he had writ. He was himself almost mistaken in the Hand, so little Difference there was between it and his own; he assured me he never wrote to me, and notwithstanding the Pains he took to find out how they could counterfeit his Hand, he never could clear up the Affair, and it is but lately that this Mystery was brought to light.

However, this Instance of Forgery gave me some Suspicion; I acquainted my Father with it, but he was the innocent Cause that I did not examine things with proper Attention; the Confidence

he

he was in of *Minette's* Infidelity, which had been confirm'd to him from different Hands, pass'd even to me, and I thought there was so much Reason to forget her, that I should in Time have attain'd it.

For some Months I was exceeding Melancholy ; notwithstanding my Endeavours, I could not forget the ungrateful *Mademoiselle de . .* I strove to no purpose to divert my Thoughts from her, but her dear Idea had taken too deep Root in my Heart, to be so easily torn away ; sometimes Resentment gave me Ease, but it soon vanish'd, and after all my Projects to forget her, I found myself the most unfortunate and most enamour'd of Mankind.

But my Mother, who suffer'd prodigiously to see me waste away by Degrees, and fear'd at last to lose me, thought if she could but contrive to give me an Inclination for somebody else, that I should recover by Degrees, and forget the perfidious *Minette*. To this Effect, she drew much Company to the House, and put me under an Obligation, as is usual, of assisting in the Honours of the Assembly which was constantly held. All the Neighbourhood afforded of handsome young Ladies came to it. One in particular, about fourteen, of a brown Complexion and a chearful amiable Character, distinguish'd herself, and was admir'd by all the World : She was always merry, and had something new ; to be acquainted with her, and desire to love her, was the same Thing. At first, I only look'd at her, and consider'd how well she deserv'd the Praises given her ; but a Custom of seeing her soon had a farther Effect ; I wish'd to share in her Friendship. Time could not be more agreeably spent, she did not seem averse to me, and was the most obliging Creature in the World ; the more I knew her, the more I was enchanted ; my Mother perceiv'd it, and being willing to snatch an Opportunity she had been purposely waiting for, she spoke

to the young Lady's Mother, and nam'd me for her Daughter, and advanc'd Matters with so much Expedition, that three Days after she told me, if I was in Love with *Mademoiselle de . . .* as she had no Room to doubt, I should be her Husband in eight Days

Any body but myself would have been transported with such an Expectation ; the Lady in Question was exceeding lovely, a thousand good Qualities enhanced her Charms ; they had seduced me in Appearance, yet it was Admiration, and not Love which affected me, as I discover'd when my Mother propos'd her for a Wife ; instead of the Comfort she had promis'd herself, she met with nothing but Trouble and Perplexity.

This unexpected Coldness surpriz'd her ; she ask'd what could occasion it ? and whether it were possible, after having shewn such a Deference for *Mademoiselle de . . .* that I should hesitate to thank her for her Trouble, in getting me prefer'd to a Number of others who sigh'd for her ? I lov'd my Mother too well to disguise the Matter ; I told her sincerely how I was affected ; the propos'd Lady's Charms had sensibly touch'd me, but I continued to love the perfidious *Minette* ; her Image was more deeply rooted than ever in my Heart, when she seem'd just upon the Point of being banish'd from it. I bemoan'd my Weakness, I ask'd a thousand Pardons for it of the best of Mothers, but I could not extort from myself a Promise to comply with what she had engag'd her Word for ; it was to no Purpose for her to remonstrate the Injury I did myself thereby ; the Folly of a Constancy so ill deserv'd, and the Resentment of *Mademoiselle de . . .* and of her Family, if I persisted in my Sentiments : I own'd the Justness of her Reflections, but at the same Time declar'd, that if they drove me to this Marriage, how flattering soever it might appear,

appear, they would render me the most unhappy of Mankind.

My Mother, mov'd with all I had said on this Occasion, promis'd me so to manage Matters, that my Refusal should not appear, and in order to it, she would find Pretences for a Delay, the better to break off the Affair: this Goodness, this Condescension gain'd upon me so much, and appear'd so endearing, that I express'd my Acknowledgments in the most lively and respectful Terms: Methought, I was myself again, and foresaw what was to happen.

Nevertheless my Father, who was not so complaisant as she, in giving into my Way of thinking, call'd my Mother's Goodness Imprudence, and would not join in it; he told me, that he did not understand my Visions, and told me sternly, he expected me to agree to the Marriage, which had only been concerted in Complaisance to me. It was in vain for me to try his paternal Tendernefs; he would hear no Reason: My Father ripp'd up all the Trouble I had already occasion'd thro' his fond Complaisance, and assured me, that if I took the Way to give him more, he would make me know who was Master, and that he expected to be obey'd.

Things were in this Posture, when a Stranger arriv'd, and enquir'd for me: It was high Time, I was on the Brink of being tied for ever, and after long Struggles, sinking under a Father's Authority; but the Letters that were deliver'd chang'd the Face of Affairs, and gave me a legal Right of protesting against my intended Marriage. I was transported with Joy to think the charming dear *Minette* was faithful, and I blush'd for having been capable of suspecting her Fidelity; I bewail'd her Condition, and my Father join'd with me in detesting the Cruelty of her Relations, in barbarously sacrificing her to vile Interest: We took Advice concerning the

Violence offer'd this adorable Person ; we consulted the Laws and the most eminent Lawyers ; they were of Opinion, that *Minette* should protest against her Vows, and the Suit be reviv'd which had been carried on to have her acknowledged for the Daughter of *Monsieur de*—— My Father would not let me appear in the Affair, but managed it in the same Manner as *Monsieur de*—— had done before, and this with so much Address, that the Affair was on the Point of being determin'd in three Months Time.

Monsieur de—— who little expected to see this Affair renew'd again, which so nearly concern'd him, thought to confound his secret Enemies with the same Facility as before, but he found things very much alter'd ; his Protector was dead, and the Successor not altogether so partial in his Favour ; he was oblig'd now to appear, and put in his Answer to the strong Attacks that were made against him ; as the Proofs were clear as the Day, he was at last condemn'd to acknowledge *Minette* for his Daughter, and on Account of his former Behaviour, and the Violence he had employed, he was forbid the Sight of her till farther Orders.

The verbal Process of this Affair having been sent to *Rome*, the holy Father named Commissaries to examine it, and after a mature Deliberation it was determined that the *Nuncio* should decide it.

This, *Mademoiselle*, continued *Melicourt*, is the present Posture of our Affairs ; and therefore your charming Friend begs your Assistance. The Justice of her Cause is all she has to depend on ; my Father has not the Honour to know our Judge, and we have some Reason to fear he will not be favourable to us, not only from the Interest that *Monsieur de*—— may still have, which he will undoubtedly exert on this Occasion ; but even from the Consequences of such an Indulgence, which may

may become a Precedent for others in the same Case.

As to *Monsieur de*, added *Melicourt*, he is exasperated against his Daughter; and declares, that if she is freed from her Vows, he will never see her; his Wife joins with him, and without a Miracle there is no Room to believe he will ever lay aside this unjust Prejudice.

The powerful Party my Father has form'd for us in the Province, has declar'd in our Favour, and promises, if the *Nuncio* restores *Minette* to her Liberty so unjustly taken away, we shall be married after the proper Forms have been observed; in this they generally agree. I went in Person to acquaint *St. Agnes* with these Particulars; she was equally pleas'd with me, and shew'd so great an Earnestness that you, *Mademoiselle*, said this constant Lover, should share in our Joy, that I am come with Zeal to impart to you this Transaction: I beg you to continue to us both your Friendship, which we value beyond Expression.

Thus did *Melicourt* finish his Story; I observ'd him, during his Discourse, and found him to be worthy my charming Friend: I heartily thank'd him for his Complaisance, and I promis'd to contribute every thing in my Power to promote his Interest, which I earnestly embraced, and would certainly employ all my Credit in an Affair, wherein I took so great a Share: he seem'd satisfied with these Assurances, and to leave him no Room to doubt of my being in earnest, I told him I was that Moment writing to the Person *St. Agnes* had mention'd, and that I hop'd I should know that very Day if I might depend upon those I intended to employ: I took my Pen and insert'd this Request in my Letter to the *Marquess*, which I recommended in a manner the most prevalent to render it effectual.

Dubois, whom I impatiently expected, never came. I could not imagine how to account for this Delay:

lay; it was now past Noon, and my Uneasiness became so manifestly visible, that *Melicourt* perceiving it, ask'd me the Cause of it: I could not resist the Desire he shew'd of making me easy; I thought I saw in him a second *St. Agnes*; besides, I imagin'd myself in so much Danger, till I had acquainted the *Marquess*, that I ought to hazard the Secret, in order to get a Letter deliver'd to my Lover, on which I thought my Safety depended. I could trust *Melicourt* with the Commission, which he joyfully accepted, and promis'd to bring me an Answer in less than half an Hour; I was overjoyed at this, and giving him his Instructions, he set out. Ought I to have expected what he brought me back? Oh Heaven! I tremble at this Day when I think on the cruel Answer I receiv'd; I reserve it, with the following Events, for the ninth Part. If any one has shared in the preceeding Perplexities I have undergone, let them continue their generous Pity for me; they will shortly see whether I deserve it, and whether the Peace and Prosperity I actually enjoy have not been bought by all that is most sensible to a Woman, whose Heart has ever been so tender and faithful as mine.



PART IX



I was almost three in the Afternoon, and no *Melicourt* yet return'd. Let any one imagine what I suffer'd ; a thousand Things came into my Head upon this Delay ; to crown my Misfortunes, *Madame de Geneval* enter'd my Chamber, telling me the *Marquess* was come, who follow'd her in. How hard 'tis to affect Tranquillity when inwardly rack'd with Cares ! and how much it has cost me to accustom myself to this Policy, so necessary in the World, which obliges one to be perpetually disguised ! I was too much a Novice in this Art, to assume that Air which eludes the Eye of the Curious. The old *Marquess* perceiv'd the Constraint I was under, and ask'd me, (with a Politeness which so much distinguishes People of a certain Quality) if he was not come at an improper Time ? I could not help blushing at his Penetration ; however I answer'd luckily enough, attributing the Trouble I could not hide, to an Indisposition that hung upon me ; to recover myself and avoid a Conversation whereof I dreaded the Consequences, I ask'd his Lordship's Leave to continue my Work ; this gave me an Opportunity of looking down, for I dreaded to meet his Eyes : tho' in Years, he had a piercing Look, which seem'd to read one's very Thoughts. Whether it was Prejudice, or Fear, every Time he look'd me in the Face, I imagin'd his Eyes said ; Ah ! *Jenny, Jenny*, 'tis no Purpose to hide yourself from me, I read your very inmost Heart. One may judge if I was very easy, under such an Apprehension.

Any body but myself, in these Circumstances, would have foreseen that *Melicourt* might return with a Letter, or perhaps have some Secrets to communicate, and therefore would have absented themselves for a Moment under Pretence of giving Orders to a Servant. It is commonly said, that the simplest Girl has always Sense enough to manage what regards her Heart; I ingenuously own myself not to be of that Number. I thought the least Action would render me suspected, and might betray me.

When my Eyes met those of the old *Marquess*, I cast them quickly down again in great Confusion; methought he came only to make Discoveries, and that I was to guard against all that might lay me open; upon this, I put on a formal Countenance, my Discourse was perplex'd, and in my Agitation I often answer'd without understanding what was said, or knowing what I answer'd.

The old *Marquess*, too quick sighted not, to see the Disorder I was in, or curious perhaps to augment it, or find out the Meaning on't, drew near, and began to be very sweet, but in the most refin'd Manner in the World. *Madame de Geneval* applauded him, undoubtedly vex'd, tho' willing to make her Court. For my Part, totally absent, I scarce gave him an Answer; a forced Smile often supplied the Place of a real one. Confess, Madam, said the *Marquess* to *Geneval* playing with a Ball of Silk, that the *Countess* has a Complexion not to be match'd: do you observe the Delicacy of her Features, and those little Dimples which form themselves when that pretty Mouth is going to utter the least Syllable? Perplex'd as I was, I could not help smiling from time to time, every Feature receiv'd its Encomium, and letting none escape him, his Imagination, more lively than could be expected for his Age, seem'd transported when he spoke of all the Charms, with which he flatter'd me.

I was

I was handsome, I have said so before, and I am sorry I am obliged to repeat it, and to speak of myself with less Reserve, than I would chuse ; but I cannot give a Probability to certain Transports, without ingenuously telling what gave them Birth. The *Marquess* was surprizing in that Respect ; I was sometime before I could account for it, his curious Looks betray'd him ; the Posture I was in, shew'd my Breast, notwithstanding its being cover'd, on the least Motion ; the fine Turn and Whiteness of it threw the old Gentleman into Extasies ; he talk'd to me on this Subject in Expressions that did not betray his Years ; and this in such a manner, as to make an Impression on any one but myself.

The Name of Father to the Man I adored, gave the old *Marquess* such an Influence over me, and I had conceived such Respect for him, both thro' Fear, and my Regard for his Son, that I had not Courage to contradict several Expressions, I should certainly have interrupted, but on these Motives. I can't tell what the old Courtier thought ; but to me it did not seem that my Condescension did make him exceed the Bounds of a certain Decency. His Politeness gave me great Pleasure, and kept me in Countenance. *Geneval* was quite otherwise ; every Trifle made her familiar, and if I had not behaved with a serious Air in her Regard, her little Fooleries, and the Liberty which she would have taken, might have encouraged the *Marquess* to exceed the Bounds, my Discretion had prescrib'd to the Complaisance I thought myself obliged to shew him ; but I had not had the same Regard for her, when leaning over my Work, and pretending to romp, she had maliciously removed the Handkerchief which cover'd my Breast, and occasion'd great Sprightliness from the *Marquess* ; I gave them both so severe a Look, that it was easy to comprehend I was not to be jested with too far, nor of a Temper to suffer such Sort of Behaviour. The Air of

put on made the *Marquess* reassume that Respect for me, he thought my Due; and from that Time, on all Occasions, he never forgot himself: So true is it, that a virtuous Woman may keep Men at a Distance, if she pleases; whenever they behave otherwise, she can only blame herself for her Want of Reserve. Men endeavour to divert us, and, under that Pretence, take too great Freedoms. Unhappy is that young Woman, who defends herself in Mirth: she must lose ground. Seriousness is the Shield of Virtue; those are Wise, who know how to employ it in a proper Manner.

Another thing against which young Women ought to be upon their Guard, is their own Sex, and above all, never to contract a Friendship with any Woman, unless they be very sure of her Character. The Commerce of too familiar a She-Friend, is often more dangerous than that of the most enterprizing Man. And why? because one is aware of a Lover, whose Vivacity and too great Freedoms proclaim his Designs; whereas one resigns one's self up with Confidence to a She-Friend, who passes for such; the great Secret never to become their Prey, is to break of all Commerce with such, who, under Pretence of Friendship, communicate certain Secrets, or who artfully enter into dangerous Particulars. It is so far from being an Advantage for a young Woman to be informed from the Knowledge of another, to satisfy an inquisitive Curiosity, to which they are unhappily inclined from the Time they begin to know themselves, that she ought to avoid all that gives Light into certain Things. Curiosity is a Rock fatal to Virtue. I cannot repeat it too often: Young Women who have a Mind to know, are not long before they practise.

I began to grow very uneasy at the Eagerness of the old *Marquess*, and *Geneval*'s foolish Talk, who, to please him, persisted in flattering his Frenzy, when *Melicourt* thinking me alone, and who knew I expected him, with
Impati-

Impatience; enter'd without sending in his Name, with a Letter in his Hand. I turn'd pale, and, confounded as I was, could scarce rise to receive him.

The old *Marquess* observing me, easily saw the Trouble I was in; he took no Notice of it, but got up and return'd a Bow to *Saint Agnes's* Lover, who judging him, by the Marks of Distinction he wore, to be a Man of Quality, was very respectful. *Madame de Genewal*, who had never seen *Melicourt* before, and who imagin'd by the little Ceremony which I us'd with him, that it was some old Acquaintance, (not being able to distinguish that it proceeded from my Perplexity) ask'd me in my Ear, if the Gentleman was a Relation, or my Countryman? I answer'd without Reflexion, Yes; by all Means then, continued she, in a low Voice, but design'd to be heard, we must keep him to Supper. I answer'd this Nonsense (pardon the Expression) with Silence. We were all seated again; the old *Marquess* and *Melicourt* were enter'd into Conversation. As this young Country Gentleman had a great deal of Wit, he acquitted himself so as to deserve Applause. *Melicourt*, who had his own Affairs as much at Heart as mine, recounted the History of his Mistress from one End to t'other, and that with a View, without Doubt, to interest the *Marquess* in his Favour; as he sought all Occasions of being acquainted with me, and perhaps of pleasing me, he turn'd and ask'd if I interest myself in the Affair of the handsome Nun? I was too much her Friend to hesitate in my Answer. Well then, Madam, cried the *Marquess*, I promise my good Offices; I am an intimate Friend of *Monsieur de —*, who has great Interest in Affairs of this Nature. Sir, continuing he addressing himself to *Melicourt*, please to take the Trouble of sending me an exact Memorial of the Affair, and I will certainly, Madam, give you a good Account of it.

I thank'd

I thank'd the old *Marquess* with an Air of Earnestness, which convinced him how warmly I espoused my Friend's Cause. Courtiers take all Opportunities of commending; I receiv'd upon this Subject, a Compliment on my good Nature. *Melicourt* join'd with him, and as the Conversation roll'd now upon this Topick, I was less uneasy than before. Nevertheless the old *Marquess's* Visit began to grow troublesome, I could think of no Artifice to get rid of him. I was extremely impatient to hear of his Son. *Melicourt* had undoubtedly some News for me. How disagreeable it is to be under Constraint in the like Case! Nobody could suffer more than I did; but Patience was my only Remedy, not being yet come to the End of my Troubles.

My good and very simple Aunt, who, by extreme good Luck happen'd to be in my Antichamber, and whom I had order'd to let nobody in without giving me Notice, a thing however she had quite forgot as to *Melicourt*, remember'd it then, and came to tell me there was a Gentleman who had dined with me, desired to see me. I could not help blushing, upon Reflexion, fearing some untoward Accident; I got up and went out, excusing myself to the Company. It was *St. Fal*, a Moment later he had enter'd. Ah, Heavens cried I! what was you going to do? fly, the old *Marquess* is here. Good God! who would have thought it? replied the *Count*, his being here is very unseasonable, I have a thousand Things to say to you; I'll march off; try to shorten the Visit, and I'll return as soon as my Uncle is gone. What News from the *Marquess*, said I to him, conducting him to the Door? mad, answer'd *St. Fal* — whilst the *Count* was speaking and opening the Door, somebody knock'd I was more dead than alive. Perhaps it is your Cousin, cried I? for who else can come to see me! If it is he, added I, let him be gone. You need

not

not fear that, continued *St. Fal*, it is certainly not him ; I wish to God it were ! We would find Ways enough to hide him from his Father. What do you mean ? replied I confounded, what is the Matter ? *St. Fal* had not Time to reply, they knock'd again, I bethought myself of putting him into the Kitchen, to wait whilst the Door was open'd, whither he went. As for myself, who have always been fearful, and being otherwise mov'd with what *St. Fal* had just said to me, I went into my Apartment, and order'd *Barbara* to open the Door. I had scarce any Life in me, and sat down to my Work in so much Disorder, that it might easily be observ'd.

The old *Marquess* taking but too much Notice of it, whisper'd in my Ear with an Air of Intimacy, to know if any Body had made me uneasy, or if any private Reason occasion'd my Trouble, offering his Service, in case he were so happy, that I should have any Occasion to make use of it. I was going to answer, when *Barbara* brought in Word of the *Duke de*———being there. How unfortunate am I ! said I to myself, and rising to receive him . Is it possible that Vexations should thus spring up on all Sides ? I receiv'd notwithstanding the Compliment this Lord made me, without appearing uneasy. We had all taken our Seats, and the Discourse began to roll on the Rallery the young *Duke* bestow'd on the *Marquess's* Taste and Regard for handsome Women ; when *Barbara* enter'd my Chamber in a Fright, crying *Thieves*. We all of us got up ; I could not guess at the Cause of her Fears. I ask'd her, in great Apprehension, what *Thieves* she meant ? In the name of God, Madam, cried she, desire these Gentlemen to be so charitable as to go into the Kitchen ; perhaps he that went down just now was not alone, for he look'd as bold as if he fear'd no body.

Tho'

Tho' I was much concern'd to find that *St. Fal's* going out of the Kitchen, where I had desir'd him to wait, and of which *Barbara* was entirely ignorant, had occasion'd her Outcries ; notwithstanding my Uneasiness, I say, her Mistake made me smile to myself. I was under a Necessity nevertheless to affect a seeming Terror, in order to give no Umbrage. As I did not play my Part ill, neither the young *Duke*, nor the *Marquess* would suffer me to stir, but went with *Melicourt* and *Barbara* to search the Apartment ; not a Hole or Corner escaped my credulous Aunt. During this Scrutiny a Glove with a gold Fringe was discover'd ; the *Duke* laid hold on it, and return'd to me in Triumph. Faith, Madam, said he with a Smile, this Thief is certainly a Beau, and ought to be pardon'd for the Sake of the Glove. I trembled for fear it should be known ; it belong'd to *St. Fal* who had lost it ; luckily no Notice was taken. The *Duke*, pleasant as he was, and willing to divert me, was very merry on the Subject of the Thief and the Glove ; he banter'd *Barbara*, pretending to believe she had other Reasons for crying out ; he affirm'd with a grave Face, which set the Company a laughing, that the Person who made his Escape, was certainly an humble Servant ; adding, that if my Chambermaid (as he was pleas'd to call her) would own the Truth, we should be convinced he was not mistaken.

The Tone in which this Banter was utter'd, and the Figure of my poor Aunt affording a humorous Contrast to the Imputation, enliven'd the Conversation to that Degree, that I was vex'd to be obliged to laugh, when in reality I had so little Reason. But I was soon punish'd. Word was brought the *Marquess*, that his Time for being at Court drew on. I could discover by the *Duke's* Countenance, that he would willingly have staid with me ; but as I had not the same Reasons for obliging him, as I had in regard of the old *Marquess*, I had Courage enough to declare my Intention of writing a Letter

Letter, not to lose the Opportunity of *M. de Melicourt*, who was so obliging as to take that Trouble. This Feint succeeded; the *Duke* and the *Marquess* took their Leave, protesting they had not been so agreeably diverted a long Time. I appear'd obliged by their Civilities, though in my Heart I sincerely wish'd it were the last Time I should receive the like from either of them.

The Moment *Melicourt* and I were alone, I ask'd with great Earnestness for the *Marquess's* Letter. I am afraid, replied he, giving the Letter, you will not be pleas'd with it, and I think myself very unfortunate, to have serv'd you so ill the first Time. This Preamble made me shudder, and open the Paper in a Hurry; the Contents were as follows.

I Am surpriz'd, Mademoiselle, that you should take the Trouble of giving me an Account of your Behaviour, which I have no right to expect. My Regard for you was too great, to disapprove of the Civilities which seem due to the Rank and Merit of the *Duke de*——If he should have the same Designs, as I had, the Satisfaction of having put the first Hand to making your Fortune, at least, is mine. I am far from consulting my own Interests on this Occasion, much more from complaining. The Sacrifice would not be complete, and Reproaches still more unreasonable, considering the Delicacy of Sentiments, on which I value myself. You received the *Duke's* Visit, you were at the Play together, because you thought it depended on yourself; Taste must not be disputed. I wish you, Mademoiselle, greater Happiness than myself, and shall be careful not to disturb your new Engagements by a Presence, equally disagreeable to you, as unprofitable to myself. This is all. Farewell for ever.

The *Marquess* of L. V.

Just

Just Heavens! cried I bursting into Tears after reading the Letter; can any one be so unjust? Can so much Love be repaid with such Ingratitude? Cruel Man! cried I casting a melancholy Look on the fatal Letter, how have I deserv'd to be made so unhappy! *St. Fal* enter'd as I was speaking, much mov'd at my Condition. Ah! *Mademoiselle*, cried he looking strangely on *Melicourt*, whom he did not know; mitigate your Grief, it will be soon over; pardon the Author, his Fault is owing to the Excess of his Passion. No, my Lord, answer'd I, he loves me not, nor ever did. He ought to know me: but since he doubts my Constancy, I'll give him a convincing Proof. In the Name of all that is dear, assist me in flying from a Climate I detest. Alas! I ought to have dreaded it. Fool that I was, continued I lifting up my Eyes, dear *St. Agnes*, when I left you! Why did I not follow the discreet *Linda-mine*? Why did I not make my Escape? My Heart would now have been at ease; I should have learnt by degrees to wean my Affections from the World; and if I must have been unjustly suspected, and no longer beloved, at least thro' Custom I might have found my Comfort in seeking a better World. See the Fruits, or rather the Punishment of the Errors of headstrong Youth. Ah! *Marquess*! cruel *Marquess*! was this Blow reserv'd for my lively Tenderness in your Regard? I lose you, you fly me; I am nothing! Pardon, dear Lover, the Vexations I have given you; and my Unhappiness in displeasing you, your Revenge shall be ample, Regret shall end my Life!

St. Fal, always tender and exquisite in his Sentiments, behav'd with his usual Generosity. Instead of taking this Advantage in Behalf of his own Passion, he exerted himself in Favour of his Kinsman, and endeavour'd to support my Affection for him, of which my extreme Grief was, alas! too plain a Proof. Two Days, for so long my Trans-

ports

ports continued, did he pursue the Dictates of that noble Disinterestedness, he profess'd to cultivate. *Mellicourt*, who had Affairs on his Hands, employ'd his leisure Hours in pacifying me, but all in vain, Death was the Object of my Hopes. The *Marquess* appear'd no more; at last they own'd he was gone to join his Regiment in *Germany*, where the War was broke out. How cruelly was I alarm'd at this News! I would see nobody. *St. Fal*, the complaisant *St. Fal*, exhausted to no purpose his whole Stock of good Nature; I could scarce bear with him; the old *Marquess* was the only one I did not dare refuse, on Account of that Ascendant I have mention'd elsewhere; but I was so melancholy, that if he had not guess'd the Reason, he must necessarily have discern'd an Alteration in me; yet he was complaisant enough to suit himself to my Humour. As for the *Duke*, he was quite at a Nonplus, I having given him a very cold Reception the next Day, though he brought me a handsome Gratification he had obtained for me, and which occasion'd a sad Mistake, as I shall relate afterwards. I explain'd myself with so much Resolution on the Subject of his Visits, that he durst seldom appear, for all his easy Behaviour; a strong Proof of a Woman's Power when belov'd; her Tyranny knows no Bounds, and it's submitted to the more servily, as a Dread of displeasing is the very Foundation of her Empire. The *Duke*, the old *Marquess*, and tender *St. Fal* were all in this Situation, and the more to be pitied, as their Passion met with no Encouragement.

Eight Days pass'd on without coming to any Resolution; sometimes I was for shutting myself up in a Monastery, at other times I thought of going Home and throwing myself at my Father and Mother's Feet, to punish what I then called an Error, by returning to my primitive mean Condition; frequently I was upon the Point of owning

myself to my Aunt; nothing but my Vanity prevented me. In fine, on the ninth Day I wrote to *St. Fal*, desiring he would come to me immediately. My Resolution was fix'd. Alas! how many Tears were shed! But Virtue remain'd triumphant. I was determin'd to throw myself into a Cloister, and employ the repeated Proffers *St. Fal* had so often made of serving me, to be receiv'd a Nun, on which I was absolutely bent. How little do Women, at the Age I then was, know themselves! how cautious ought they to be, when drove precipitately into any State of Life! Oftentimes their Weakness hurries them into Extremes; a Love Quarrel, the Inconstancy of an Admirer, misleads their Mind, or rather Judgment. Thus intoxicated, a young Woman takes a Resolution, and either marries a Rival for whom she has no Relish, or becomes a Nun without a Vocation. And what's the Consequence? The Cloud vanishes, she comes to herself, and looks back with Horror on the Step she has taken, the State in which she is engaged; Grief and Tears the only Remedy left; Death is called upon, but to Youth its Approaches are but slow, and is a thousand Times undergone, before it comes. These Reflexions are pardonable I write for my own Sex, as I declar'd from the Beginning, and cannot too much inculcate that Virtue ought to be their only Aim; where this is the Case, they run none of those Hazards I mention; it preserves them, because it never exposes its Followers.

St. Fal was too assiduous not to fly at my Summons. The Moment he appear'd: Come, my Lord, said I, crown the Work you have begun; you are the only Person I rely upon. May I flatter myself I am not deceived? Can you question my Sincerity, replied he with an Air that prov'd it? Speak, charming *Jenny*, nothing appears impossible to the Zeal I have for your Service. Would you have me overtake the *Marquess*, reproach him for
his

his Injustice, force him — No, answer'd I with greater Tranquillity than he could expect. Your Kinsman's Eyes are open'd, Love had blinded him; now he sees the great Distance between us, he blustres at his own Weakness, and will atone for it by abandoning me. He is too dear for me to blame his Behaviour, which need not have been so harsh, but I respect even his Severities. Let us say no more on this Subject, dear *Count*, continued I, unable to restrain my Tears : those happy Moments, wherein I indulg'd too flattering an Illusion, must be forgot, and amends made, by a more regular Conduct, for the Sallies into which a foolish Passion hurried me. My Design is to throw myself into a Convent, and there, in the lowest Station, humble that Vanity I have too much encouraged ; Heaven, which in pity of my Youth, I may say Innocence, will give me Strength to break through my Bonds ; my constant Prayer will be, to free my Heart from the Image too deeply engraved there ; my Tears, continually pour'd out before its Altars, will prevail perhaps, and obtain for me that Peace, from which at present, I am, alas ! much estranged.

This was utter'd with such abundance of Tears, that the compassionate *St. Fal* was moved to sympathise with me. After repeating how large a share he bore in my Affliction, he remonstrated in the most lively Manner, how unreasonable such a Conduct would be, and the Danger I should incur of being miserable for Life. He artfully insinuated, such a State did not suit my Temper, that I should no sooner make my Vows, but Despair would be the Consequence. He drew a lively Picture of a Nun without a Vocation, emphatically pointing out the Tortures arising from a Distaste to her way of Life, her Subjection and Humiliations encreasing every Day ; he even introduced the Article of Salvation, and seem'd to doubt of it, after so much Pains employ'd to secure it : in fine, he talk'd like

one impair'd, and if he did not shake my Resolution, he gave me at least great Uneasiness.

St. Fal had his Motives for exerting himself against my Retreat; he still had Hopes, which made it natural enough. From the Vexations and Dangers he had represented, he turn'd to a Proposal of a middle State, a kind of Retreat without renouncing the World entirely. Why should any one, said he, become a Slave, that may live in a State of Independance? A Cloister is a sure Refuge for Persons that are timorous, or liable to trip; they are highly to be commended for shutting themselves up, and cutting off all Occasions of Sin. But you, charming *Jenny*, whose Mind is form'd, and whose Morals are the Dictates of the strictest Virtue, to what purpose should you arm yourself against imaginary Dangers, and lay a Constraint on a Temper never design'd to be buried in a Convent? At present you have an irksome Disrelish for the World: well, make yourself easy; but don't irrevocably renounce it, lest so hasty a Determination should change, and then you need not repent in vain. No body can hinder you from living retired: Go to another Part, you need only pretend a Journey, take a borrow'd Name, and see no Company; of my own Accord, I'll banish myself from your Retirement, tho' never so inviting by your Presence. How do you know, lovely *Jenny*, but in a little Time, the *Marquess*, discovering his own Injustice, may come and protest at your Feet—Ah! though he should change his Mind, replied I interrupting, and should return, I never will behold more a Man that was capable of suspecting me. No, *Count*, tho' I love the Ingrate, even more than my Life, yet in vain would he seek to see me again. I repeat it, nothing can alter my Mind on this Article; my Resolution is fix'd, and the World shall not shake it.

Instead of contradicting me, *St. Fal* seem'd to come into my Measures; he agreed with me, that his

that his Kinsman deserv'd I should act with Resolution, but still insisted on the Manner of regulating my Conduct in leaving him. Your Imagination, charming *Jenny*, said he, is lively, and your Heart has too much of the same Quality, to remain in a State of Indifference, if I could suppose such a Thing, after so tender a Passion; your Heart will carry the Day, it's made for Love, and will always love. Would to Heaven, in changing its Object, it may be remember'd that you have an Admirer——

The *Count* was doubtless going to speak of himself, when my Aunt lighted a Person into the Room, which I presently knew to be the young *Duke*. Pray Madam, said she, don't be angry; I refus'd to let his Highness (for so she styled all that were richly dress'd) come up, but he said he must speak with you about Business, that would admit of no Delay. I rose to receive this Visit, unseasonable as it was, my Eyes shew'd plainly I had been crying. Good God I cried the *Duke*, placing me in my Chair, are you already acquainted with the Affair which brought me hither? By the Trouble you are in, I have no Room to doubt it. But really, Madam, you need not be so very uneasy; you have Friends who will give convincing Proofs of their Regard. Do not question it, Madam; *St. Fal* knows, how earnestly I promote the Interests I have once espous'd.

This Discourse surpris'd me. What can possibly have happen'd, said I to myself, that requires Assistance? I hid my Perplexity as much as possible; I durst not own my Ignorance, lest the *Duke* should enquire the Occasion of my Tears. I employ'd a Stratagem, beseeching him to relate the Affair, as if I had heard nothing of it, that by putting the several Accounts together, I might the better judge what was to be done. It's a Trifle, said he, and ought not to alarm you; such Affairs are frequent here, and a proper Turn will set all to

Rights. It's true, the Affair, upon second Thoughts, might prove troublesome to any one else, Madam ; but this is not the Case, there will be nothing got by molesting you ; for the *Marquess of L. V. St. Fal* and I, are not persons to suffer any thing of that Nature. I'll lay a Wager the *Count* is of the same Opinion

All this serv'd only to encrease my Uneasiness, and raise my Curiosity ; *St. Fal*, who saw what I would be at, and was an intimate Friend of the *Duke's*, persued my Thought, and ask'd him, if he had taken an Oath to perplex me, in making me wait so long for the Particulars. God forbid, replied the *Duke* seating himself, but I judg'd it proper to put the Lady in good Heart : this is the Fact ; others may have related it differently, but what I am going to say may be depended on, I have it from the Fountain Head.

About two Hours ago, a Woman, much about your Age, tho' not so handsome, followed by a Man, sent your Name into me just as Dinner was over.

I had Company with me, but imagining it must have been you, Madam, I rose immediately from Table to receive you ; how was I surpris'd to find myself mistaken ! You are not the only one, said this *Countess des Roches*, that have express'd their Astonishment at seeing me ; your Prejudice in Favour of a Woman, who, upon what Account I know not, has taken my Name, makes you wonder that I should dispute that Title with her, and complain that she has very gravely given my Husband out for dead, whom I have brought to wait on you, and on that Consideration has receiv'd some Favours from the Court. You may imagine, continued the *Duke*, how much I was surpris'd at this Preamble ; Good God, said I to the Woman, you perplex me very much ! I am at a Loss what to think of the Confidence you show, in addressing yourself to me under

der the Name of a Person for whom I have a great Respect, and know perfectly well. Upon this, the *Count des Roches* spoke, and in a polite Manner told me, he did not doubt but the Person for whom I interested myself, was of the same Name, and that in the King's Armies there were several more; but what most surpris'd him was, that though he prov'd himself, by a personal Appearance, to be a live, People would have him to be dead, at least till an Account could be had from his Regiment, to which Letters had been sent, as he was informed, in order to discuss the Affair; in the mean Time, he was given to understand, that his Commission was dispos'd of, and that though what he affirm'd should prove true, yet, without great Difficulty, things could not be alter'd. The *Count* added, that he was the more incens'd against the Person, who had plaid him this Trick, for that he came to Court in order to solicit a Gratification, which he had Occasion for, being obliged to drink the Waters, but could not now hope to succeed, since such a Favour had been granted to another Person. He concluded with beseeching me, not to take it ill, if he applied himself to the War Office, which he had not as yet done, knowing I interested myself in Favour of the fictitious or real *Countess des Roches*; offering at the same Time to desist, if I had Reasons for the Adventure's not being talk'd of, being assur'd my Interest could easily prevent his being a Sufferer in the Affair.

While the *Duke* was giving this Detail, *St. Fal* bit his Nails, and seem'd to be in a deep Study. For my Part I was all in a Maze, and fancied nobody ever met with such extraordinary Adventures except myself. The *Duke* continued his Discourse in the following Manner:

You cannot question, Madam, said he looking stedfastly on me, but his Request perplex'd me very much. I thought my Answer would be of such Consequence, that it would be proper to defer it
till

till to-morrow. The Officer retir'd, professing to observe my Commands ; and I am come, Madam, to know how you would have me behave in the Affair. Ridiculous it is, I own, but we shall be oblig'd to prove at the Office, that no Fraud has been employ'd, and that tho' the Gentleman and his Wife are of the same Name, you are still the Person I specified in the Memorial presented in your Behalf ; to put the Thing past dispute, all you have to do, is to give in the Place where your Husband died, that Enquiry may be made, and you acknowledg'd the real Widow of the *Count des Roches*.

St. Fal, who perceiv'd the Anxiety into which this Discourse plunged me, and of which, in truth, he was the Cause for want of Foresight, answer'd in a bantering Tone, which much surpris'd me, that the Affair would be soon clear'd up ; that this *Count* and *Countess des Roches* were in all Probability Impostors, who design'd by their Contrivance to pick some body's Pocket, and that in two Hours Time I could bring sufficient Proofs who I was ; but, at present urgent Business, though, out of good Breeding, I did not tell him as much, obliged me to go out. Good God ! cried the *Duke* interrupting him, the Lady is much to blame, if she uses the least Ceremony with me ; she knows I am entirely devoted to her, and should be extremely concern'd to lay the least Restraint on her ; on the contrary, I should think myself very happy, if she took the Freedom to refuse seeing me, as often as I am unseasonable in my Visits. I judg'd from what *St. Fal* said, that he used this Contrivance in order to talk with me alone ; upon this I seconded him in a very polite Manner, that the *Duke* might not imagine I was at a Loss. He came immediately to a Resolution, and went away with the *Count*, who set him the Example, giving me a Wink that he would be with me immediately ; in fine, I was left alone, if one may be said to be so with
a hun-

a hundred Reflexions, one more vexatious than another.

So many Crosses, without Intermission, overwhelm'd me to that Degree, that I was quite stupified. *St. Fal* return'd as my Tears began to find a Passage. It was high Time, being almost choak'd. I am come, lovely *Jenny*, cried the *Count*, to show my Grief at your Feet, for what my Imprudence has occasion'd ; I never imagin'd such a use would be made of it, as I find, by the *Duke*, has been done ; had I known what he was about, when he sollicitated that unlucky Gratification, I should have prevented his good Intentions, and foreseen the Consequences. The Mischief is done, answer'd I obliging him to rise, and you are far less the Cause, than that cruel Destiny which pursues me ; but our Time is too precious to be thrown away in this Manner. You see there are a hundred Reasons to one for my making off ; give me this last Mark of your Friendship, not to forsake me till I am settled in a Monastery. I am ready to obey you, replied *St. Fal* with a Sigh ; but if you would be ruled by me (and you ought, considering the Perplexity you are in) I'll place you so as to be secure from all Alarms, or at least have the Satisfaction of being your own Mistress. I exclaim'd bitterly against this Proposal, telling him, that the sad Experience I had hitherto had, of being left to myself, prevented my making a second Tryal, perhaps more fatal than the first.

St. Fal oppos'd my Resolution but faintly ; he remonstrated however, that till a Convent was pitched upon, I must retire some where. This I thought reasonable enough, and the more, as he observ'd to me, that till I took the Veil, I should be upon the footing of a Pensioner, and that my Effects, which he would take Care should be brought, would be a Credit to me, and procure me a more favourable Reception. How great a Master was this amiable Friend, in the Art of Persuasion ! He interested my

Vanity,

Vanity, and fix'd my Eye imperceptibly on the Advantages a Person receives, who comes well equip'd to a Monastery. It's true, these things made no very deep Impression, yet they had their Effect. Pride will always exert itself, no Age nor Character is proof against it, and Experience teaches us, that thro' Ostentation it will subsist in the Grave itself.

Our Consultation lasted an Hour, when 'twas resolv'd I should not go away till the next Morning; and in order to deceive *la Geneval*, whom we had all the reason in the World to mistrust, we agreed *St. Fal* should tell her, that being too much straiten'd for Room, I had taken a House that was empty, and should furnish it directly for my Reception. We took this Precaution, lest in her frequent Conferences with the old *Marquess*, she should give him some Light, that would put him upon his Guard, in case he dissembled with me. I could not forbear suspecting as much. I could read in his Eyes, every time he look'd at me, a secret Design, which never fail'd of making me uneasy. To be a Woman and subtle, is much one. Simplicity is seldom found after Twenty. Nay, Thirteen has produced as artful Women as ever Thirty did; but no more of that, I may perhaps be mistaken with the rest of the World; where Reputation is concern'd, too much Precaution cannot be employ'd; if Prejudice is too hasty, Equity ought to suspend the Sentence, till a rigorous Examen be made.

Every thing concerted was put in Execution. The Furniture was taken down early next Morning; but instead of sending it to the Place intimated to *la Geneval*, one of the *Count's* Servants convey'd it to *Paris* on Carriages hired for that Purpose.

About an Hour before my Departure I sent for *Melicourt*, and acquainted him with my Journey, and the Motives which induced me to undertake it, promising to write a Direction to him as soon as I was fixed, that he might find me

me out. He was sensible of my Regard, and assured me, that at his Return he would not fail to wait on me. He inform'd me, his Affairs were in a fair Way, and that before the End of the Month he hoped *St. Agnes* would be releas'd from her Vows. I congratulated with him very sincerely on the Occasion, and told him, I intended to write to that dear Friend, as soon as my Troubles would permit, begging, that in the mean Time he would inform her, nobody had a greater Value for her than myself.

Secret Undertakings are generally attended with disagreeable Accidents. I was got into a Post-Chaise provided by *St. Fal*, in order to join him, for he set out first, and was thanking Heaven that I had made my Escape without any Obstacle, when turning towards the great Alley, I pass'd close by the old *Marquess*, who was coming in his Coach from *Paris*. I turn'd pale at the Sight of him, being convinced he knew me by his earnest Look, and a Smile. What he discover'd in my Countenance I knew not. I presently lost sight of him. My Chaise went at a great Rate, and I flatter'd myself that my Fear was the worst of the Adventure.

As short as my Journey was, it afforded time for Reflexions ; I began, thro' Custom, to bear much better the continual Crosses which befell me, than the *Marquess's* Inconstancy. He no longer loves me, cried I to myself, he abandons me to my own Destiny ! Fatal Passion ! why did I suffer thee to gain so cruel a Sway in my Breast ? Why cannot I tear it from me ? I am told I was made for Love, why then can I not reward the Assiduity of the politest and most complaisant Man in the World ? Pursuing this Thought, Self-Love made me reflect how happy I should be, if I could bring myself to do Justice to the *Count's* Merit ; I represented him to myself with that easy generous Air, with which the Services he did me were accompanied ; his agreeable and engaging Person was not forgot ; I could not but admire his Disinterestedness and noble Behaviour ;

a Sigh

a Sigh ensued ; methought I endeavour'd to persuade myself to do him Justice. When I drew a Parallel between him and the *Marquess*, the one seem'd an ungrateful, the other a tender and constant Lover. Such were my Thoughts when he appear'd at the End of the *Cours*, where he waited for me in a Livery Coach, a Precaution he us'd to prevent the Place, to which I was going, from being discover'd.

I was so taken up with the Notions just now mentioned, that I receiv'd him with a far different Countenance than formerly ; my Expressions even exceeded what he usually met with from me. His Behaviour, instead of making me sensible of my giving a Handle to it, plunged me deeper into the Illusion, which arose from my troubled Mind. I talked of the Apartment he had hired for me, as familiarly as if he was my entire Confident. He inform'd me, that till the Furniture for a handsome Apartment was fitted up, I must go into an *Hotel* ready furnish'd, where I should be commodiously situated. I thank'd him in the most obliging Manner for the Pains he had taken in serving me. Alas ! this was Cruelty ! My Carriage serv'd only to renew the Wound, the Caprice of Love, rather than my Charms, had made in his Heart, and which Reason perhaps might have heal'd in Time. The Spouse, dearer to me than Life, excuses this generous Pity. Can any one refuse it to a Person whose Conduct ever deserv'd it ?

The *Count* and I supp'd together ; I was very chearful, and he overjoy'd to observe so great a Change. He afterwards own'd, that the Apprehension he had of my making a Tryal of his Moderation and Sentiments, in order to come to a Resolution about the Monastery, if he had betray'd any Eagerness, alone restrained him twenty Times from throwing himself at my Feet to express the Transports he receiv'd from my Complaisance. How refin'd was
such

such an Apprehension ! how much it encreas'd my Esteem ! Few Men are so reserv'd ; and that Woman is happy, who makes a Friendship with such.

The next Day *St. Fal* conducted me to my Apartment, consisting of four Rooms. My Chamber was so well adorn'd and so different from what I had at *Versailles*, that I scarce knew the Furniture again : I could not forbear blaming the *Count* for this additional Expence; he excus'd himself saying he had not ordered it, but that it was only the remaining Part of the Furniture, which my Lodging at *Versailles* could not contain. His Apologies were always so handsomely turn'd, whenever I found Fault, that I was sometimes vex'd at myself when at a Loss for a Reply. Such is the Advantage of Wit, and no small Share of it is requir'd, to prevent the Mortification of making Acknowledgments; this is to oblige doubly.

St. Fal pass'd a part of this Day too with me ; he busied himself in remarking to me the Titles of several new Books with which he had augmented my Library, and advis'd me to read, in order, he said, to divert my Thoughts, the better to enable me to judge coolly on what was to be done. He named several much in vogue, and esteem'd by all Persons of Taste : among several Pamphlets which seem'd new, the Title of one Piece struck me and engag'd my Curiosity ; I enquir'd if the History under the Title of the *Payſan Parvenu*, was Fictitious or Real ? I cannot say any Thing positive as to that, replied *St. Fal* ; oftentimes the Heroes of such Adventures never existed but in the Author's Imagination ; nevertheless, as to the Book in question, it may be matter of Fact, or at least an artful Criticism on some who have made their own Fortune : many such there are, charming *Jenny*, and among them some, who owe their Elevation as much to their Virtue, as to a capricious Turn of Fortune; but, without entering into a Detail, of too great a length and too serious a Nature at present, I may venture to affirm the reading of such Books is

useful, instructing and proper to form the Mind. Besides being unavoidably interested in reading such amusing Passages, Truths are frequently met with, which Persons would not take the Trouble to dive into, were they not with Art and Delicacy thrown in their Way. Proper Expressions not only please, but lead to an Imitation of the Virtues proposed as a Model; a Method of instructing often crown'd with Success; one may add, that it has sometimes led the Way to a Morality of the greatest Consequence. To correct Mankind by amusing them, is certainly the most agreeable Means, and which seldom fail; the Mind, independent as it is, revolts against the Harshness of rigid Maxims, and may be compared, lovely *Jenny*, to the Heart, which repines when under the Constraint of imperious Laws, whereas Mildness and Address are sure to prevail: happy are they who have attain'd the Art.

Whilst *St. Fal* was discoursing thus, I turn'd over the *Payfan Parvenu*; when he was silent I read a Page, and was charm'd with the Stile, and the singular Manner with which the Author lays open the deepest Recesses of the Heart; this agreeable Amusement lasted till Supper time; nor should I have then quitted it, had not *Barbara* inform'd me how late it was. The *Count*, who was no more tired than myself, took the Advantage of my good Humour, and ask'd leave to stay Supper, a Favour I could not prevail on myself to refuse; not but I knew very well, it was breaking a little into the strict Rules of Decency. While the Cloth was laying, he ask'd me if he was so unfortunate as to be troublesome, or whether I had so little Confidence in him, as not to talk of what was agreeable to me? I must own the Question puzzled me, not imagining the Drift of it. The *Count* was never at a Loss in knowing my Thoughts. You are amiable beyond Expression, said he seizing my Hand in a respectful Manner; two Days I have enjoy'd the Charms

Charms of your Conversation, without once mentioning the *Marquess*. Saying this, the artful *St. Fal* look'd earnestly at me; endeavouring, methought, to sound my Heart, and there discover whether I was really indifferent in regard of the *Marquess*, or out of Resentment only forbore to speak of him. My Colour came, my Heart represented the ungrateful Man with all his Charms, and all his Cruelty. How barbarous are you! answer'd I with an Air of Trouble, why should you remind me of a Man, I am desirous, you know, to forget? What Pleasure can you find in plunging me again into Reflexions, it has cost so dear to tear from my Breast? Why would you have me think on the *Marquess*? Does he still remember me? No, no, dear *Count* continued I with some Emotion, there is not the least Appearance of it; he goes away without seeing me, without giving me the least Hopes of his Return; he bids me Farewel for ever——Ah! it's too plain, I am now as indifferent to him, as ever I was dear. Alas! perhaps at this very Instant he offers his Addresses to another, and vows an eternal Constancy!——That Sigh, that Alas, cried *St. Fal*, (interrupting me to prevent my giving way to Grief) informs me of what I wanted to know. Yes, *Jenny*, you are more in Love than you imagine. The *Marquess* will be ever dear, and his Kinsman wretched. You have pronounced my Sentence, I revere it, and before eight Days are over, will give you convincing Proofs that my Passion for you surpasses that of yours for the *Marquess*, which is in reality saying a great deal.

What the *Count* said, made a deep Impression. What Proofs so convincing and in so short a Time, replied I? What Relation can they have with the *Marquess*? Still more Marks of your tender Passion, replied *St. Fal* with a forced Smile, you would not have been thus curious, had my Words regarded only myself. For your Punishment, added he with an

agreeable Air, I shall not inform you, unless I have your Promise not to think of the Monastery, you was so full of, till after my Return. How! cried I, will you go and leave me before you have settled me in a Convent? How obliging, replied *St. Fal* with a Sigh, would that Fear be in other Circumstances! — Ah, *Count*! continued I, how can you delight in humbling me? Can you doubt of the Friendship I have for you, which I owe you, and of which you are so worthy? but take not a Pleasure in giving me these Alarms. What Journey do you design? what Mystery is this, which is not to be clear'd up but upon Condition? In the Name of Goodness, keep me no longer in Suspense. Well! charming *Jenny*, I must speak then, said *St. Fal* lifting up his Eyes: My Duty calls me to the Army, where I ought to have been some Days before, but could not prevail on myself to leave you surrounded with Vexations and Troubles. The Mystery is, I shall see the *Marquess*, and in eight Days you may possibly hear of him. That's the Riddle. I am too well acquainted with my Cousin's Character, to doubt, that when he knows you are at a Distance from the *Duke*, and reflects on the Injustice of his own Suspicions, he will expire thro' Regret for his Behaviour towards you; I dare venture to affirm it. Consider, whether such a Reflexion is agreeable to me, or that upon it I can leave you with a serene Mind.

How great is the Force of Love in a Heart that is prepossess'd! No sooner had the *Count* given me hopes of being still belov'd, and that the *Marquess* might perhaps return again; my disturb'd Mind, was no sooner struck with the charming Illusion, but I imbib'd without measure the Sweetness of such a flattering Idea. I was no longer uneasy at his intended Departure, which before I seem'd to apprehend: my Thoughts, outstripping the Post, carry'd *St. Fal* in twenty four Hours to the Army, bring him

him and the *Marquess* together, overhear their Discourse, are Witnesses of my Lover's Repentance, and grant his Pardon before he sues for it. Supper being serv'd up, very opportunely interrupted a Conversation which began to give me Pain. *St. Fal*, always complaisant, always refinedly polite, pretended not to observe what he too plainly perceiv'd; he entertain'd me with the Pleasure he propos'd to himself from my Letters, since he had, he said, my Leave to write to me, and was in hopes of my Answers. He avoided mentioning the *Marquess*; but a Moment before, he was blamed for recalling him to my Mind, whereas now, if I had spoke my Sentiments, I should have quarrell'd with him for being so ready to obey me. Cruel Love! Fatal Passion! how dost thou disorder a Heart too weak and sensible to resist thy Power? That very Instant I was indifferent, and had not for two Days mention'd my Lover, and this without the least Constraint, because I thought him grown indifferent himself. Hope revives me, I believe he still loves me, and on that Account would talk continually of him. May not this be truly stiled *Caprice*. Do not the Mind and Heart contribute their Share in these Disorders of the Judgment? Can any one wonder after this, that on such a Topick, a History containing Variety of Events has been built? Alas! were Journals taken of the Errors of the Heart and Mind, there would be little Room in Libraries for any other Subject; it were to be hoped, they would be finely touch'd after the Manner in which *M. de Crebillon* has wrought his *Caprices of the Heart and Mind*; nor can it be denied, how odd soever it may seem, that Disorder is the Offspring of Nature. The Manner of improving it, must be the Work of Art and Sense, Qualities rarely found united.

At last *St. Fal* took his Leave; notwithstanding his Endeavours to conceal his Tears, I saw them trickle down; this affected me very much, and engaged

me to give him all the Marks of Friendship possible; he was so well satisfied, that he repeated the strongest Assurances of his Disinterestedness, and the Zeal he had to promote my Happiness with the greatest Sincerity. He was no sooner gone, but I order'd him to be called back; I exacted of him that he should not make the least Effort in my Favour with regard to the *Marquess*; notwithstanding my Tenderness for him, my little Heart was nettled; haughty as it was, it could not remember the Offence without shewing a Resentment. The Apprehension I was under lest the *Count*, in order to serve me, should take some Steps not agreeable to a Vanity well grounded, made me employ a very singular Precaution; that I might not be deceiv'd, in case my Lover return'd, I was determin'd his Passion should be the only Motive. With this View I made *St. Fal* engage his Word of Honour, and promise to inform me with the Sincerity of a Gentleman, of all that pass'd in Regard of me, without suppressing the least Circumstance on any Motive whatsoever. His Answer to this seem'd so sincere, that I did not doubt of his acting according to my Wish. I consented on my Side, to what *St. Fal* demanded, which was, not to make any Alteration in my Way of Life till his Return. It was with Difficulty that I agreed to it; I seem'd to foresee what was to happen.

The Day after the Departure of this amiable Friend, I was terribly dejected. How frightful is Solitude, after an agreeable Companion! It was in vain to have recourse to Work or Reading, every thing was tedious, and no Possibility of amusing myself. Half the Day was spent in Melancholy and Affliction. My only Comfort was the Expectation of hearing soon from the Army, and would willingly, had it been in my power, have abridg'd the Time, the sooner to have that Satisfaction. The pleasing Hope of my Lover's Return, with which the

the *Count* had flatter'd me, was continually present in my Mind. What! shall I behold him again tender and constant, said I to myself as often as the Thought occur'd? shall I have the Happiness of hoping to be his? One Moment I was in hopes, the next I despair'd; in a Word, I could not agree with myself, and when I seriously put the Question what do I think, I could make no Answer. Doubting, perplex'd, I walk'd backwards and forwards, look'd thro the Window, went from one Apartment to the other, and suffer'd more than if I had been employ'd in the most laborious Exercise. Where the Mind is oppress'd, the Body undergoes a great deal.

I supp'd and went to Bed very early, but it was in vain to close my Eyes: twice I put out my Candle, and lighted it as often. In fine, not knowing which way to turn myself and quite spent, I rose to fetch a Book from my Library; the first I met with was a Pamphlet the *Count* had brought the Day he set out, and, as he said, much in vogue. I carried this Book to Bed; in reading three or four Pages, I began to interest myself, in Favour of the young Lady, whose Story it related; I was much affected, I dreaded coming to an End of what was so agreeable. I made a Pause, my Fears soon regarded new Objects. I lost myself, if I may be allow'd the Expression, in Favour of the lovely *Marianne*; methought there was a near Resemblance between our Adventures. She found a Protectrice, the Character she gives of her exactly suited *Madame de G*——— Every Page furnish'd matter for Applications; I stopp'd: Alas! said I, this is me; this Lover, so tender, is the *Marquess*; *Climax M. de G*——— How different soever these Adventures were from mine, I was so bent upon finding a Resemblance, that I strain'd the Events, adjusted the Characters, even the Conversations did not escape me.

Thus

Thus agreeably amus'd did I pass a part of the Night, and continued reading till I had finished the first Part. All I had in the World, would have been the Purchase of the following Ones. How charming an Author, † cried I to myself, how happy should I be in his Acquaintance! It's impossible to write with so much Wit and Delicacy, and not be exceeding Amiable in Conversation. From thence I consider'd the Advantages arising from Books. I found myself quite alter'd by the Amusement I reap'd from so many different Passages. I resolv'd on setting apart a Time for reading; Life, said I to myself, will pass away more imperceptibly, and with less Regret. Such agreeable Relief, is more than I could have expected. Sleep, at last, closed these Reflexions, and I pass'd the Night in a Manner which surpass'd my Expectations.

At ten in the Morning I was wak'd by a Woman's Voice, which was exquisitely fine, and whose Melody and Sweetness was so great, that I rose on Purpose to hear it the better. I presently discover'd that the Person, who was Mistress of so great a Treasure, lived in the Apartment over mine; the Windows were open, and going to my own, I could distinguish the Words. Enchanted as I was with this Amusement, I could not think of dressing, for fear of losing the least Part of this Regale. I was always extravagantly fond of Musick, and to this Day it is my favourite Diversion.

When the Singing ceas'd, I dress'd myself, and then gave Directions in the House Affairs; I was no Novice in them considering my Age, and knew something of Oeconomy. My Aunt, as honest as a Servant could be, yet was an entire Stranger in *Paris*; it's true my Experience was short of hers in things of this Nature, nevertheless I acquitted myself tolerably well.

Several Days pass'd and nothing material occur'd; I had taken an entire Relish for reading, and found

so much Relief from it, that my whole Time in a Manner was spent in it. I soon went thro' all the modern Pieces ; among the Authors which pleas'd me most, *Messieurs de Crebillon* and *de Marivaux* were chiefly distinguish'd ; had it been allowable for a young Woman to seek Acquaintances with Men, I should infallibly have endeavour'd to draw such agreeable Persons to my House ; I envied the Happiness of those who enjoy'd their Conversation. Where a Book gains our Favour, the Author commonly comes in for his Share : in a Word, reading was a Refuge, and often a Pleasure to me. By way of Variety, Musick was sometimes indulg'd. I had made an Acquaintance with the young Gentlewoman who sung so well, and whose Voice at the very first charm'd me so much. She was a Person of Family, about twenty two, of an infinite deal of Wit, and enticing Sweetness of Temper. She gain'd my Affections from the Beginning, and without examining into her Conduct, I plac'd an entire Confidence in her.

She dined with me almost daily ; and when she mis'd, it was, as she said, that I might 'do her the same Favour. As to the remaining part of the Day, we had neither of us taken it into our Head to pass it together. I liv'd so very retired, that probably she would not venture to propose going Abroad ; or rather, she did not think proper to interrupt her own Way of Life, to which I was an utter Stranger, and be grave with me, when she might enjoy so much Company ; a Motive I had not been acquainted with, but for an Adventure which befell me soon after, and taught me how imprudent a young Woman is who grows familiar with Strangers, particularly of her own Sex ; otherwise I might very innocently have been entangled in some dangerous Engagements, without being able to extricate myself from them. What Hazards do young Women run when abandoned to themselves, and how little do they know of the Snares which may be
laid

laid for them! Without a large Share of Discretion, and this supported by the best Advice, they seldom escape the Ambushes prepar'd for their Ruin. Happily I did not buy this Experience too dear, but I have less Reason to thank my own Discretion, than Heaven, which open'd my Eyes, and discover'd the Danger to which I was expos'd.

One Evening when the Moon shone very bright I went to my Window for the Benefit of the Air. I began to reflect with great Anxiety on my not hearing from the Army; three Weeks were pass'd without any News from the Count, though he had promis'd to write on his Arrival. I was racking my Imagination, I say, to find out the Cause of this Neglect, when *Mademoiselle Junia*, she that sung so well, came into my Chamber, and ask'd me to honour her with my Company at Supper; I am extremely dull to day, said she, and I know nobody but yourself that can divert a Melancholy which overwhelms me without my being able to discover the Reason. Can you be so cruel as to leave me in it? The Disposition I was in, so much resembled what she described, that I very chearfully accepted of her Proposal. We'll be a long Time at Table, we'll sing, this perhaps may enliven us both, for you seem as grave as myself. A little Disorder should now and then be indulged to keep up our Spirits, and in my Opinion, added she, good Cheer is of great Efficacy for that Purpose. I agreed to what she advanced, and follow'd her with a kind of Satisfaction at being diverted from my Uneasiness; this drew a thousand Acknowledgments from her in return for my Complaisance.

In effect, the Meal was sprightly, which is not usual between two Women. *Junia's* sparkling Turns of Wit made me laugh very heartily. Nevertheless, I could not sincerely approve of some Expressions she let fall from Time to Time; as often as this happen'd I look'd very grave; but she banter'd me, mimick'd my Countenance, and by that

that Means obliged me to quit it, rallying me for my Preciseness. Are we not alone ? said she ; nobody hears us, and may we not, as we are Friends and of the same Sex, make ourselves amends for the severe Restraint in which we are educated, and which Decency obliges us to observe ? *Mademoiselle Junia* was certainly the most artful Creature in the World, as will appear by the following Contrivance. How much ought the Conversation of such a Woman to be dreaded ! But to proceed.

As short as our Acquaintance was, she might very well be convinc'd that I was virtuous : she never saw any Man with me ; I lived at my Ease, and said little of my own Affairs. All she could imagine at most, was, that I was a young Widow well provided for, and so much concern'd for the late Loss of a beloved Husband, that I avoided Company. I was one Day at Church with her, and it was no unusual Thing for me to be stared at. An Acquaintance of this Gentlewoman's was mightily smitten with me, and to be sure had desired to be introduced ; to effect this, she had for some Days past often propos'd making a Set at Quadrille in my Apartment. My Complaisance was a sufficient Pretext and natural enough, but my Answer had been so positive on the Subject, and I had so plainly told her, that, excepting herself, I would see no Company, that she did not dare pursue the Project. Her Contrivance to work her Ends will presently appear. When I reflect on my narrow Escape, I tremble to this Day. Heaven inspir'd me, as we shall see.

The artful *Junia*, who aim'd to make me very gay, ply'd me frequently with a small muscadine Wine, which pleas'd me exceedingly. Notwithstanding my natural Temperance, I could not refrain from this bewitching Liquor. By Degrees I grew very cheerful, and at last went so far as a Song, which I had never done in her Company before. *Junia* was so taken with the Sweetness of my Voice, or dissembled it so well, that I was easily

sily persuaded I deserv'd the Praises she bestow'd on me. Really, said she, a Person loses a great deal that is a Stranger to so charming a Creature; and you are certainly in the right to shun Men's Company, since you have so little Relisht for them; otherwise with so much Beauty and so fine a Voice, you would never be free from them, they would pursue you every where, and weary you with their continual Importunities.

I answer'd her Gallantry, and was not behind hand with her in Compliments. Well then, said she, striking her Forehead, we'll divert ourselves royally. Do you know I am a little Maddish, and my Delight is to appear different from what I am? I love to act the Man, and do it better than any one. Ask my Woman, (who was standing by) I'll make love to you. I, continued she, and I'll lay a Wager you don't know me in my Disguise. I could not forbear laughing at this new Humour, and assured her, that whatever Shape she appear'd in, she would always be agreeable to me. We'll try that, said she: Just as she was speaking, somebody knock'd at the Door. Eh, Good God, cried she, who is this come to interrupt us? Go see, continued she to her Chambermaid, I am not at Home to anybody, but my Friend *St. Clare*. Her I'll admit of, she is as mad as myself. But as for any other, mum.

This Order made me easy, I was apprehensive of Company, for besides that I was all undress'd, I had laid it down as a Rule to see nobody. What *Junia* pretended to guess, came to pass; it was the Friend she mentioned. She was very agreeable, and we soon came acquainted. Thou art come very seasonably, said *Junia*; Thou wilt partake of the Comedy I am going to act, and shalt judge as well as the fair Widow. The Gentlewoman enquir'd very gravely what we were going to do, and being inform'd, You cannot imagine, said she to me very joyfully, how diverting she is in Men's Clothes.

Clothes. No, her Humour is beyond expression. About six Months ago, she was thus disguis'd in the Country, made Love for three days to a very pretty Woman, and managed her Addresses so well, as to make a Conquest; the unraveling of the Plot was excellent. The Country Gentlewoman was so disappointed at the Metamorphosis, that she toole to her Bed. She had always protested against Matrimony, but this mad Creature gave her such a hankering after it, that she very fairly took unto her. This Story made me laugh heartily, and inclin'd me to judge by myself if she acted her part so well, as they pretended. I did not wait long, the Gentleman soon made his Appearance.

He began with an easy Air, throwing himself sometimes at my Feet, sometimes at the Stranger's. He wore a very handsome Mask, a Precaution I imagin'd *Junia* had taken to make the Scene appear more natural. The Confidence I had in the Disguise prevented my suspecting any foul play. Besides, *St. Clare* confirm'd me by her Example in my Security. When I put the Mask away in a serious manner, he pretended to resent it, and revenge himself by preferring *St. Clare* to me. All this appear'd so natural, that I was impos'd on for near an Hour. But at last I began to mistrust something, when under pretence of addressing himself to the treacherous *St. Clare*, I could hear him say very distinctly; "She is a lovely Creature; but contrive some means of putting an end to the Comedy. I can hold out no longer; nor do I see to what purpose."

This surpris'd me prodigiously and made me colour; I found out the Contrivance, but was so much Mistress of myself as not to betray my Suspicions. I plaid cunning on my side, and rose with an Intention to slip away, but was prevented; however, on alledging a Necessity for withdrawing, (and I spoke out as if I mistrusted nothing, to give no

Suspicion,) the Chamber-maid conducted me into a back Room ; there was a private Door open'd from thence upon the Stairs, which I knew, and immediately made my Escape with the utmost Precipitancy, thanking Heaven as I ran, for my Preservation, with a firm Resolution to make no more Acquaintances of my own head, and to break off all Correspondence with so dangerous a Friend.

I was scarce got down, but was persued. *Barbara*, whom I prompt'd, said, I was going to Bed, and had forbid her to let in any one. *Junia* at the Door used all Endeavours to have it open'd, but I was not to be prevail'd on ; and she return'd, heartily mortified, I believe, to be the Dupe of her own Plot.

Nevertheless, instead of going to Bed, I watch'd at the Keyhole, to be ascertain'd of what I suspected: my belief was, that *Junia* had substituted a Man in her place, doubtless to give him an Opportunity of being acquainted ? I was not mistaken ; I discern'd by the Light of a Flambeau, which a Servant carried, the Clothes of him who acted the suppos'd Part. He seem'd young and handsome, and was leading *St. Clare*, who too be sure was in the Secret, for they stopp'd opposite to my Door, and, by what I heard, I had reason to think the Gentleman was much taken with me. This made me resolve to be very circumspect for the future against such Adventures. However, this was not the last.

The next day *Junia* came to see me, but could not get Admittance, and might plainly see I was apprised of her intended Project. She wrote to me ; her Letter was return'd unopen'd. She talk'd with my Aunt, and told her to inform me, that she was much surpris'd, I should quarrel with her on Account of a harmless Frolick. All this was lost Labour, and I was so resolute in my Conduct, that at last she thought fit not to molest me any longer.

But the Spark who had taken so much pains, would not desist : the more Difficulty, the more ardent the Lover, as it usually happens. He wrote Letters, came to the Door in twenty different Disguises, without any Success. I was always on my guard in Person, mistrusting *Barbara's* Simplicity, and therefore it was no easy matter to surprise me.

Being at work one day in my Chamber, there was thrown in, doubtless from *Junia's* Window, a Packet seal'd up, which being very heavy fell with some Noise ; I took it up, and found it directed for me ; besides a Letter inclos'd, as I imagin'd, there was certainly a large Sum in Gold. I blush'd, and knew not how to behave. What could I do ? To carry it back myself to *Junia*, was what they aim'd at. If I sent it by my Aunt, they might either pretend I kept it, or take an Opportunity some Days after to demand it, and under that Pretext force a Visit upon me, which I endeavour'd so much to avoid.

I spent above an Hour thinking on a thousand different Things, and at last came to a Resolution. I sent *Barbara* to the Parish Church with a Letter to a discreet Curate, whose Probity was universally known : I begg'd the Favour of seeing him immediately on an Affair of the last Consequence. I did not in the least doubt of his speedy Compliance.

My Aunt's Back was scarce turn'd, when I began to reflect on what I had done. I had always heard it laid down as a Maxim, that prudent Persons ought never to give Men of a certain Cloth a handle to meddle in their Affairs, there being often reason to repent it afterwards. It was natural to enquire who I was ; my Youth, and the Charms I was flatter'd with, might occasion Questions and Enquiries. And what Answer could I make ? In owning the Truth, I might draw upon myself Exhortations and Remonstrances. Besides, could I

depend on being believ'd, and the Affeверations of my virtuous Disposition admitted? If I acknowledged who I was, I must expect no very favourable Interpretations to be pass'd on my easy Circumstances, and a superior Authority employ'd to oblige me to return to my Parents. This Thought terrified me; I resolv'd to be very reserv'd, and to behave in such a manner with regard to the Clergyman I expected, as to give him no hold. I reckon'd much on the good Character I had reason to expect, if my way of Life should be enquir'd into, knowing I could not be tax'd with any thing from the time I came into the House. Nobody knew any thing of me, which is no small Advantage to a young Woman, whose Reputation is in its greatest Lustre when it furnishes nothing for Conversation.

The Clergyman follow'd my Aunt. As soon as he came, I inform'd him of the Difficulty I was in, and the Occasion of it. His Behaviour was such as gave me great Satisfaction; he heard what I said, and did not seem inquisitive after more than I was inclin'd to acquaint him withall. This gain'd my Confidence, Esteem and Respect. He commended my Conduct very much, and assur'd me, I had nothing to fear from their Attempts: he exhorted me to avoid seeing any Company that I could not depend on, and lamented the Dangers those were expos'd to, who acted otherwise; the Ruin of many, as he assur'd me, was owing entirely to it. Without trespassing on Charity, he said, the Person's Character, who lived in the Apartment above me, was suspected, and consequently that I ought to break off all Commerce with her.

This discreet Clergyman carried away the sealed Packet, and left me much edified with his Behaviour. What Methods he took, I know not, but I never heard any more of *Junia* or her Companions.

I thought myself very happy in having employ'd so efficacious a Remedy, and return'd Heaven my thanks for its Success.

The following Day was an Æra of new Crosses: I receiv'd two Letters, one from the Army, the other from *Versailles*.

Notwithstanding my Earnestness to hear some Tidings of the inconstant *Marquess*, Curiosity prevail'd on me to open the second; in reality, it was very extraordinary to receive a Letter from those Parts; besides, that I had no Correspondence with any one there, nobody knew how to direct to me, excepting *Melicourt*, and I knew him too well, to doubt his Discretion, and yet it was wrote at length. This surpris'd me, and I resolv'd to clear up the Mystery; but how was I struck to find it came from the old *Marquess*? It was as follows.

IN vain do you fly me, charming Jenny; wherever you hide yourself, or whatever Quality you pass under, I shall always know where you are and what you are about. I easily guess how much this will alarm you, and the Reflexions which will arise from an Accident so unexpected: but, make yourself easy, I am more in your Interest than you imagine, and am so far from turning my Knowledge to your Prejudice, that I am resolv'd to be the first in fixing your Happiness. Remember, a Man of my Character is an Enemy to Deceit, and cannot be worse than his Word; consequently, beware of taking any Steps which Fear may suggest. To-morrow I shall be at Paris; I shall wait on you, and it will be your own Fault, if you do not receive convincing Proofs of the Value I set on your Virtue: I am no Stranger to it, which is no small matter. One Trial more, and you will know how much I value you.

The *Marquess* of L. V.

The reading of this Letter threw me into a Fit of Trembling, dubious as I was what to do, and pierced my very Soul. Heavens, cried I, have pity on me and assist me! What means this sudden Alteration? What can be the old *Marquess*'s Designs? How can he contribute to make me Happy? Alas! I am certainly betray'd by his Son, who, to get rid of me at once, sacrifices me to his Father. It is certainly so; the Parent, satisfied with this, lays aside his Hatred, and either thro' Generosity or Policy, will settle me in such a manner as may prevent any Accident, in case his Son should happen to relent. But how cruel is such a Conduct, continued I in Tears! Could I ever have expected so much Barbarity from a Lover? How could he foresee, that his Father's Threats and Aversion would give place to Generosity?

I was so taken up with these Reflexions, that I forgot *St. Fal's* Letter, which had been so long expected and so earnestly desir'd. At last I open'd it. A fresh Subject of Astonishment and Tears.

I Have defer'd writing from Day to Day, lovely Jenny, in hopes of sending you something material. The Apprehension of making you uneasy by too long a Delay prevails on me to write, though I have nothing but disagreeable News to send. I promis'd to hide nothing from you; otherwise would not acquaint you, that I did not meet with the *Marquess* when I arriv'd at the Camp, and that he is not as yet return'd from an Expedition, on which, at his own request, he was sent; this gives great Uneasiness to all his Friends, lest he should be taken Prisoner. His Servants, whom I have question'd, as well as several Officers, assure me he came hither very melancholy, though he strove in vain to hide it: it is suppos'd, he is chagrin'd, and that in order to divert his Uneasiness, he procured this Command. I was not at a loss to guess his Affliction. You cannot but be sensible,

sensible, Mademoiselle, of the great part you bear in it; be not, however, too much concern'd, we may have some Account of this dear Relation. I shall not fail to communicate it to you instantly. It's generally thought the Campaign will be but short, and that after a Battle, which is continually look'd for and much desir'd, we shall be sent into Quarters: I please myself with the Notion, since it will bring me nearer to you, and I think there can not be a greater Pleasure than to see you, nor Merit than to deserve your Esteem.

From the Camp.

ST. FAL.

Our Attachment to a belov'd Object never exerts itself with greater Force, than when we are on the point of losing it. My Notion of War was certainly very imperfect; yet no sooner did I know that the *Marquess's* Life was in Danger; but my Imagination represented it with all its Horrors. O Heaven! cried I all in Tears, why am I thus overwhelm'd on all Sides at once? How am I to survive it? What can so many Afflictions one upon another portend? Do they not presage the greatest of Misfortune? But I am prepar'd to undergo every thing, provided my Lover be safe, and escape the Dangers to which his Courage and Chagrin expose him. How unfortunate was I, not to justify myself before his Departure! Perhaps my Innocence might have restor'd him to me, and made him careful of a Life, he ought to preserve for my sake.

I shall not relate all the Expostulations my Grief furnish'd on this Occasion. Why should I tire you, O Reader, with the Recital of my Tears? Hitherto they have been but too plentiful; a little Patience, the time will come, when they will be wiped away, and this Truth demonstrated, that the Happiness which Virtue procures for us, can never be too dearly bought.

Although

Although I had time to prepare for the old *Marquess's* Visit, I found myself terribly confounded when he appear'd. His Presence made me sensible of the great Distance between us, knowing he was now acquainted with my Origin. Can Pride receive a greater Check? However, I took upon me so far as to conquer my Blushes and Confusion. I resolv'd to be the first in mentioning the Meanness of my Birth, in order to prevent him; this Expedient I owe to my Vanity. Is it possible, my Lord, said I receiving him with great Respect, and presenting a Chair, that you should condescend to see me after the Discovery you have made? What Comparison is there between a Country Girl, one who has been so unhappy as to fall under your Displeasure, and a Nobleman of your Rank? Whence comes such a Distinction which I have no ways deserved?—

Let us have no more of that, lovely *Jenny*, said the *Marquess* making me sit down: I have no longer the Reasons of Complaint, I had formerly, against you; and that Virtue, of which I have receiv'd convincing Proofs, has created a due Regard for One who is so worthy of it. We'll say nothing of your Birth: not but I was mightily taken with your candid Acknowledgment; a stroke that does not want its Force, nor escape my Observation. A mean Birth is the capricious Effect of Chance, never to be call'd in mind, but when Vice deforms it; whereas Prudence and noble Actions strip it of all that is contemptible, and cast a Lustre upon it, not inferior to that of Kings, when no false Step is made in the thorny Paths of Virtue. I shall say no more on this Head; you having, my dear Girl, less Need of Instructions than Others, as your Education has been very extraordinary. What I have to say is of a different Nature; but before I explain myself any farther, I desire you will tell me, with that Candour so becoming

becoming Virtue and Honour; upon what Terms you are with my Son? I have Reasons for asking this Question, and if your Answer prove satisfactory, it will lay an Obligation on me, and you shall never repent having explain'd yourself on a Subject I have more at Heart than you imagine. Truth and a thorough Confidence in me, carry a greater weight in my Judgment than any other Qualifications.

When the old *Marquess* wrote his Intention of making me a Visit, I expected to suffer very much from the Conversation; but I little thought it would turn on such an important Subject: I was the more terrified, being attack'd in the most sensible Part. All Evasions appear'd useless; I had one of the subtlest of Men to deal with, whose Penetration was surprising. While he spoke what I have mention'd, his Eyes were fix'd upon me, and he seem'd to search with me the secret Re-cesses of my Heart. How could I withstand so terrifying an Assault? There was nothing left but to Act with the Sincerity, he pretended to value so much, if I propos'd to succeed with one of his Turn, and that Method I took. One never falters in speaking the Truth.

It would be in vain, my Lord, answer'd I after a Moment's Pause, to deny that your Son has been dear to me; he is master of such endearing Qualities, and which bespeak so much Probity, that my Heart could not possibly resist so large a share of Merit. I should be wanting to that Sincerity, of which you appear so jealous, if I dissembled on this Occasion. I might employ the Word *Esteem* instead of *Love*, but I will not impose upon you; I did love your Son, with all the Sincerity I am capable of; and had not his late Behaviour inter-fer'd, I might still preserve the same Regards: I dare not say they are no more; I am not sufficiently acquainted with myself, to know perfectly my

my secret Sentiments. It is to no purpose for me to dwell any longer on this Subject, as I can add nothing more to what I have said; your Experience may perhaps make greater Discoveries.

The old *Marquess* seem'd transported at my sincere manner of expressing myself. You are exceeding charming, said he, and my Esteem for you redoubles, of which I will give you convincing Proofs. On your Side, continue to speak the Truth. Tell me first what your Designs are, and then, with the same Sincerity, own from whom you receive wherewithal to furnish your Expences? Whilst my Son and *St. Fal* were here, I easily believe you wanted for nothing. But, suppose you never hear more of either of them, how will you contrive to go on as you have begun? Look upon me, my pretty Creature, as your Friend. Banish that Fear and Trouble I see in you, there is no Occasion for them. Did I not truly interest myself in your Behalf, I should not enquire into these Particulars. Alas! my Lord, replied I with a Sigh, you remind me of the Imprudence of my Conduct, for which my Reason has often reproach'd me. It was with some Difficulty your Nephew prevail'd on me to accept of the Tokens, by which his Generosity shew'd itself in my Regard. Some time ago I resolv'd to spend my Days in a Monastery, and more than once I have press'd him to crown the Work, by assisting me in the Execution of that Design. You always talk of *St. Fal*, whom you don't Love, cried the *Marquess* slyly interrupting me, and never once mention my Son in all this Provision. Yet, it's more natural to attribute your little Revenue to him than to my Nephew. The Advantage of being belov'd by him—— My Lord, I tell you the Truth, replied I interrupting in my turn; I will not absolutely say, that the *Marquess* has no share in what has been done for me; but this I am positive in, that what

I have receiv'd hitherto, has been from your Nephew's Hands; and under what Title would you imagine? As so much lent, for so he generously called it, to be repaid if ever Fortune should put it in my Power. A Train of Events, continually alarming me, have thus far prevented my coming to some Resolution—— Good God! My dear Girl, cried the *Marquess*, I don't pretend to put you upon justifying yourself; you owe me no such Deference; your Conduct is without Reproach, as I have been well satisfied a great while; and so far from wishing you were shut up in a Monastery, I would be the first to oppose it. Excuse, lovely *Fenny*, the perplexing Questions I put to you; it is in order to fix upon something in your Regard, and to justify that Esteem I conceiv'd for you the first moment we were acquainted. This Candour, this Sincerity, which I have now experienced, convince me that your Sentiments place you in a Rank not inferior to Women of the best Quality. I beg I may be favour'd with your Friendship, and have your leave to cultivate it. I have great Designs in your Behalf. Give me but Time to bring them to Perfection; in the mean while, go on as you have begun; I come often to *Paris*, sometimes spend whole Weeks there, and then shall be a constant Visitor: be easy as to the Time to come, Care will be taken. I am obliged to leave you at present, but in two Days you may depend on hearing from me. Saying these Words, which surpris'd me extremely, the old *Marquess* rose, was very complaisant on the Subject of my Shape and Charms; adding, he often thought of my fine Neck, that he intended to invite me to Dinner, to have the Pleasure of hearing me sing again; after a great deal more of the like nature, he left me much astonish'd at what had pass'd.

In

In effect, what could I divine ? Was it natural to think that the very Man who had express'd himself against me with so much Bitterness, was so suddenly changed ? Had he not endeavour'd to secure me in a Convent for Life ? Was I not still the same *Jenny*, that little Country Girl, who had engaged the Son in vexatious Affairs, and obliged the Father to employ his utmost Interest ? And since that, had I not impos'd upon him under a feign'd Name ? Whence therefore should come such a sudden Alteration ? Could my Charms extend their Empire over the Father as well as the Son ? If this piece of Vanity might be indulg'd, had I not greater reason to dread this Nobleman than ever ? It could not be imputed as a Crime if I shun'd him heretofore, and avoided falling into his Hands ; Self-preservation is always natural. But should I not be justly condemn'd, if I accepted of a Reconciliation, which doubtless was offer'd with some View, perhaps incompatible with Reputation and Virtue ? Cruel Alternative ! How was I perplex'd !

The Day was spent with weighing these Things in my Mind ; yet, notwithstanding my Apprehensions, a blind Confidence carried it in favour of this Nobleman. Why should he deceive me, said I to myself ; and if his Views are criminal, why would he ~~expose~~ my Virtue and Conduct ? Ought I not rather to imagine, it is owing to them that I have gain'd his Esteem ? and since he praises me so much on that Account, is it not to encourage me to continue ? He mentions a happy Settlement, and throws out obscure Hints. How do I know but he has his Reasons for it ? To be sure he has, said I confirming myself in the Notion ; Time will effect it. If my Conjectures are groundless, Heaven, which has hitherto protected me, and to which I will ever have recourse, will
not

not abandon me. Thus did I come to a Resolution.

My Thoughts now more at Liberty, I was going to answer *St. Fal's* Letter, when the Bell rung: I listen'd to hear who my Aunt talk'd to; a Voice, which struck me to the very Soul, made me look thro' the Key-hole. Heavens! what a Condition was I in! I immediately knew my Father and Mother embracing my Aunt. At first, I was running to throw myself into their Arms; but in endeavouring it, I was so much transported, that finding my Feet fail me, and fearing I should fall on the Floor, I threw myself into a great Chair, where I was an Hour without coming to myself. The tenth Part will account for this unexpected Visit, and show how much Chance interferes in the Occurrences of Life.



PART X.



I was lucky for me, that my Affection towards those who had given me Life, occasion'd the Emotion mention'd in the preceding Part; otherwise, I should have imprudently discover'd myself, and it was not yet Time. What was employ'd in recovering me from my Disorder, made me foresee the Consequences of what I was upon the Point of doing. Doubtless, in acknowledging my Parents, I should lay myself under an Obligation, either of keeping them with me, or following them home to our Cottage: either of which would be equally perplexing to them, and myself; I think it needless to give the Reasons, they may be easily imagin'd. I behav'd with such Complaisance to my Aunt in every thing, excepting this Particular, as made her Life so easy, and my Regard for her was so great, that I seem'd more to belong to her than she to me; the secret Comfort of an unquestionable Witness of my Conduct, and who was one Day to appear in my behalf. If my Intentions had been bad, I should have been very careful how I fitted myself with such a Cap; but I wanted her only for Form's Sake, thank God; Heaven preserv'd in my Heart the Love of Virtue, with which I had been born, and I pray'd every Day with Fervour for Grace to persist in these good Intentions; such Prayers are acceptable to God, and he seldom refuses to hear them.

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When I was perfectly recover'd, I desir'd extremely to see my Father and Mother; I was very sure they would not know me, Time had made such an Alteration in my Features and Behaviour; I was so much grown, and my Dress was so different from what they had seen, that I was very easy upon that Head. With this Assurance, I rung my Bell; it was Dinner-time, and I very naturally call'd for it. My good Aunt coming in to the Room seem'd perplex'd: Notwithstanding the Familiarity I us'd her with, I had insus'd, I don't know why, a Reserve, not to say more, which often gave me Pain. I ask'd her, what was the Matter? She hesitated, and encouraging her; Have you broke any thing? Feign'd I; well, there's no great Harm done. One familiar Question always sufficed to put her in heart; accordingly she own'd she apprehended my Anger, because she had wrote to her Brother and Sister to come and see her at their Convenience; and as she had not acquainted me with it, she was afraid to tell me, that, having Business at *Paris*, they took this Opportunity, and were actually in the House; that I ought however to pardon her, because she had only sent for them, to let 'em know the Happiness she enjoy'd in my Service. I am glad, answer'd I, that you are content, and like your Place; I wish your Happiness was still greater: and far from taking it ill that your Relations are come, I am pleas'd at it; I must see them, and desire they would dine with me. Ah! Madam, you are too good, cried *Barbara*; 'tis not for such as they to be so much honour'd. Do as you are bid, replied I; bring them to me, I'll talk with them; they shall know, what you said of me, is true. *Barbara* was so pleas'd with this, that she flew to acquaint my Parents. My Heart was in an Agitation, tho' an agreeable one, nor was it without Difficulty that I suppress'd his Motions, seeing those to

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whom I owed my Life. I suffer'd from the Respect with which they approach'd me; I even blamed myself, and I did what I could to put an end to it.

At last, by Dint of Caresses, I prevail'd with them to sit, and grow a little more familiar. The Art, which I have often experienc'd, of giving our Inferiors a Freedom and Confidence in speaking, is to put ourselves on a level with them, and to descend to their Rank: Altho' this was far from being my Case, at present I was obliged to observe the Maxim with my Father and Mother; the Prejudice of my Superiority made them silent, and it had been impossible otherwise for me to get out of them, what I had a Mind to know. I made them possess themselves by talking of their Village: I pretended to have pass'd some Months at the Lady's House, to whom it belong'd; it was the only Method of bringing them to Discourse, and it succeeded. My Mother on hearing this, appear'd like a Person who is recollecting some Body, and told me it must be at *Madame la Comtesse de* — where she had seen me; that I had set her right, and that ever since she had been in the Room she had been revolving in her Mind, where she had the Honour to see me, so much did my Face strike her. My Father said the same thing, and inform'd me how their Village had chang'd Masters since the young Lady's Marriage, whose Father died of an Apoplexy. I ask'd what was become of his Wife? he answer'd me, she lived with her Daughter, call'd *Madame d'Estival*. Said I, is she as ill humour'd as ever? On my saying this, my Father look'd at my Mother with a Smile, as much as to say, the Lady knows her. He told me, he plainly saw I knew how Matters went; that there never was in the World a worse natur'd Woman, than her we talk'd of; that she had quarrell'd twice with her Husband; the third time she carried things to such a Length, that he parted from

from her; that unfortunately for him, he had put so much in her Power, that this Separation left him in ill Circumstances; but he chose to lose all, rather than pass his Days with so worthless a Woman: he said likewise, she liv'd a League from *Paris*, whither she always came to spend the Winter, and that every Body, even her own Servants, held her in Detestation.

I had but too much Reason to complain of this Woman, not to be curious concerning what regarded her; in vain we flatter ourselves that we forgive, the Interior always retains an Acrimony against those who have offended us; and let us boast ever so much of our Heroism, we cannot help feeling a Joy, when we hear some disagreeable Adventure has happen'd to an Enemy. What my Father had said relating to *Madame Desfiwal*, of whom I have often spoke under the Name of *Mademoiselle Delbieux*, and whom I shall mention again in the End of these Memoirs, made me blush a little, and bringing to my remembrance all the Uneasiness she had given me, I was not sorry to hear the ill laid to her charge; by this Means I thought myself reveng'd of this bad Woman: it was, no Doubt, this Motive that engaged me to ask my Father, to give me the History of her Marriage, and inform me of all that had come to his Knowledge on that Subject; he would not be ask'd twice, in spite of his rustick Delivery, I did not lose a Tittle of it, and tho' something coarse still the Picture bore a great Likeness: I have such a Pleasure in an Opportunity of letting the Haughty *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*, at present *Madame Desfiwal*, know I have not forgot all the Vexations she brought upon me, that I even snatch at it. Here is her History: she will infallibly know herself again; and if she have one Grain of Equity left, she will be oblig'd to own, that tho' I know how to take my Revenge, I have done it with Moderation in her Regard.

Of all the Lovers who had been attracted either by the Charms or Riches of *Mademoiselle d'Et-dieux*, there remain'd but One; her haughty Behaviour, sometimes heighten'd into Insolence, had alienated some, the Blackness of her Character had drove away the Rest: can one imagine her Malice to have been so great, as to set her Admirers often together by the Ears? She found a Pleasure, worthy only of herself, in exasperating them with carrying Stories, and even in bringing them to the last Extremities: above ten Duels were placed to her Account, during her Father's Life, which drew upon her his severest Treatment; but to no Effect. She had a bad Heart, nothing was capable of making it better: As long as *M^{lle} Comte de N* liv'd, she kept within Bounds, because she fear'd him; his Eyes were no sooner clos'd, but she gave a Loose to her wicked Disposition, as will appear from what follows. The faithful Lover, whom I have just now mention'd, was nam'd *Monsieur Desfival*, he was a Gentleman about forty, his Fortune moderate, which he sought to improve by marrying. *Mademoiselle Delbœux* was rich, a proper Match, and the more so by her Brother's retiring into a Convent, as is said elsewhere: this Gentleman's Estate lay four Leagues from the Castle of the *Countess of N*; this Neighbourhood had facilitated his Acquaintance with the Mother and Daughter, and flatter'd him with Hopes of succeeding one Day or other in his Pursuits. It must be observ'd, that this young Lady had an Air of Sweetness which captivated at first Sight. *Monsieur Desfival*, who was handsome and well shap'd, had been so well receiv'd by her, that he thought himself too soon sure of the Happiness to which he aspir'd. How moderate ought the Judgments to be in such Cases! Nothing is so deceitful as the Countenance; but of this hereafter; let us return to the Story.

Mademoiselle Desbrieux took no Notice of any but this new Lover, and despis'd all the rest for some Days: Him we speak of, excell'd his Competitors by an Air of Nobleness and Grandeur, which was natural to him, to add to this, that he was of an easy complying Temper, and in order to please her, condescended to be a Slave to her Capriciousness. *Monsieur Desbrieux* was bent on marrying her, Interest made him surmount every thing; to make his Fortune, 'twas necessary to supplant his Competitors, there was nothing he did not undergo to succeed.

In the Portrait I gave of *Mademoiselle Desbrieux*, in my second Part, I said she had Wit, and 'twas true: She soon found out the Views of her new Lover, and without examining whether she was in the Right, she resolv'd to gratify her natural Malignity: The better to secure him, great Regard I was shewn, and his soon as she thought him smitten, and that Love and Interest were united, she threw off the Mask, and resign'd herself entirely up to her Caprice and Humour, always restless and mischievous, she could not bear to dissemble long.

The Countess of N——, her Mother, lov'd the World, as I have said elsewhere, and tho' somewhat in Years, amorously inclin'd. *Mr. Desbrieux*, without any other Design but that of rendering her favorable to his Desires, had not been backward in making his Court to her in his first Visits; and finding Things went well, by the gracious manner he was receiv'd, he continued to render himself agreeable, in which he had very good Success. *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*, who soon perceiv'd her Mother's growing Passion, took a malignant Joy in augmenting it, and throwing *Mr. Desbrieux* into the most ticklish Perplexity: There is but one Way of obliging my Mother to be favourable to you, said she to him, one Day in the Garden: She has

has hitherto rejected all the Offers that have been made, because not one of those who have done me the Honour to address me, could find out my dear Mother's Foible: Continue to make your Court to her; let her imagine, if you please, that you give her the Preference; if you are lucky enough to make her believe so, no Doubt but I shall soon be yours. Was not this enough to redouble the Ardor of *Mr. Deslival*? Nothing could be greater than it was, and every body believed him in Love with the Mother. The Countess de N—— was mistaken among the rest; Self-Love was easily flatter'd, her Heart was struck, Gratitude press'd it; she had been formerly compassionate, now-a-days we are less severe upon the Article of Decency: After some Struggle, she resolv'd to own to her Lover, he was not indifferent. *Mademoiselle Delbieux* perceived by her Mother's Pensiveness, what pass'd in her Breast; she was frequently treated with Severity, because she deserv'd it; now she had it in her Power to be reveng'd. without trespassing on Respect; she snatch'd the Opportunity with great Eagerness.

Mr. Deslival had been well receiv'd till now; his Situation changed. *Mademoiselle Delbieux* from Mild and Obliging, behav'd to him with Coldness and Severity: He was astonish'd at it, and us'd the most pressing Means of regaining her: In what is it I have displeased you? said he to her, one Night sitting by her when other People were playing at Quadril e, you have avoided me for these eight Days past; scarce do I appear, but your amiable Countenance is clouded; could I be so unhappy as to have unknowingly drawn upon myself this Treatment? Let us have no more Words upon this Subject, if you please, answer'd the dear *Mademoiselle Delbieux*: you would find it a hard Matter to justify yourself, I am none of those Fools; and if I appear otherwise than formerly, you may be assur'd I have good

good Motives for so doing ; nay, they are undeniable: I own I had an Esteem for you ; but you have given me Reason to alter my Sentiments ; let us talk no more of it : You have had your Views, I wish they may succeed. I am surpriz'd however you take the Pains to question me, having a more agreeable Employment upon your Hands, and which well deserves all your Pains. Saying this, she rose, and left *Mr. Desfiaval* astonish'd at a Discourse to which he could not imagine how he had given Occasion.

So little did he suspect from whence such an Oddity could arise, that he drew near the Table where they were at Play, whisper'd the *Countess de N—* : Her Daughter, piqued at this Behaviour, and sitting near her Mother after she had quitted *Mr. Desfiaval*, rose hastily up, and answered very scornfully a Civility her Lover shew'd her as she pass'd by : This extraordinary Treatment made an Impression, and he resolv'd to know the Reason of it as soon as possible.

Hitherto *Mr. Desfiaval* had acted only upon a View of Interest. *Mademoiselle Delbieux's* Fickleness made him look upon Things in another Light : Love, which he had hitherto treated as Folly, and to which he had not yet been a Slave, reveng'd his Indifference, and made him sensible of his Misfortune in losing the good Graces of so charming a Person, as *Mademoiselle Delbieux* : Jealousy, the constant Companion of a growing Passion, insinuated itself into his disturb'd Mind, and made him recollect that his Mistress distinguish'd a certain *Mr. Destourneaux*, a great Hunter, who could discourse of nothing but Hounds and Horses, unless it were to ridicule, asperse, or murder his Neighbour's good Name. On such Occasions he shone, and these fine Accomplishments made him be consider'd by *Mademoiselle Delbieux* ; besides, he was a Gentleman of no Conduct, and thought to be

be privately married to a Girl very much beneath him.

Mr. Destival, after some jealous Reflections concerning *Desfourneaux*, concluded he was the Cause of the Alteration in *Mademoiselle Delbieux*; this Thought gave him Pain, he resolv'd to watch this Rival, and he thought he had great Reason to imagine himself not mistaken, and that he was sacrific'd to this new Comer: He was no sooner convinc'd of this fatal Truth, but he became extremely jealous, and that so openly that every body perceiv'd it. *Mademoiselle Delbieux* was one of the first who found it out: She triumph'd in it, and did all she could to carry it to the greatest Excess, by overwhelming *Desfourneaux* with a distinguishing Politeness.

As to the *Countess de N——*, she behav'd quite otherwise; she had, as I have said before, given Way to the supposed Addresses of *Mr. Destival*, but seeing them cease on a sudden, and her Lover melancholy and uneasy, she could not tell what to think of such a Coolness and Alteration of Temper: What is the Matter with you? said she one Day to him, when he appear'd more Thoughtful than ordinary; are you sick, or going to be so? I scarce know you; formerly you was gay, polite and entertaining; one could not live with you, and not be enchanted with your Temper; now you are dull, silent, ill-humour'd, one does not know who you are angry with. I flatter'd myself with being your Confident, yet for these eight Days you have been out of Humour, and I cannot find out the Reason: this whimsical Proceeding of yours surprises me, and if I was less your Friend I should know how to be reveng'd, and should make myself easy.

Mr. Destival, whose Trouble was renew'd by this Discourse, forgot the Part he had undertook, and fetch'd a Sigh: That's well, said the *Countess* smiling, we shall soon know what puts you out of Tem-

Temper; this Sigh is a Preliminary of your Confidence in me: take Courage, my poor *Destival*, prithee let's have no Mystery, and I promise to use my Endeavours to make your Troubles cease: Ah! Madam! replied the jealous Lover, my Troubles are not of a Nature to be easily remedied, I am jealous, and you easily comprehend—Jealous! cried the *Countess*, very seriously; of whom? good God! do you see any Body here, who can give you the least Uneasiness? Is any one favour'd but yourself? Yes, no Doubt, Madam, replied *Destival*: has not *Desfournaux* the Preference? Alas! I perceive it but too well; and since you must know it, that's what puts me in the Condition, for which you reproach me.

This Confession threw the *Countess* into the greatest Surprise; she could not remember to have ever so behav'd to *Desfournaux*, as to give *Destival* Room to think she gave the other the Preference: To this End she did all she could to disabuse him: *Destival* went upon too sure Grounds, as he thought, to yield to all these Protestations. Well! said the *Countess* to him with some Impatience, I know an infallible Way of convincing you of your Error; and lest you should still entertain any Doubt on this Subject, I will this instant forbid your Rival my House, he shall never set his Foot within my Doors again, and you shall be for ever deliver'd from his Presence. *Destival* was so sensibly obliged by this Condescension, that he threw himself at the *Countess's* Feet, and assur'd her, that for this Mark of her Goodness, there was nothing in this World, he was not ready to undertake, to convince her of his Gratitude. As he pronounc'd these Words, touch'd with the singular Favour she had shewn him, he seiz'd one of her Hands, and kiss'd it a hundred Times. *Mademoiselle Delbieux* came in as he was in the midst of these Transports, and turn'd pale with Anger

Anger at so decisive a Piece of Intelligence, and which prov'd effectually that *Destival* had deceiv'd her, when he vow'd to love nobody but her: On the other Hand, the Mother piqued that her Daughter should find a Man at her Feet, bid her very sharply, retire, and that she thought her very bold in endeavouring to surprize her. *Mademoiselle Delbieux*, ever haughty, answer'd, running hastily back, that she had no Design of being Witness to such an Affair, and that when Persons were in such a Situation, they ought to provide against being surpriz'd. The *Countess*, provok'd at the Answer, run to chastise her. *Destival*, perceiving her Design, interposed, and exerted himself in appeasing her: This was no hard Matter, being now at the bottom of the Affair she had endeavour'd to unravel, and of which we shall give a farther Account, after a Word or two concerning *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*: She retir'd to her Chamber, extremely nettled at the Rebuff she had receiv'd: The worst Construction, according to her Custom, was put upon what she had seen; she concluded *Destival* imposed upon her, that he really lov'd her Mother, and was belov'd again, and that there was a very good Understanding between them; this Thought made her cry for Vexation, and inspir'd a cruel Resentment: She resolv'd in her Mind the Means of revenging herself; her wicked Disposition suggested to her that she ought to dissemble, and endeavour to recall *Destival*, in order to have it in her Power to punish them both for deceiving her: She had too good an Opinion of herself, to doubt of Success: she consulted her Glass by way of Prelude, put on some agreeable Airs, exercis'd her Eyes, and then went to the Room where the Company generally met, expecting *Destival* would be there before Dinner according to Custom.

As to the *Countess*, she soon saw thro' *Destival*'s Discourse; she found his Jealousy had discover'd him, and that her Daughter was the Di-

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vinity to whom he sacrificed : a Word that dropp'd from *Destival*, let her into the Secret, and convinced her she was made a Property ; but upon Reflexion she was perplex'd ; why should he pretend Love to her ? Her Daughter was not under such Restraint, as to be obliged to have Recourse to such Stratagems ; this she was desirous to unravel on the Spot, and resolv'd to dissemble, the better to effect her Design. *Mr. Destival*, surpris'd at the *Countess's* remaining silent for some Moments, whilst she made these Reflexions, ask'd, very respectfully, what was the Matter, and whether he had been so unfortunate, as to incur her Displeasure ? No, Sir, answer'd she, I respect and value you very much, but I have a Scheme in my Head : I shall require a Sacrifice at your Hands. You have said a hundred Times you love me, and that there is nothing in the World you would not do to convince me of it ; what I expect from you is of Consequence, and will cost you dear, if you really love me in the Manner you have protested : Consider, before I go any farther, consult your own Breast, have you dealt sincerely with me ? and may I rely on your Protestations ? *Destival*, surpris'd at this Preamble, and called on to confirm what he had so often vow'd, was obliged to comply. Well then, continued the *Countess*, if so, I may rely on your Compliance and Regard for me. This restores my Tranquillity, and inclines me to open my Heart with the greater Confidence. Be very attentive, I beg, and if you have a real Respect for me, do not interrupt what I am going to say.

I am satisfied of your great Merit, continued the *Countess*, looking earnestly on *Destival*, and if I had only consulted my own Satisfaction, should not have hesitated in rewarding it ; but after five and twenty, one ought to weigh Things more attentively, and foresee the Consequences too much Precipitation

VOL. II. might

might draw after it, and the Repentance it might occasion: Tho' I am not accountable to any one, and may marry when I please, I have thus long defer'd using my Liberty; I love my Daughter, as much as a Mother ought, but if I indulge my Inclinations for you, it will prevent her being so well provided for, as I am not too old to have Children; for in that case, instead of being a great Fortune, she would become a very moderate one. This is the essential Point, and on which after making due Reflexions, I came to a Resolution, very plain, as you will see, but the whole World shall not prevail on me to change it.

I am willing to marry you, if you'll accept of me with my bare Jointure, that is, without including what I design for my Daughter: This will be but little, and as your Circumstances are but moderate, I shall be the first to advise you, not to consult the Passion you seem to have for me; but, to do better; and let Reason, not Love, guide us both. I have an Affection for you, I sacrifice it to a maternal Tenderness, and offer you my Daughter; marry her, she is rich and handsome; it will cost me dear, but I shall have the Comfort of having done my Duty, and given my Daughter and You an Opportunity of making each other happy. Such is my Plan, surprising enough no Doubt, but now it is laid down to you, there is nothing to be done, but to come to a Resolution once for all; you see the Affair turns on this Point, either to marry me without any thing, being determin'd not to injure my Daughter, or to marry *Mademoiselle Delbriux* notwithstanding your Affection for me, and you and I never to see each other more: You must resolve one way or other, these being my Intentions; to morrow at this Hour I expect your final Answer; so much Time I allow you, that nothing be concluded on in a hurry. Saying this the Countess retir'd

retir'd to her Closet, leaving *Destival* astonish'd at what he had heard, and vastly perplex'd how to Act in so critical an Option, which call'd for all the Wit he was Master of.

The Affair appear'd to be of such Importance, that he was convinced he ought to weigh it with the greatest Attention; to this Purpose, he order'd a Horse to be saddled, and went home, that he might deliberate without Interruption. Going out of the Castle, he was observ'd by *Mademoiselle Desbieux* from a Window; she was much surpris'd at it, he never going away before without taking leave of her. This Behaviour confirm'd her first Suspicions; Pride and Self-love were so far humbled, that a Sigh ensued, and for the first time she felt an unusual Emotion, never having known what Love was before; but now it represented *Destival* as an amiable Lover, and with whom she might have been happy, had her Mother suffer'd them to have been united. All his good Qualities presenting themselves, reminded her of his ardent Addresses, and she was partial enough to think them sincere, and herself beloved; she concluded, her Mother had depriv'd her of this Conquest; and, being taken with her Lover, had seduced him from her, and oblig'd him to alter his Behaviour in her regard; upon this she conceiv'd a Hatred against her for such cruel Proceedings. After various Reflexions surpassing each other in Bitterness, her high Spirit hurried her into a Notion, that on such an Occasion the Bounds of Decency were to be trampled under Foot, and no Expedient left untryed, to prevent being fool'd in this Adventure.

Fully satisfied on this Head, she retir'd to her Chamber and wrote to *Destival*, telling him, that the next Day before her Mother was stirring, she would make a Visit to a Relation in a Monastery about a League distant, that he would

oblige her in giving her a Meeting in the Way, she having something of Importance to communicate to him: She concluded with assuring, that he would have Reason to be satisfied with the Interview she propos'd.

This Note she gave a Farmer's Son, who was devoted to her, and paying him before hand, insisted upon Secrecy in delivering it and bringing back the Answer. This young Fellow, for all his Simplicity, after quitting *Mademoiselle Delbriex*, was sensible of the Consequence of what he was going to do, and hesitated some time how he ought to behave: As his Education had been better than usual, and he continually at the Castle, he had seen more of the World than others of his Rank; he was sensible, as I said, of the Consequence of what was requir'd of him, and dreading the *Countess's* Resentment, if he should carry on such an Affair without her Knowledge, he resolv'd to show the Letter to his Lady, and assuring her that however her Daughter might resent it, he would hazard any thing, rather than be wanting in his Duty to her.

The *Countess* doubly rewarded his Fidelity, above what her Daughter had given him, and mightily commended his Honesty. Upon opening the Billet, she was extremely surpris'd, and long'd to know the Motive of such an Appointment: in order to penetrate into this Mystery, she determin'd to write another, and send it instead of her Daughter's, to change the Time and Place of Rendezvous; she appointed a Place in the Park, where a Door open'd upon a Fountain, and fix'd the latter End of the Night for the Time of Meeting; she added, there were Reasons for it, as he should soon be convinced.

When this was wrote, she sent it by the same Person her Daughter had pitch'd upon, charging him to bring her *Desirée's* Answer. He was no sooner gone, but she was terribly dejected, reflecting

a thousand Times how she ought to behave in a Conjunction, where she was doubly concern'd, and endeavouring to find out the Cause of this sudden Step of her Daughter's; at first, she imputed it to the Conversation she had with *Desfival*, which her Daughter having discover'd, had taken something into her Head after her Lover was gone, and had a mind to impart it to him; all this only encreas'd her Vexation, she did not hate *Desfival*; but after the sincere Declaration she had made him in their last Conversation, she was extremely nettled that he should sacrifice her to her Daughter, and presume to form any Schemes without consulting her.

The Peasant was highly pleas'd with his own Conduct on this Occasion; and went merrily on his Errand, expecting a treble Gratification, instead of one, for his Treachery, not doubting in the least, but *Mr. Desfival* would reward him very amply for his Trouble: These pleasing Reflections accompanied him on his Journey, and meeting with a Tavern he went in to take a Glass, as he was flush of Money: But it often happens when a Man is agreeably engaged, he can't always give out at Pleasure; instead of one, he drank several, and follow'd it so close, that, having none of the strongest Heads, the Liquor overpowering him he was obliged to go to Sleep, and did not wake of four Hours; by this time it was dark Night, which made him heartily repent his Indiscretion; however, he comforted himself with thinking to make up the lost time with his Haste, and to invent some Excuse for what had happen'd contrary to his Intention.

But one would imagine Falshood is always attended with ill luck; the Peasant went a League too far, lost his Way, and instead of *Mr. Desfival's*, he went to *Mr. Desfurneaux's* House; he had never been at either of them, and was only

guided by the Directions he receiv'd, believing himself right, he ask'd the first Servant he met in the Court, if his Master was at home? As there was no Name on the Note, he answer'd in the Affirmative, and his Business enquir'd, for that the Gentleman was come tired from Hunting, and gone to Bed, and that it was impossible to see him. The Farmer's Son would have willingly deliver'd the Note himself; but not to lose time, which was precious, and intending to make amends for his fault by a speedy return, he gave it to the Servant, begging him to bring an Answer immediately.

The Master of the House was not a little surpris'd at the Message and its Contents; it was *Mr. Destourneaux*, the Gentleman Sportsman to whom *Mademoiselle Delbieux* had shown so much Regard to make *Destival* uneasy. *Mr. Destourneaux* had too much Vanity to ponder long on the Biller he receiv'd; he flatter'd himself on the Occasion, and attributed to his own Merit the Appointment made him; accordingly, he presently return'd an Answer in a very polite and grateful manner, promising to be there at the Time, and then express how sensible he was of the high Favour, with which she was pleas'd to distinguish him. *Destourneaux* was a great Reader of Romances, and consequently there is no room to doubt of the Energy of his Style and Expressions.

Mademoiselle Delbieux's Messenger was well pleas'd with his Generosity; tho' *Destourneaux* was voraciously covetous, he thought he must do something extraordinary on such an Occasion, and order'd a handsome Gratification: the Peasant made so much haste back, that he reach'd the Castle before they were gone to Bed; which might easily happen, since both the Countess and her Daughter had Reasons not to be too early, having such an interesting Affair on their Hands.

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The *Countess*, apprehensive, and not without Cause, lest her Daughter should see the Farmer's Son first, had pretended to go to Bed; but order'd *du Parc*, the old waiting Woman mention'd in the first Part, to watch the Peasant's Arrival, and artfully prevent his being seen by her Daughter. These orders were so well executed, that, for all *Mademoiselle Delbieux's* Diligence, the Answer was carried to the *Countess* before ever her Daughter knew of his Return. By the Tenderness of the Billet, the *Countess* judg'd *Desirval* (whom she thought the Author) to have a large share of her Daughter's Affections, and that he was as deeply in love on his Side. This Discovery drew a Sigh from her, she blamed in her mind *Desirval*, and her Daughter, regretting very bitterly her Kindness for them, which they repaid with so much Ingratitude: in order to have her Revenge, and not to be their Dupe, she dictated a Note to the Farmer's Son, in which *Desirval* thank'd her, in the most tender Manner, for the singular Favour she did him, in giving him a private Meeting; but represented to her at the same Time, the Hazard she run in going from Home on such an Affair: He propos'd the Park-gate and Fountain, as had been mention'd in the fictitious Note, which *Desfourneaux* had receiv'd; the Change was introduced so handsomely, and such a plausible Reasons alledged, that *Mademoiselle Delbieux* could not possibly take it amiss.

It's easily perceiv'd, that the *Countess* by this Plot, wanted an Opportunity to be near the Place of Meeting, in order to hear what pass'd, without being concern'd or discover'd by *Desirval* or her Daughter: For thro' her artful counterfeiting the Billets, she expected *Desirval* would come according to his Mistress's Appointment, and her Daughter, inform'd by the Answer she receiv'd, where he would be, of course would repair thither. The

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Contrivance was not amiss, the *Countess* did not want for Cunning, as had plainly appear'd on several Occasions. *Mademoiselle Delbieux* at last receiv'd the Answer, and began to chide her Messenger for his long Stay; but he excus'd himself by alledging, that *Mr. Desfival* was Hunting, which oblig'd him to wait his Return. After reading the Billet, she prepar'd for the Meeting; but in order to prevent any Suspicion, if she should be seen going thro' the Gardens, she acquainted her Maid, whom she could trust, with the Design, and as soon as the Farmer's Son was out of the Way, they went from her Apartment, as the Time drew near for Meeting her Lover; at the Place appointed, she sat down on a Seat of green Turf near the Gate, and cough'd by way of Signal in case he should be arriv'd first. The *Countess*, who was already there behind a large Tree, was overjoy'd to find she was so well placed as to hear every Word in the approaching Conversation: Though she was naturally fond of her Daughter, yet her Behaviour and false Heart had made such deep Impressions, that she determin'd to take an ample Revenge, and punish her severely; but she was desirous to detect her in the Fact, that the Equity of her Proceedings might not be contested.

As to *Desfournaux*, whose Head was turn'd by the Billet sent in *Mademoiselle Delbieux's* Name, he came according to the Appointment: Any other would have used all manner of Precaution to prevent being discover'd; but, whether thro' Fear, or to give Notice of his Arrival, he hem'd, sung, and enter'd the Park with as much Confidence, as if it had been broad Day, or there had been no Reasons for Privacy. This nettled *Mademoiselle Delbieux*, and made her imagine, that such Behaviour was owing to his Contempt of her, and was on the point of retiring: her Disdain might perhaps have

have gone farther ; but her Maid appear'd her with saying something that flatter'd her Vanity, as is usual with such Creatures, and she determin'd to stay ; not without a firm Resolution to rattle the Spark (whom she took for *Destival*) and reproach him, as his Indiscretion justly deserv'd.

Though Day-break was at hand, the Obscurity of the Wood was such, that there was no discerning any Objects, and had not *Destourneaux* been so unthinking as to sing as he came along, it would have been impossible to discover him. *Mademoiselle Delbieux* step'd forward to meet him : Really Sir, said she in a low Voice, retiring again to her Seat, I wonder at you ; should I go and never see you more, you would be rightly serv'd. How is this, replied *Destourneaux* very confidently, what have I done, my Charmer, to deserve this Reprimand ? If I did not come sooner ——— That's not the Business, replied *Mademoiselle Delbieux* very sharply, it's in vain to pretend not to understand me : Doubtless you design to draw hither the whole Family, to be Witness to what I am going to say, or rather that you may not be forced to stay too long with me : I suppose by your Noise you have a mind to give my Mother notice of your being here, to enjoy her dear Company, and be rid of mine ; but be not deceiv'd, I know how to revenge myself once for all, and perhaps your Affairs are not so far advanced as you imagine.

Destourneaux, who comprehended nothing of all this, swore he had no Design to make her uneasy ; that what she complain'd of was a Custom he had, but far from the Design she hinted at. Can you think me capable, said he, of giving you the least Disturbance ? and as to your Mother, do you imagine I am so foolish as to have any regard for her ? An old Coquet, that has no other Merit

Merit than that of being Mother to the most lovely Creature in the World ; if the poor Woman, with her Paint, her Patches and her faded Charms, aims at any thing more, she is mistaken: Her Airs have lost their Force, and you must banter to pretend to imagine any thing else. But let us leave this Subject, my Dear, continued *Desfournaux* in a pleasant Tone ; Time is precious, and it shall not be my fault, if it is not better employ'd.

Desfournaux's Expressions made *Mademoiselle Delbieux* laugh, especially the satirical Strokes aim'd at her Mother ; nothing could be more effectual towards appeasing her Resentment, as it was a Regale peculiarly adapted to her Taste ; instead of silencing him, she gave occasion to repeat them in a severer and louder Strain : I am surpris'd, said she, to hear you express yourself thus concerning my Mother, your Sentiments and Designs in her regard, being no secret to me, nay of which I have been a Witness ! As to that, *Mademoiselle*, said he, raising his Voice so as to be heard very distinctly, you must certainly jest with me. I a Passion for the *Countess* ? If you really imagine I ever had any Designs on her antiquated Carcass, you are much deceiv'd : No, *Mademoiselle*, be assured I never lov'd her, nor had the least Inclination that way : I am in love, it's true, but it's with your charming Person, for the Possession of which, I would sacrifice every thing that is dear to me. For the future, banish—— That will not be so easily done, replied she interrupting him with a mysterious Air ; you labour in vain, if you endeavour to convince me of it. As to your Pretensions to me, which you have so often urged, and repeat now perhaps only to deceive me a second time, and sacrifice me anew, they will not pass ; I have undeniable Proofs, that you are secretly under Engagements : these I expect

peet you make a Sacrifice of to me, and that in
 such a Manner, as to make me perfectly easy.
 Consider, Sir, continues she very haughtily,
 thinking she talk'd all this while to *Desfival*,
 whether I am worth your breaking with her that
 gives me this Uneasiness, and declaring to her in
 exprefs Terms, and to which I must be a Wit-
 ners, that you never lov'd her, and that if you
 pretended it, you had good Reasons for what you
 did: this done, I may believe your Protestations,
 and if you persist in loving me, may listen to
 what my Heart will plead in your behalf. If
 the Countess was astonish'd at her Daughter's Ma-
 lice, *Mr. Desfourneaux* was no less so, at what
 he heard concerning his secret Engagements; at
 first, he had imagin'd this Appointment was owing
 to the young Lady's Desire of Secrecy, and his
 personal Merit: Self-love is always forward; but
 still he could never be so stupid as to think, she
 could design any Thing solid, bad as his Circum-
 stances were, and his Conduct so much exclaim'd
 against, ever since his Father's Death, who left
 him his own Master too soon, that he durst not
 offer Marriage to any one for fear of being rejected
 with Scorn. Having done himself Justice, in think-
 ing he deserv'd no better than to marry his Maid,
 he apprehended that the Engagements *Mademoiselle*
Delbieux mention'd, was that fatal Piece of ill Ma-
 nagement, and which was touch'd upon to try his
 Sincerity; being perswaded of this, he thought he
 must act without Disguise: I will not deny, *Ma-*
demoiselle, said he, that I am under Engagements,
 as you say, I own them; but, if throwing them
 aside will convince you, how jealous I am of your
 Favour, I promise you shall never hear of them
 more. We shall see, replied *Mademoiselle Del-*
bieux whether you keep your Word: To morrow,
 cried *Desfourneaux*, the Business shall be disatch'd;
 agreed, continued he, seizing one of her Hands,
 which

which she drew away ; to morrow I break with her for ever, and am entirely yours : Receive this Kiss as a Pledge : Not so fast, cried *Mademoiselle Delbieux*, behave as you ought, or I am gone ; you have learnt an ill Custom, this reminds me of what I discover'd between you and the Person I spoke of ; she might have her Reasons to allow of such Freedoms, but I have a thousand to behave otherwise.

Now I think on it, continued she with a malicious Smile, own sincerely what Terms you are upon with her ; I fancy things have been carried farther than I at first imagin'd—— You hesitate, continued she ; may I not be trusted, or do you dissemble in order to impose on me a second time ? Speak, come to a Resolution, I will know the Truth, or be gone and never see me more.

Desfourneaux was cruelly perplex'd at this Challenge : He could not rightly conceive what *Mademoiselle Delbieux* aim'd at ; he was persuaded these Queries related to his secret Engagements, but he could not understand that she had been a Witness to any of his Interviews, this confounded him ; all he could gather was, that she knew more of his private Marriage, than he was aware of, that she was in love with him, and that for fear he should conceal any thing, she pretended to have made these Discoveries : With this Notion, he answer'd accordingly, which only served to encrease the Perplexity.

The Jest of all this was, these two were at cross Questions. *Desfourneaux* spoke of his Wife, *Mademoiselle Delbieux* of her Mother, and as for the Countess she was quite at a loss ; and, desirous to understand what they talk'd of, drew nearer, and was more attentive than ever.

I should think myself much obliged, answer'd *Desfourneaux*, if you would not insist on my acknowledging a Weakness, of which I am more ashamed than

than ever, and which must be disagreeable, without furnishing any thing to divert you. That's nothing, cried she interrupting him hastily, I will know the whole Affair, and unless you will disoblige me, you must not omit the least Circumstance.

Well then, to satisfy you, replied he, I own we are married. You are married! cried she interrupting him again; and dare to make your Addresses to me! No wonder my Mother was so indulging: You have said enough, Sir, I desire to know no more; had I imagin'd as much, I should not have thus expos'd myself; farewell for ever; I wish you Joy, but let me hear no more of it. Saying these words, at which *Desfourneaux* was Thunder-struck, she and her Maid took to their Heels, leaving him and the *Countess* so amaz'd at this Conclusion, that they retir'd, without being able to comprehend the strange things they had heard; any one, on such an Occasion, would have been equally perplex'd.

It was very odd in this puzzling Interview, that nobody suspected the Source of these diverting Mistakes: The *Countess* return'd with a firm belief that it was *Desfival* who came thither: *Desfourneaux* went away fully persuaded that the Meeting was design'd for him; and *Mademoiselle Delbieux* retir'd to her Apartment well satisfied that her Mother was married to *Desfival*, and herself impos'd on by his Addresses. All this was owing to the Darkness of the Night: The Sound of the Voice, which might have been of service, was of no Use, because the Maid insisted on their speaking very low: all together, as one may imagine, produced very diverting Consequences.

We shall reserve the Detail for the next Part, not to be wanting to Order. Dinner, which my Aunt served up, interrupted my Father in this Part; what regards myself, is too urgent to give place to what belongs to others.

It was with some Difficulty I prevail'd with my Parents to sit down. I long'd prodigiously to mention myself, without raising any Suspicion how much I was concern'd; my Aunt gave me an Opportunity by asking them, when she set on the Desert, whether they had heard from me? Alas, no, Sister, replied my Mother with an Air of Trouble at such a Question; I heard indeed that she was for some time in a Convent not far from us, by one who was then a Pensioner there, but now lives about a League from our Village; but she added, that when *Mademoiselle Delbieux* came thither, my Daughter disappear'd, and that is the last Account I had of her. Perceiving the Discourse was like to rest there, I reviv'd it by asking, how it was possible their Daughter should omit acquainting them where she was? In all Appearance, continued I, she was us'd unkindly by you, or else she would have behaved otherwise. Far from it, Madam, replied my Father, she was spoild with too much Fondness, and would always have her own Way; to this it is we owe all the Vexations she has brought upon us: Where she is, or how she employs herself, I know not; but she must one Day answer to God, for all the Tears her Obstinacy has drawn from her Mother's Eyes: for my Part, I am come to a Resolution, and abandon her to her unhappy Fate.

Good God! *John*, replied my Mother, wiping away the Tears which she could not hide, we must hope that Heaven will open her Eyes; you ought not thus to throw the Helve after the Hatchet. How do we know after all, but she may not be so much to blame, as they pretend? Your Son in law has too much Credit with you. Ay, that is just like you, replied my Father something peevishly; you are always throwing *Colin* and your Daughter in my Teeth; it is not they that occasion these Stories of her, but her own
bad

bad Conduct and ill Humours. Has she ever sent us any Tidings, since she went away? Go, you are a foolish Woman to lament her thus every Day; it's more than she deserves; if you would be ruled by me, never mention her Name. Look ye, Husband, replied my Mother, nobody should be condemn'd unheard; for all you can say, my Daughter ever had an honest Heart, and inclin'd to Virtue; I would lay any Wager, were she her own Mistress, she would give us evident Proofs of it; but, as they say, the Absent are always to blame, and when People are down, down with them. True enough, replied my Aunt very piteously, witness *John Belanger* our Ringer. the great Bell was no sooner broke, but in ringing the other the Steeple fell upon him.

The Gravity with which this silly Comparison was utter'd, made me laugh very heartily; *Barbara*, as well as my Father and Mother appear'd so confounded, that I was obliged to make an Apology for my Mirth: People in low Life, when before those they think are much their Betters, always fancy themselves the Subject of Ridicule; a great deal of Caution must be us'd, to prevent their being affronted. I made amends by an obliging Behaviour, for my Indiscretion, which was soon forgot; in order to make myself again the Subject of their Conversation, I like, said I to my Aunt, your taking your Niece's Part; for by the Character her Mother has given of her, I am interested in her Behalf, and am persuaded she would, without very good Reasons for the contrary, have given before now convincing Proofs of her Affection and Duty; Appearances are not always to be relied on, as they are often deceitful. You are very good, Madam, replied my Mother looking stedfastly on me (which she had not ventur'd to do before) to take my poor *Jenny's* Part. If I had been believ'd, People would

have had the same Opinion of her, and suspended their Censures ; but every one has not your good Sense. Saying this, my good natur'd dear Mother could not avoid melting into Tears, Nature exerted herself, and the meeting of our Eyes doubtless stirr'd the Sympathy of our Hearts, we both cried. By pretending Business in my Closet, I prevented any Discovery on my Side, and staid there till I had recover'd myself; I could hear my Father blame her Tenderness and Tears. She excus'd herself, by alledging the great Resemblance between her Daughter and me, which made such an Impression, she said, that she could not refrain from crying. My Father own'd he was of the same Opinion, and, if he had durst, would have mention'd it. After this, their Discourse run upon who I was, and my Way of Life. My Aunt extoll'd me to the Skies, and said, that at Court where she had been with me, none but Persons of Quality visited me, most of them my near Relations : and as to my Conduct, no Nun ever lived more regular ; then she discanted on my good Nature and Generosity ; she told them I permitted her to sit down to Table with me, and was so sweet temper'd, that whenever she did any thing about me, I always thank'd her. My Father and Mother congratulated with her on her good Fortune, advising her to cultivate it ; that as for their Parts, they were far from being so happy, being hardly able to subsist, especially after being robb'd of two good Cows, which was their main Support. This went to my Heart, and I resolv'd to relieve my dear Parents in their Necessities, but so as not to discover myself, or give them the least Suspicion. In order to this, when I return'd to them, I mention'd the Relish I had for the Country, and an Inclination to spend some Months there. I had no sooner started this Subject, but poor *Barbara*, who doated on her Village, said, that
if

if I continued in so good a Resolution, their Village must be the Place; that it was the best Air and finest Prospect in all the Country. Very likely I may go there, as I am order'd to drink Milk for some Months, and if your Brother and Sister will be so good as to comply with what I shall desire, I shall not defer the Journey much longer. Be so good ! cried *Barbara* in a Transport ; go, go, I'll answer for them, you need only speak your Mind. My Father and Mother assured me they were ready to serve me, and thought themselves happy to have it in their Power. I am much beholden to you, said I, for your good Will, and take you at your Word ; but I must desire you to buy me two young Cows, that the Milk may be the better. I shall also give you Money to furnish a Chamber ; and as I am fond of Country Amusements, you must lay out a Sum of Money which I design for purchasing a little Flock of Sheep. My Father, Mother and *Barbara* stared and listen'd with all their Ears ; but, without giving them time to reply, I pulled out my Purse, and counted down fifty Pistoles with which I had furnish'd myself, besides a Rouleau of five and twenty *Louis d'Ors*. There, said I to my Mother giving her the Money, that is for the Cows and their Provision. and what is in that Paper is for furnishing your Room, which will serve me when I come, and in my Absence you may use it yourselves. My Father and Mother were so surpris'd, that their Acknowledgments betray'd their Confusion. To end them, I rose, saying I had Letters to write, and retir'd to my Closet with a Satisfaction that convinced me, there cannot be a greater Pleasure than to confer a Benefit, and acquit ourselves worthily of our Duty.

When my Father and Mother were gone, and I had recover'd from the Emotion their Presence occasion'd, I wrote to *St. Fal* ; I thought proper

to acquaint him with his Unkle's Visit, and the Conversation which had pass'd; I ask'd his Advice on that Subject; and, in order to have an Opportunity of acquainting him with the Situation of my Mind, I prais'd his honourable and disinterested Behaviour, which I knew so well, that I would not dissemble my Uneasiness in regard of his Cousin, which, I told him, was not to be express'd; I begg'd, on that Account, to hear from him very speedily, and that he would hide nothing from me.

After writing a long Letter and sending it to the Post, I took up a Book to amuse my Melancholy. I had commenced Philosopher, and advanced daily in the Knowledge of myself; I found by experience, that to conquer one's self, recourse must be had to Amusement; at first every thing that thwarts our Inclinations, is irksome; but the Mind accustoms itself to Subjection, where Courage is not wanting; Reason and a small share of Resolution will carry the Point.

I said, I had sent to the Post, and consequently was left alone; in the mean time somebody came to the Door; Night was coming on, and I did not think proper to answer, much less to open the Door. Nevertheless, I was very desirous to know who it could be. When one lives in continual Expectation, and under any Uneasiness, every thing raises the Spirits: if this should be, said I to myself, a Letter from *St. Fal*, or an Express with urgent Business, it would grieve me exceedingly to be the Occasion of his going away again. Prepossess'd with this foolish Notion, I could not refrain satisfying my Curiosity: When they knock'd a second Time, I drew near the Door and ask'd their Business? To speak a word with your Mistress, they answer'd. What would you have with her, continued I? Lord! open the Door, they replied, his Grace is coming up. I thought

thought proper to be silent upon this ; a great Light shew'd me, thro' the Keyhole, a Nobleman, whom I knew to be the Duke of——. I concluded the Visit was design'd to me, and trembled for Fear ; but hearing him say, *You mistake the Door, that is not Junia's Apartment*, I began to recover, and return'd thanking Heaven that I had been so cautious : upon this Account, as soon as *Barbara* return'd I reiterated my Commands not to open the Door without acquainting me ; I began to dread the Effects of Chance, and resolv'd to be so much upon my Guard, as to have no Occasion to repent my want of Foresight.

I know not whether I had a Surmise of what was to befall me ; but, instead of any apprehension of seeing the old *Marquess*, I remember, the Day he promis'd to come, I waited for him with great Impatience ; the great Designs, he said he had, in my Behalf, sooth'd, even against my Inclination, a certain Elevation of Mind, which rais'd my Hopes far above what I had Reason to expect ; and when I had wearied myself with Vexation, my Relief was to feed on these pleasing Dreams. Who would have imagin'd they could ever have been so fully accomplish'd ?

It was near Six in the Evening ; I began to think the *Marquess* would not keep his Promise, when he appear'd : He enquir'd in the politest manner after my Health, and when I had satisfied him, he ask'd if I was not tired with that lonely Kind of Life, which he judg'd must sometimes prove insupportable ? I assured him, I was never happier than when alone, and that in Working and Reading I defeated the most uneasy Hours. You are very happy, replied the *Marquess*, to be thus sufficient to your self ; at your Age one seldom finds so large a Share of Reason and Contempt for the World, but since it's so, no wonder you inspire such ardent Passions. Now we are upon
this

this Subject, continued he without giving me time to reply, you little think how great a Lustre you have added to your Charms and Conduct. A Person turn'd of Threescore, and of Quality too, has in his Breast a great Desire of making your Fortune; he has entrusted me with the Secret of his Passion; notwithstanding his Age, his Complaisance and Tenderneſs, which I can answer for, will make him acceptable: I endeavour'd to persuade him, that considering your good Sense, he could run no hazard in addressing himself immediately to you; but he has no mind to discover himself, till he has some hopes of not being rejected. Whilst the *Marquess* utter'd this, his Eyes were fix'd upon me. I look'd down, and in the Uncertainty of what to answer, or what was meant by all this, I thought the best way would be to turn it to Ridicule. You have a great deal of Wit, continued the *Marquess* discovering my Evasion, and it is no easy matter to impose upon you. Nevertheless, I solemnly swear, I am in earnest; you pretend to think me in jest, but what I have told you is matter of Fact: We'll say no more of it, since you don't as yet think it worth your Notice; perhaps hereafter, a properer time may offer itself, a Lover of Threescore must have Patience.

Saying this, the old *Marquess* look'd at me with an Air of Trouble and Confusion: I was at a loss what to think, or how to behave; the Lover he spoke of, resembled himself so well, that I was satisfied my Conjectures were not wrong, especially on calling to mind what his Son had often told me concerning his amorous Disposition; this Thought made me grave in my turn, and I resolve not to understand him, to prevent the Riddle being explain'd, by giving him artfully to understand, that I was averse to all such Proposals. This succeeded; the *Marquess*, with all his Cunning, seem'd to be
out-

outwitted ; but this is not the Place to unravel the Affair. To return.

The Conversation ran upon a different Subject. The old *Marquess* told me, he was labouring in my behalf at Court ; that he had reminded the King of what he had done for me heretofore ; that this had given him an Opportunity of mentioning my Merit, and grateful Remembrance of the Gratification with which I had been honour'd ; that the Monarch, hearing the *Marquess* was my God-father, and that he espous'd my Interest, did not seem very averse to allowing me a Pension : that he was in hopes it would be such as would maintain me, independantly of foreign Succours.

I must own, I was much pleas'd with this Piece of Service, my Vanity found its Account in it : One of my greatest Vexations was the Necessity I was under of being beholden to others, and without examining whether this was not a generous Artifice (as it was likely enough) for assisting me, I thank'd him very sincerely for the good News : The thing is not yet done, cried the *Marquess* charm'd at the Success of his Project, but I don't doubt at my return to wish you Joy of it : I shall be overjoy'd, continued he, for I vow, I have nothing more at heart than your Interest.

I answer'd in a proper manner to this Compliment: it grew late, and *Barbara* came a second time to know if I would go to Supper : the old *Marquess* drew near with a respectful Air which pleas'd me, and ask'd very complaisantly my leave to stay whilst I supp'd. Alas ! my Lord, answer'd I something perplex'd at his Request, knowing me so well as you do, is it possible to refuse you ? Certainly, replied the *Marquess* ; I consider you in a light so different from what you imagine, that the least Hint from you, to me is an Order not to be disputed ; as a proof of it, I am ready to leave you, if you are so unjust as to think me capable

pable of assuming a Right to the least Complaisance on your Side; a single Word will convince you; is my Company unseasonable? No, my Lord, replied I obliging him to sit down again, and charm'd with his Politeness, your Behaviour deserves even a greater regard than your Quality, and encourages me so far, that I almost dare presume to offer my Supper such as it is. Ah! you oblige me infinitely, replied the *Marquess* endeavouring to kiss my Hand, which I drew from him; this shews how charming a Creature you are. The *Marquess* said a thousand fine things besides on this Subject; Supper, which was brought in, afforded a Suspension of Compliments; I did the Honours of my Table pretty well, and may venture to affirm, the Nobleman imbib'd more Love than Wine, tho' that was not spared, he seeming to relish it.

If any precise Woman should blame my Complaisance in admitting the *Marquess's* private Visits, I hope she will condescend to inform me how I ought to have behaved. Had she been in my Place, perhaps she had not come off so well. Why should I flatter the *Marquess* for his Probity? To pique him upon the point of Honour, to prevent his taking undue Liberties; such an Address is excusable, and a Woman is allow'd to have recourse to the like Artifices, when their sole Aim is to make their Innocence or Virtue rever'd.

I had no reason to repent of my Conduct; the old *Marquess* was very gay and made love, but with the same Respect as if I had been a Woman of the first Quality. He desir'd a Song, I complied; he made me a thousand Compliments on the Subject; when the Clock struck Eleven, of his own Accord he said, he would not make me regret my Condescension, and that it was time for him to retire. I receiv'd this last Proof of his Defiance, as I ought, and indeed it was so acceptable that I declar'd my Satisfaction; after this he took leave,

leave, assuring me I should never have the least Reason to complain of his Passion, much less of his Behaviour.

During eight Days that he constantly visited, I had no Grounds for the least Suspicion, sometimes we played at *Tick-tack* which he taught me, at other Times, he gave me an Account of what pass'd at Court. This was an inexhaustible Subject. I must own this Nobleman's Conversation was so interesting, and amused me so very much, that I was never tired with it. At first, I was upon the reserve, apprehending his obliging me to explain myself with respect to his Son, which would have made me very uneasy; but when I was freed from this Care by his Discretion, I soon behaved with my usual Chearfulness. It was not disagreeable; my Temper is pliable and easily accommodates itself to my Company; I have often experienced this, and reflect with some Pleasure, that it has generally been relish'd. Pride interferes a little here, I ask Pardon; but, if it is becoming to acknowledge our Faults, is it not sometimes allowable to mention our good Qualities? In my Opinion it should be so, there being a kind of Equity in such a Behaviour.

On the eighth Day the *Marquess* inform'd me he was obliged to return to Court, and that he should not see me for a Fortnight, I swear, said he, no Journey of a long time has given me so much Uneasiness; I am so us'd to the Pleasure of your Company, that I suffer cruelly in tearing my self from you; never before could I be said to know what Dependence is and if you think me sincere, you'll contribute to make it supportable: there may be a Method thought of to render it so. The old *Marquess* for the little time he had visited, had so much accusom'd me to this sort of Discourse, that I gave little regard to it.

The

The Day following this Farewel, made me suffer in my turn : the *Marquess*, old as he was, had the Talent to divert me ; when the Hour came, at which he us'd to visit, I was alone, and gave myself up to Melancholy and Vexation ; time hung very heavy upon my Hands ; no news of *St. Fal*, and consequently none of my Lover. He was no longer guilty, from the Time I knew his Life expos'd, and every Moment I wearied Heaven with my Vows for his Safety.

One Morning when Trouble had wak'd me sooner than ordinary, I heard the Relation of something that had pass'd in the Army with a List of the Slain and Wounded cried about the Streets. This struck a Terror into me, for fear of finding the real Cause of my not hearing from those, in whose behalf I interest'd myself ; however, I desir'd my Aunt to buy it, and receiv'd it with an aching Heart. *Barbara* brought the Hawker up with her, I ask'd him whether the Account related any thing that had lately pass'd, and might be depended upon ? Without doubt, answer'd the Hawker, it is not above a Month since it happen'd, we had the Relation but yesterday. I guess'd by his Answer, the Paper he bragg'd of, was not much be credited, and told him, that if he had no fresher Account, it did not suit my Purpose. The Hawker, to retrieve his Indiscretion, said, if I was curious in knowing what pass'd in *Germany*, he would bring me the Gazette twice a Week, assuring me, that every thing which pass'd in the Army, was to be found there. I took him at his Word, and promis'd to satisfy him so well for it, that he assur'd me he would bring the Gazette, which was every moment expected, that very Day. I was highly pleas'd to think I had found out an Expedient, to know what pass'd ; as it was a Holyday and I design'd to go early to Mass, to avoid meeting any one, I sat

sat down to my Toilette, where I was not a little surpris'd at what happen'd.

Looking for Something in one of the Boxes, I found a Packet that I did not know, and which I examin'd. It proved to be a Purse, such as Counters are put into, very well secur'd, which by its Weight I judg'd to be full of Gold. I was not mistaken; it contain'd two hundred Pistoles and the following Billet.

YOU have here two Thousand Livres, a Gratitude the King grants you by my Hands: He has appointed you besides, one Thousand yearly. For so good an Oeconomist, as I know you to be, this little Revenue I am persuaded will suffice I would not deliver the Money my self, apprehending your Acknowledgments; you owe none to me: as to your Friendship, that is another Affair, and to which I shall not so easily give up my Pretensions.

The Marquess of L. V.

This Piece of Generosity, and the Manner of doing it, surpris'd me very much; it came very seasonably, my ready Money being almost exhausted by the Assistance I had given my Parents, and consequently I must have wanted very shortly. I admir'd the divine Providence, and from my Heart acknowledged its Bounties; my Fervency in the Church surpass'd what I had ever felt before; the Poor were amply remember'd; and before I left the Sanctuary, I gave Money to the Sacristan to have Masses offer'd up for the Marquess's and the Count's Preservation from the Dangers to which they were expos'd. I always had a Confidence in such Acts of Piety, and have frequently experienced that they are never thrown away; the first Effect I receiv'd from their Efficacy, was Resignation and Peace of Mind, and this certainly was no small Advantage.

The Hawker, who had promis'd me the Gazette, brought it after Dinner; I look'd earnestly for the Article which might give me some Account of the Persons, for whom I was concern'd. Alas! what became of me, when I found a Passage which too plainly confirm'd what *St. Fal* had wrote concerning the *Marquess*! The Paper gave an Account, that a Detachment, commanded by a Man of Quality, had been cut off, and the Commander left for dead on the Place. Ah Heavens! cried I bath'd in Tears, the *Marquess* is no more! No wonder I did not hear from his Kinsman. Overwhelm'd as I was, I fainted away.

Two Hours pass'd before I came to myself. I found my Bed surrounded with strange Faces, and *Barbara* on her Knees crying bitterly, having given me over for Dead: a Priest, whom she had sent for in her Fright, ask'd me how I did? Alas! cried I very piteously, more sick in Mind than Body. Courage, Madam, replied he, Heaven will relieve you; in the mean Time, resign your self into the Hands of Providence. At this the Company withdrew, and left me alone with the Clergyman, whom I have mention'd on another Occasion (the Person I sent for on Account of the Packet thrown from *Junia's* Window). I look'd upon him as one sent from Heaven at this terrible Conjunction; I acquainted him how much I was afflicted, letting him know in general, that my Fainting was occasion'd by hearing of the Death of a Person who was dear to me, and whom I look'd upon as a Man that was to have been one Day my Husband.

The discreet Ecclesiastick accommodated himself to my Weakness, comforted me with very moving Expressions, and warded off the Despair which was ready to seize me, by making me sensible of the little Credit I ought to give to the publick Papers, which, he said, were very uncertain. He exhorted

exhorted me to have recourse to God, and assured an open Refuge; in a Word, he handled the Subject with so much Address, that he prevail'd on me to promise not to indulge my Grief at the Expence of my Health; that it was a heinous Offence against God; and that an Attachment to Creatures, which drew on one's own Destruction, was a Crime for which I must one Day be responsible; he concluded with promising to visit me from time to time, and to be mindful of me in his Prayers.

Immediately after he was gone, a tall thin Man, whose monstrous black Wig struck a Terror into me, advanced, without speaking a Word, to take me by the Hand. My Head was still in such Confusion, that not perceiving him to be a Physician, I cried out for help. These Symptoms, said he seizing my Arm and feeling my Pulse in Spight of my Resistance, and addressing himself to an elderly Lady who came with him, indicate a manifest *Delirium*, and what pass'd just now was a Fit of it. The Lady must be bled immediately, whilst this Interval lasts. What with Weakness and Surprise, I was unable to interrupt this expeditious Gentleman. The Lady, who had an entire Confidence in him, said by way of Exclamation, Good God! how favourable is Providence! If Doctor *Purple* had not been at Home, what might not have happen'd? During the Lady's Soliloquy, the Physician, with an Air as if he would be obey'd, order'd my Aunt to fetch *Mr. Lancelet* the Surgeon, to let me Blood in the Foot. This terrible Order recover'd my Voice; I told Dr. *Purple*, I was obliged to him for his Care, but that God be thank'd, there was no Occasion for the Surgeon. You'll see, said he without giving me any Answer, *Mr. Lancelet* will come too late, another Fit is coming on. Hey Day! cried I interrupting him very hastily, what is the Meaning of all this?

Do you imagine I am mad ? God forbid, Madam, replied the Physician looking very mysteriously on the strange Lady, who seem'd to pity me ; we are far from any such Thoughts. Have a good Heart, Madam, continued he holding a Candle to my Face, we'll set you up again please God. Do you see, said he in a low Voice to the Lady at my Bed's Head, that Sparkling in the Eyes and staring looks ? Infallible Proofs of outrageous Madness. An Emperick as I am, is never deceiv'd by the Eye ; though the whole Faculty were present, I would not bate them an Inch. Really the Ignorance of our Physicians is prodigious ; a convincing Proof of which, is the Envy they bear Men of Skill like me. Patience ; they talk of making *Paris* too hot for me ; may be so ; but woe betide them : I have a whole Volume ready, which I'll print in *Holland*, that shall make them repent their Proceedings.

The Lady approv'd with a Nod what he said, and ask'd him what Remedies he thought of employing to cure my Madness ? Very simple ones, replied the Emperick, who was certainly the Maddest of the two. The Gentlemen of the Faculty will hold a Patient in hand three Years with their Lenitives and Regimen ; whereas my Remedies have their Effect in nine Days ; you shall see the Experiment. I'll have her bled three Days consequently twice a Day ; I'll emaciate her three Days more by a low Diet ; the last three Days she shall be set up to the Neck in a cold Bath for six Hours each Day ; and if on the Tenth she be not cured, and as much in her Senses as I am, I'll forfeit the Name I have acquir'd, and am willing to be thought as ignorant as an Apothecary's Apprentice of three Months standing.

I was so terrified at the murderous Designs this Emperick was projecting against me, that I cried out bitterly. *Barbara*, who was now return'd ;

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an to me, all in Tears, and enquired in the tenderest manner what was the matter. Alas ! my dear Friend, said I pointing to the terrible Dr. *Purple*, send that Man away, the very Sight of him makes me tremble. Is Mr. *Lancelet* coming ? cried the Emperick without regarding what I said. Oh, here he is, continued he seeing him enter the Room : Come, Sir ; to the Operation. But first of all, added he pulling out a Paper, take Notice of this Permission which has been granted me for visiting of Patients during one Month ; it's proper to do things in order, that you may go to Work with the greater Confidence. The Surgeon, without making any Reply, produced a Fillet, his Lancets, and call'd for warm Water. Whilst this Conspiracy and the Preparations were carrying on, I made a Sign for *Barbara* to come to me, then making her draw the Curtains about me, I catch'd up a Gown, and escap'd out at the Bed's Feet into another Room, securing the Door, with a firm Resolution not to open it till Dr. *Purple* and his Colleague were gone.

I could hear from hence, the Uproar my Escape, when perceiv'd, occasion'd. See, cried the Emperick, can there be a more convincing Proof of Madness, than flying from Remedies that are necessary ? You, Madam, who brought me hither, continued he speaking to the Lady in the Chamber, are a Witness of the little Ceremony with which I am us'd. Are you not of my Opinion, said he drawing near the Door ? Would it not be a Charity, a meritorious Action to break it open, and bind the Patient ? At this, under an Apprehension of their forcing the Door, I cried out aloud, and threaten'd to complain at the Window of the Outrage.

The Surgeon, who was something reasonable, begg'd of me to moderate myself, and assur'd me he was a Man of too much Honour, and too

much my humble Servant, to bleed me without my Consent. Sir, I believe you; answer'd I in Tears; but Dr. *Purple* is so bent on my Destruction, that he will oblige you to do it. No; Madam, you need not fear it, replied *Lancelet*; I give you my Word, I'll be the first to oppose it. Open the Door, that I may have the Satisfaction of discoursing with you, and you will find I have a greater regard for your Commands, than those of any other Person:

The Lady, whom I mention'd, and who was really good natur'd, and doubtless mov'd at my Tears, made the same Protestations, and promis'd me that I should not be molested. Encouraged with this I ventured to open the Door. The Surgeon and the Lady came in, shutting the Door against *Purple*, who was for forcing his Way, and made me cry out for Fear a second Time. Recover your self, Madam, said the Surgeon, and do me the Honour to inform me, what has occasion'd the Trouble I see you in? His polite Behaviour gave me new Life; I related to him all that had pass'd, and this with so much Calmness, that he shrugg'd up his Shoulders, saying, it was not the first piece of Folly the Man had committed; that it was surprizing he should have leave to practise; he added, that he did not want Skill, but that his Methods were so expeditious, that none but those whose Cases were desperate, would venture to be under his Hands.

This extravagant Adventure concluded with my gratifying very handsomely the Emperick and Surgeon, who went away well satisfied, but created such a Dislike in me to Prescriptions and Physicians, that I never could be prevail'd upon since, even on the most urgent Occasions, to make any use of them. It's true, I have often been made sensible that this is Prejudice, but it's what I cannot conquer, and probably may carry to my Grave.

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The Lady, who was so good as to come to my Assistance, when *Barbara* found me fainting away, had an Apartment in the same House with me. A great Devotee, and one who had taken a Liking to me, from seeing me, she said, pray at Church, where she continually was, with great Fervency. As soon as she discover'd by *Barbara's* Outcries, that I was in Danger, as my good Aunt imagin'd, she resolv'd to assist both Body and Soul; and it was owing to her Charity that I was visited by the Clergyman and *Dr. Purple*, in both of whom she had an entire Confidence, tho' very differently grounded, the one being a Man of Sense and well qualified for his Office, the other little better than stark mad, as the Reader may judge from what has been said.

As soon as I was freed from the Attack I had undergone, and *Barbara* had acquainted me with the Readiness the devout Lady had shown in assisting me, I return'd her Thanks in the politest manner I was Mistress of: She made me, on her Side, great Protestations of serving me, and retir'd after assuring me of her earnest Desire of being better acquainted, to which I answer'd with a low Curtesy. I had suffer'd too much by my first Acquaintance, to hazard a second. Nothing could prevail on me to change my Conduct.

When I was left at Liberty, I took a Review of what had occasion'd the Trouble I had suffer'd. In looking over the fatal Gazette which had bereav'd me of my Senses, whether the Clergyman's Discourse prevail'd, or that I found the Article not so very positive, as I had imagin'd, methought there was some room to doubt, and from thence entertain'd a faint Glimpse of Hope. The *Marquess's* Name was not inserted; there might very well have been several Detachments, commanded too by People of Quality, and possibly it might not be the

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Person for whom I was so nearly concern'd. I went to sleep with this soothing Reflexion.

Barbara, whom I would fain have sent to Bed, but was obstinately bent on watching by me, fell asleep; my Consideration for her prevented me from waking her. Happy for me, that Providence order'd it thus, for had I been left alone in the Incident I am going to relate, I must have died away thro' Fear; the Event will shew it.

The Trouble in which I had spent that Day, doubtless was the Cause of a frightful Dream, with which I was disturbed. Methought a Ghost loaded with Chains appear'd, looking mournfully upon me. I shut my Eyes at his horrible Aspect; but, compelling me to open them, I saw in his Arms a bleeding Corps all cover'd with Wounds, which I knew to be my Lover. Methought this Spectacle made so deep an Impression on my terrified Senses, that I remain'd quite stupified, and my Heart was so oppress'd, that, fullenly pensive, I beheld several dismal Objects without shedding a Tear. My Lover's Father led a Woman, who seem'd to have my Air and Features; Melancholy appear'd in the Countenance of this other Self, and what she did seem'd done by Compulsion. The old *Marquess* kneel'd down with her at the Feet of the Phantom; the Corps he carried seem'd to revive at the Woman's Approach, whom the *Marquess* presented to it, and the Blood no longer flow'd from his Wounds. He took his Father's Hand and that of the Woman, who resembled me, and join'd them. I stared, and consider'd with Emotion what pass'd; but, how was I surpris'd, when looking on the Bridegroom, I perceiv'd he was grown young again, and instead of the old *Marquess*, it appear'd to be the Son, who had been carried embrued in Blood by the Phantom: I turn'd hastily to him. Astonish'd at this, *St. Fal* succeeded to the Phantom, and seem'd cover'd with Wounds.

Wounds, as the young *Marquess* had been : his Countenance was so mournful and moving, that I was going to comfort him in the excessive Sorrow with which he appear'd to be overwhelm'd ; when of a sudden my Curtains being drawn back, I started out of my Sleep, and discover'd, by the Watch-light, a Man arm'd with a Poniard, which he presented to my Breast, saying, you are dead if you make the least Noise ; your Purse, or your Life, this Instant.

O Heavens ! to you I owe my Preservation. My Aunt, who had began to dose, as I said before, was not so well compos'd as to sleep sound. She heard the Robber breathe, who, having form'd his Design, lay hid just by her ; and it pleas'd God she should take Notice of it. Instead of giving way to Fear, she rose up under pretence of speaking to me, and said, in order to compass her Ends, that since I was going to Rest and wanted nothing, she would go to Bed in the Kitchen. But instead of that, she stole out softly, and going down Stairs she wak'd a Tradesman by means of a Chamber-window that look'd into the Court, who kept several Men, and acquainted him with the Danger I was in, and the Assistance of which I stood in need. The Man, surpris'd at this, called up his People in an instant, and sending one for the Watch, came up softly with the rest in order to assist me.

He enter'd just as the Villain was forcing me to rise in order to give my Money. The Wretch dropp'd the Poniard at this unexpected Sight, fell at my Feet and begg'd for Mercy. More dead than alive, I had not Strength to speak. The Tradesman and his People immediately secur'd him, and I presently knew him again to be the Hawker who brought the Gazette. He confess'd his Intention of robbing me, and with bitter Lamentations accus'd my Imprudence, as having given Occa-

Occasion to it, protesting that during forty Years of Life he had ever behaved honestly, but this Opportunity and his own extreme Poverty had prompted him to this Wickedness.

The Account he gave was as follows: That at the Time he brought the Gazette, some one came to receive Money; that the Quantity which I show'd, made him think of robbing me, at a proper Opportunity; that my keeping the Gazette so long afforded him leisure to take Notice of the House; nevertheless, he did not intend to put his Design in Execution that Day; but my Fainting away having created a great Confusion, he determin'd to take that Opportunity. He hid himself in a little Clofet near my Bed, and, but for *Barbara*, all would have been over. God Almighty, who watches over and protects his Servants, did not permit it, and show'd by the Instrument he was pleas'd to employ in preserving my Life, the Greatness of his Power, and that he inspires, when he pleases, the most Fearful with Courage. The secret Ways of the divine Grace are wonderful, and the great Dispenser can never be sufficiently adored.

The same Power supported and encouraged me to save the Life of the Wretch, who had attempted mine; a Moment later he had fallen into the Hands of Justice. I prevail'd with the Tradesman to let him go, and in case the Watch came before he got away, to say he had made his Escape. I was so much moved at his great Want, which he describ'd with Tears and bitter Regret for his giving way to so black a Crime, that I gave him two *Louis d'Ors* to help him to maintain ten small Children, he had upon his Hands; exhorting him to live honestly, and promising farther Assistance from time to time, on condition his Wife, or one of his Children came for it, and that I never saw him more.

I shall

I shall say no more of my Conduct on this Occasion; the Satisfaction which arose from it was a sufficient Recompence. The Watch return'd as they came, much diverted, without doubt, at my groundless Fright: as for the Workmen, whose Sleep was so luckily disturbed, I gratified them for their Pains, as they well deserv'd: their Master was loaded with Acknowledgements, and the next Day I presented him with a gold-headed Cane, assuring him I was much concern'd it was no better; I valued myself on my Gratitude for his Zeal and Readiness to serve me.

As for my dear Aunt *Barbara*, to whom I ow'd my Life, I promis'd her not to leave the World till I had given ample Proofs of my Obligations to her. A rigid Prudence prevented my declaring on this Occasion who I was; but her Simplicity was not to be trusted. Her Indiscretion might have drawn Consequences of so much Weight, that I was silent against my Inclination: nevertheless, I made amends by redoubling my Kindness, and I perceiv'd with pleasure she was sensible of it; this eas'd me of part of the Concern my Silence occasion'd. A certain Turn of Mind is never tired with conferring Benefits on those, who are thought deserving of them.

I lay awake the remaining part of that Night, and only began to rest when Day was far advanced. It was near Four in the Afternoon when *Barbara* wak'd me, on Account of a great Gentleman in a black Gown, with two Attendants, desiring to speak with me. I was sufficiently surpris'd at such a Visit, and question'd her about their Behaviour. Her Answer was, that the Gentleman in the Gown had enquir'd of her if *Madame des Roches* was at home (for thro' Inadvertency I went still by that Name) and upon her saying I was asleep, he replied, that I must be wak'd, having some Business with me. My Enquiry afforded no
Light

Light into the Affair. I was preparing to rise for receiving this extraordinary Visit, when the Commissary, who waited in the Antichamber, came very civilly into my Room, acquainting me, that I need not give myself that trouble, he having but a word or two to say. Chairs were set; and, having taken his Place, he address'd himself to me as follows.

Last Night, Madam, the Watch brought a Man before me; as he appear'd like one who was making his Escape, and it being too late for examining him, he was committed: on his Examination this Morning, having contradicted himself when ask'd from whence he came, he was confin'd a close Prisoner. A Letter, directed for you, Madam, and which he entrusted to the Turn-key in hopes of its being sent, was intercepted and broke open on Suspicion. In it he begs for Mercy, and that you would not discover him, else he is a dead Man. Being examin'd as to this Point, he declar'd that he had brought you the Gazette, and staid Supper with your Servants, which was the Occasion of his being out so late. This agrees so ill with the Contents of the Letter, that I am come, Madam, to know what Complaint he would have stifled, and which would be fatal if known. With your leave, I'll take down your Information: you are at Liberty to act as you please; but, I must inform you, that it ought to be conformable to the Truth, because there will be Witnesses called, Examinations taken, and it may be of ill Consequence, if it should appear that you have not given a true Account: The Appearance you make, Madam, is such as requires my acting in this Affair with great Deference.

Whilst he was Speaking, I could not but admire the divine Justice, which pursues Wickedness, but was concern'd at the same Time that my good Intention was frustrated. I was at a loss
how

how to answer, being sensible that the Wretch's Life depended on my Information. The Commissary waited for me to begin. At last, I said it was true, that being just going to Bed, I found this Man in my Chamber, which terrified me so much that I scream'd out and rais'd the House; but, having enquir'd into the Truth, I understood that he had fallen asleep after Supper in the Kitchen, and that when he wak'd, in endeavouring to go out, he had miss'd his way and came into my Chamber; that being frighten'd himself, when suspected for a Thief, he fled away to prevent being seiz'd. This had a plausible Appearance. The Master of the House and his Servants, whom I prepar'd, agreed in the same Story, by which means the Prisoner got his Discharge in two Days, as his Wife inform'd me when she came to return Thanks, and assured me, that she and her Family were bound to pray for me as long as they liv'd.

All these Vexations, under which I had labour'd for some time, affected my Health. By degrees I grew so pale and yellow, that every one pitied me. My good Aunt, seeing me in this Condition, exerted herself to free me from the deep Melancholy which hung upon me. You have certainly, Madam, a mind to kill me, said the good Creature: is it possible that one of your Age should thus bury herself alive? A young Lady acts very discreetly to live retir'd, I agree with you, and to give no handle to censorious People; but still she must not forswear all Diversion. Will you never cease bewailing the Loss of your Goodman? Why, has he left no body behind him, that he is so much lamented? Is it impossible to find his Fellow?

Oppress'd as I was with Affliction, I could not sometimes forbear smiling at her quaint Speeches; but, this was but a Winter's Sun, soon obscur'd

by the gloomy Clouds of Grief. My melancholy Dream was still present to my Imagination: Alas! too sure a Prediction, as I soon experienced.

One Day, whilst I was standing very pensive at my Window, a Coach stopp'd at the Door, which I knew belong'd to the old *Marquess*. I started without knowing why. When he enter'd the Room, he appear'd very sorrowful, tho' he strove to conceal it. Good God! cried he, what is the Matter? are you sick, and did not acquaint me with it? His Gentleman, who follow'd him, whisper'd something in his Ear. Very true, replied the *Marquess* to what he had heard, but I am in so much Trouble, I did not reflect on it. Ah! *Jenny, Jenny*, continued the *Marquess* throwing himself into a great Chair, how cruelly do you make me feel my Tendernefs for my Son!

Scarce had the old Nobleman utter'd these Words, when a Trembling seiz'd me: I concluded my Dream was accomplish'd and my Lover no more! This Notion prevail'd so much, that I shriek'd out, and wept bitterly. It was owing to some Drops, I had taken just before, that I did not faint away; for as I was subject to Vapours and Fits, I might very well expect it, considering the Occasion. I learnt from the Discourse of the *Marquess* and his Gentleman, which they did not observe, that my Lover was dangerously wounded in the Head, after giving signal Proofs of his Courage, and that *St. Fal* was taken Prisoner in the Battle, which was fought two Days after the preceding Action.

This melancholy News threw me into a Fit of Sicknefs. The Physicians, sent for by the *Marquess*, on the fourth Day gave me over, unless Nature, by a prodigious Effort, could shake off from about my Heart, the Bile which was on the Point of suffocating me. Nothing that I took,
staid;

staid; from whence they concluded there were no Hopes left.

The old *Marquess's* Prudence and Resolution doubtless preserv'd my Life. He never left my Bedside, and seeing me given over, he tried two Things which rescu'd me from the Jaws of Death. One was an Emetick, tho' seldom prescrib'd, and then only in desperate Cases, oftener killing than curing; he sent for six Grains, and instead of washing it well with Water, as is usual, he gave me the whole Dose in a spoonful of Broth, and to prevent my bringing it up again immediately, he held my Head up, till it had been long enough in my Stomach to have its Effect. His other Contrivance, employ'd at the same Time, did not a little contribute to my Recovery. A Courier, who had his Instructions, came in Boots, pretending to be just arriv'd from the Army, giving an Account aloud that the young *Marquess* was on the Road home; that as to his being dangerously wounded, it was a Mistake, he having only receiv'd a slight Contusion, which in four Days was entirely cured.

Notwithstanding my Lowness of Spirits, and a continu'd Fever, which took away my Speech, I could hear what was said, though, oppress'd as I was, I did not reflect much upon it; but, when the Courier deliver'd his Message, a secret Joy spread itself in my Heart, and freed it from the Load with which it had been so long overwhelm'd. The Emetick, whose Efficacy was thus assisted, work'd so forcibly, that in the Violence of retching it was apprehended I should expire. A black thick bilious matter rush'd out in Torrents, and the Convulsions in which I expell'd this Enemy of Life, burst an Impostume within me. The *Marquess's* Surgeon, a Man of great Skill, assured him, that if I surviv'd this Crisis all would be well: my Youth promis'd as much. In half an Hour's time

the Operation ceas'd, my Colour return'd, the Agitation abated, and I fell fast asleep.

In two Days I was judg'd to be out of all Danger, and my Mind regain'd its usual Tranquillity. After returning thanks to Heaven for preserving my Life, I made my Acknowledgments to the *Marquess* for the great Tenderness I was inform'd he had shown in my regard: he appear'd overjoy'd to find me in a Situation of Mind, that seem'd secure against a Relapse: he assur'd me that he was entirely attach'd to me, and still persisted in feeding the false Hopes he had given me concerning his Son: he was so complaisant, as to forge Letters from him and read them to me, that I might be perfectly easy as to that Point: Three Days convinced him I was entirely out of Danger; he return'd to *Versailles*, leaving a Servant at *Paris*, to bring him an Account of my Health every Day till his Return.

I was upon my Feet again and gathering Strength, when at last I receiv'd a Letter from *St. Fal.* I open'd it with Joy, expecting a Confirmation of the agreeable News which had been invented to please me. But alas! the Agony I felt on reading what follows! Sure no one was ever thus often overwhelm'd.

I Promis'd you to act with Sincerity and Exactness; this Day, lovely Jenny, you have a convincing proof of it. How will you receive the Tydings I here send? Shall I not have room to reproach myself for keeping my Word? I shall know. I have an exact Account of your Health, and if I hear my Letter has any ill Consequences, depend upon it, I shall ever after write to you as one who wants Resolution, and whose Weakness must be consulted.

I wrote you Word, lovely Jenny, that my Cousin had obtain'd the Command of a Detachment, and that I apprehended his Melancholy might hurry him

too far. My Fears were but too well ground'd. His Courage and Vexation put him upon attacking a Convoy escorted by treble his Number; he fell into an Ambuscade, and without a Miracle, must have perish'd. Dubois, his Valet de Chambre, whose Affection for his Master is above the common pitch, saved his Life, and brought him back to the Camp with two Wounds. But, make yourself easy, they are not mortal, and perhaps our Apprehensions magnify the Danger.

Two Days after, both Armies fought a pitch'd Battle; Victory was on our Side, but I was taken Prisoner. I am heartily concern'd as I cannot see you so soon as I expected, and am always uneasy when absent from you.

You have here inclos'd a Letter the Marquess had begun to me before the Action, and finish'd after he was wounded; it will serve to convince you, that he was not so ungrateful as you imagin'd, and is not in so much danger as you may perhaps apprehend. I shall say nothing of the Proofs I here give you of my Regard: indeed they ought to make some Impression, since I am so much my own Enemy, as to find a Pleasure in consulting your Inclinations, tho' in Opposition to my own.

I expect, lovely Jenny, the dear Pleasure of hearing you are well, and cannot be easy till then, considering the ill News I have here sent. Does my Unkle continue his Visits? To own the Truth, I was amaz'd to hear he had found you out, and was appris'd who you really are: He must be very cunning, and have very particular Reasons, to get so good Informations. He wrote to me, but took no notice; I shall do the same, for an Eclaircissement will not be very favourable to me. My Prison, and whatever else can happen, will not be troublesome, provided you still allow me a share in your Esteem, as I certainly deserve by what you possess of

mine, and the perfect Respect I shall preserve to the End of my Life.

ST. FAL.

From Manheim.

I read in great Haste the *Marquess's* Letter to St. Fal. Here it is word for word.

I Left Paris, dear Kinsman, quite frantick, and am running to an Engagement in Despair. The Cause of my Melancholy is a Secret to the World, as well as my Motive for commanding the Detachment; but it must not be so to you. Jenny no longer loves me, but gives the Preference to the Duke of ——— there is not the least room to doubt it; this occasion'd my Journey. My meeting every Day my Rival at the General's Quarters, put me upon obtaining a separate Command. Every thing is become insupportable, since the ungrateful Creature has betray'd me. In vain have I strove to throw off her tyrannical Yoke, she possesses my Heart, and her Image is ever present in my Mind. Fatal Passion! Unhappy Error! which leaves no room for Relief but in the Arms of Death!

My Scouts inform me that the Enemy is but two Leagues distant, I fly to meet them. Dear Cousin, farewell. Remember, no one ever lov'd his Rival, and yet you have been always dear to me.

If Jenny's new Lover should deceive her, be you her Comforter. I tremble for her. I know her Necessities, don't forsake her.

What follows was in another Hand.

I Am defeated, wounded, and satisfied, my dear Kinsman. The last Word will seem extraordinary, but I'll explain it; in the mean time don't be surpris'd that I make use of my Secretary's Pen; I cannot use my own, but they give me great Hopes
upon

upon taking off the first Dressing. My Hurt is a Cut on the Head with a Broad-sword. If Jenny still loves me, as a Gentleman named Melicourt writes me Word; and if what he declares himself a Witness of be true, I shall comfort myself for the Loss of one Eye, which is in some Danger, provided the other be left to behold once more the Object of my Passion, and admire her Charms. I am satisfied; assist in obtaining my Peace, unless you think me unworthy of it. Is not this making too rigorous a Trial of your Friendship, and those Sentiments we mutually cultivate? But, I know my Man, and that suffices.

The Marquess of L. V.

What Tears did not this Letter cost me! I plainly discern'd the noble Character of my amiable Marquess. How often did I kiss the dear Characters, whose Price his bleeding Wounds so greatly enhanced! What Anxiety did I not undergo! Why would not Decency permit me to take a Post-Chaise, fly to the Army, and convince him, that he alone was worthy of my Love, and capable of making me happy? A thousand Projects presented themselves for proving to the dear Man my Tenderness and Constancy, without hitting upon one Expedient to my liking. Pondering upon the Marquess's Letter, I was struck with Melicourt's Behaviour; I was the more obliged to him, as he never mention'd a Syllable of it in the Letters, I had receiv'd from him since I had been at Paris. I concluded that the Man, who conferr'd a Benefit for the sole Pleasure of doing it, was a true Friend, and the properest Person to be employ'd in sending to the Army, as I was determin'd, to have a true Account of the Marquess, and to convince him I was not unworthy his Affections.

This

This Project was no sooner thought on, but I resolv'd to put it in Execution. I wrote immediately to *Melicourt*, and sent my Letter by an Express. I made no doubt but that on the Reception of my Letter, he would instantly come to know how he might be serviceable to me. *St. Agnes's* Affair, I knew, would not be decided in upwards of six Weeks, because it had been found necessary to write again to *Rome* concerning some Difficulties newly started, which Interval was abundantly more than sufficient to go and come from the Place, to which I intended to ask the Favour of him to repair.

When *St. Agnes's* Lover came to *Paris*, I made him sensible how glad I was to see him. In order to introduce the Subject, I return'd him Thanks for his generous Behaviour in my regard. But when he perceiv'd the drift of my Discourse, he prevented me, and instead of starting any Difficulties, he said, he was obliged to me for giving him an Opportunity of making his Court to a Nobleman, for whom he had so great a Respect, as the *Marquess* of L. V. He inform'd me, that the Journey would be of singular Service to him, because he should shortly stand in need of very powerful Protectors at Court; that this Opportunity seem'd contriv'd on Purpose to oblige him, and for which he should think himself indebted to me as long as he liv'd.

It's very justly said, that the Manner of conferring a Benefit enhances the Price. I was charm'd with *Melicourt's* Manner of complying with my Request. I gave him Directions how I would have him manage the Affair, with a Letter for the *Marquess*, but desir'd it might not be deliver'd, till there was hopes that the Surprise of hearing from me, would not affect his Health. But what I chiefly insist'd upon was, that he would, without disguise, send me word what Condition he found
my

my Lover in, and his Behaviour on receiving my Letter. Every thing being concluded on during Supper, such as it was, *Melicourt* sent his Servant for Post-Horses and set out that very Night. We had computed, that he would be three Days upon the Road, and that on the seventh I might expect to hear from him. All these Regulations contributed to make me easy ; but above all, the *Marquess's* Letter, which convinced me I was still dear to him. This engross'd all my Thoughts, I had no leisure for any thing else ; when one is really in love, every other Satisfaction must center there ; in effect, can any thing surpass the Pleasure of loving and being belov'd ?

I shall not set down here my Letter to the *Marquess*, he has lost it ; and it is impossible for me to give a right Notion of it, as writing under the Influence of a strong Passion is widely different from the Productions of cold Blood. It must suffice to say, that it chiefly consisted in expressing my Grief for the Wounds he had receiv'd and the Danger he was in, with lively Assurances of the Tenderness of my Affections. No Expostulations ; who could chide a Lover, found to be constant, and known to be in danger of losing his Life ? The Heart never takes pet on such Occasions ; Love possesses it entirely, and every thing else vanishes when that Point is settled.

Two Days after this, it being a Festival of our Lady, finding I was able to go abroad, I resolv'd to fulfil a Vow my good Aunt had made for me in a Church dedicated to her, and to make one myself to Heaven in behalf of the *Marquess*. I heard Mass, and being told there would be a Sermon in the Afternoon, I din'd early and return'd again. A Capucin preach'd with so much Energy, that I was struck with it ; besides that, his Discourse was smooth and elegant, and did not favour of the Cowl ; he seem'd rather

a Gentleman recommending strict Morals. My Eyes were fix'd upon the Preacher, methought I had seen him before, but I did not reflect upon it; I was so attentive to what he said, that I took little Notice of any thing else.

In the Conclusion of his third Point, he treated of Luxury, and irreverent Behaviour during the Mysteries. I know not how he came to cast his Eyes towards me, but he had scarce look'd upon me, when his Speech fail'd him. He turn'd pale, strove against the Fit that was seizing him, but in vain, he fainted away. Every one, frighten'd and surpris'd, was inquisitive about him in Whispers. Of two Persons that knew him, one rose to reach a Vial to him who was assisting the sick Man; the other, being ask'd the Name of the Religious, whom he had said he knew, made answer, he was a Person of Quality, who had an extraordinary Vocation, and told his Family's Name. Let any one judge of my Surprise; it was the *Chevalier d'Elbieux*! Had I any Reason to expect such an Incident? I was so mov'd, that I had like to have undergone the same Fate with Father *Honoré*, for so he was called in Religion. Heaven was pleas'd to give me Strength; but, apprehending I might not be Mistress of myself, I took hold of my Aunt's Arm and retir'd.

When I reach'd home, I could not but admire my strange Destiny, that would not suffer one Day to pass unrecorded by some extraordinary Event. In reality, was there any room for me to expect such a Rencontre, who seldom went from home? This made such an Impression on me, that to prevent the like Adventures for the future, I determin'd never to go to Church but in a Morning, and that so early, as to run no hazard of meeting any one I knew. But to what purpose are such Precautions? There is no struggling against what is appointed.

The

The same Day in the Evening, the old *Marquess's* Gentleman made me a Visit : the considerable Part this Man will bear in the Conclusion of my History makes it necessary to draw his Character.

He was about fifty five, his Countenance agreeable, and, tho' not handsome, it pleas'd by reason of the Goodness of his Features ; he was tall, well made, with an Air of Grandeur in his Behaviour. His Character was to be complying and deceitful ; ever of your Opinion, in hopes of bringing you over to his own. In a word, a cunning, fly, dissembling Man. When in the least desirous to please, he was sure to succeed ; but never took the pains without a premeditated Design of turning it to your Prejudice. To this Sketch must be added, his Propensity to be envious and jealous, for whoever was agreeable to his Master, was sure to have him for an Enemy. Such was *M. de Forfan*.

Notwithstanding his ill Qualities, which he knew how to disguise, he had gain'd the *Marquess's* Confidence so far, as to be consulted on all Occasions. The Traytor was always of his Master's mind in Appearance, but constantly had the Dexterity only to agree to what he thought indifferent ; as for what he apprehended would be contrary to his Interests, he would artfully evade it ; and when that was not to be done otherwise, he had recourse to Calumny and the vilest Measures, which seldom fail'd, as he was furnish'd with Patience, Skill, and Contrivance ; three Qualities which carry a Man thro' every thing.

From what has been said, one may easily imagine he was well appris'd of his Master's Passion for me ; far from dissuading him, he flatter'd his Inclinations with every thing that could render them stronger and more bewitching. He thought me so mild, and was so fully persuaded that the Meanness of my Birth would give him the Superiority over my Interest, how great soever it might be, that he con-

cluded

cluded he should be able to govern me, much more than I could his Master. This was his Motive for promoting the Affair, and willingly undertaking the Commission of waiting upon me, and founding me concerning the Passion with which I had inspir'd the old *Marquess*, and which was come to that height, as he inform'd his Gentleman, that he was determin'd to indulge it, and try how far I was dispos'd to comply. *Forsan*, who was ignorant that his Master had more Cunning than himself, and had particular Reasons for behaving in this Manner, offer'd his Service, which was accepted of, because the *Marquess*, who had behav'd with so much Complaisance hitherto, was doubtless unwilling to do any thing contradictory to that Character.

Poor *Forsan* was far from gaining his Ends; I took him up with so much Resolution when he discover'd his Errand, that he might easily see his Project was not like to succeed. But he was not a Man to be discourag'd with the first Rebuff. He return'd the next Day to the Charge, and provok'd me so much by his Discourse, that I lost all Patience. I reproach'd him with the Baseness of the Commission he had undertaken, telling him with an Air I had never dared assume before, that if ever he presum'd to trouble my Lodgings again, I would find means to make him repent it.

After behaving in this manner, I expected to be freed from this Enemy of my Quiet; but, the Day following, he came as unconcerned, as if nothing had happen'd. Persuaded as I was, that his high Spirit would not suffer him to return, I had not forbid *Barbara* to let him in. My Colour came at the Sight of him, and I was upon the Point of shutting myself up in my Closet. Hold, Miss, said he, I have but two Words to say. You carried it with a high Hand, imagining the *Marquess* and I don't see thro' your Artifices:
but,

but you are mistaken, my Child, continued he with a Sneer; he is not at all at a loss in the Affair any more than myself; it's your fault if we do not agree, you know our Price. In the mean time, we are beholden to the virtuous Airs you give yourself; they put us upon the Enquiry, and discover'd the real Truth. We know what you aim at, and will take care to disappoint your chimerical Designs; farewel, Mistress; improve the Hint I have given you, that's all; and then left me.

It may be imagin'd, I was moved at these Impertinences, and gave way to Vexation. No, my Innocence made me perfectly easy; I apprehended indeed, that I was not agreeable to the Gentleman, and that his Endeavours would not be wanting to ruin me with his Master, by the false Accusations his Malice would suggest: my Lover had given his Character long before, which afforded me an Insight into him. Without indulging Ill-nature, I judged it proper to resent his Behaviour, and to employ the Interest, I knew I had with the old *Marquess*, to free myself from so redoubtable an Enemy, who would be a continual Obstacle in my way. Till now I had been a Stranger to the Motions of Resentment and Indignation: they took up my Thoughts sufficiently to banish all other Cares.

The first thing I did the next Morning was to write *St. Fal* word of what had pass'd between *Forfan* and me; not forgetting the Impertinence with which he had treated me; I acquainted him likewise with my Design of getting him remov'd, if his Uncle did not suffer himself to be prejudiced against me; I concluded with desiring he would use his Endeavours to return as soon as possible, frankly owning, that from the time I was left to myself, my Life had been one continued Series of Crosses and Afflictions.

This was the Purport of my Letter ; as to my Lover, he was not so much as mention'd.

I was going to seal the Letter, when the old *Marquess* enter'd the Room. I was struck at this unexpected Visit ; and being surpris'd in writing to that Degree, that I could scarce rise to receive him. You are writing without doubt, *Jenny*, to my Son, cried the *Marquess* something harshly, and snatching at the Letter which I secured in a great hurry ; I am apt to think, by your Endeavours to hide it from me, you have no mind to let me into your Secrets.

I have it in my Power, my Lord, answer'd I, to convince you of the contrary, by delivering up the Subject of your Suspicions ; but, I may easily imagine, it will be to no purpose, after the ill Offices that have been done me ; the manner in which you have been pleas'd to treat me by your Gentleman—— Don't let us confound Things, pray *Jenny*, said the *Marquess* interrupting me, and a little out of Countenance ; I desir'd *M. Forfan* to make a Proposal of Love to you from me ; this was the Extent of his Commission. I don't deny, but I have receiv'd some Informations concerning your Conduct and Designs ; but, my Intention was to discourse the Matter in an amicable way with you, and gave him no Orders to say any thing on that Subject. But, this is foreign to the Letter which you hide from me. If you satisfy me, said the *Marquess* something more politely, as to that particular, it may be a means to engage me to do as much on my Side. Few Women are without Lovers, and it would be surprising if, handsome as you are, you should want one ; the hazard you run in showing me the Letter, is my being acquainted with your Intrigue ; I promise Secrecy in the Affair, and must own I had much rather it were so, than to discover an Understanding between you and

a Son, whom I would disown if I found he had disobey'd my Commands.

This is too much, my Lord, cried I shedding a Torrent of Tears ; you shall be satisfied, which will convince you I am not given to intriguing. My Complaisance involves your Nephew ; but, he will pardon me, because I am suspected ; this is Outrage upon Outrage. See, my Lord, continued I giving the Letter, if to be sensible of ill Usage is a Crime with you, I shall appear very guilty. Saying this I retir'd to my Closet, to give full scope to my Tears.

The *Marquess* was too impatient in satisfying his Curiosity, to trouble himself with any thing else ; he had no sooner laid hold of the Letter, but, clapping on his Spectacles, he read it ; either he was very slow, or he went over it several times.

May I not be deceiv'd myself after all ? cried he, not reflecting he was overheard ; and have suffer'd myself to be prejudiced before I was aware ? This Girl's Conduct is natural enough ; she was writing without any Guile whilst I was absent ; she did not expect to see me, and sure enough had no Design of letting me see her Letter ; I must sift this matter to the Bottom. All this Soliloquy I heard ; People when in Years are subject to do so ; I conceiv'd some Hopes from it.

There was no Occasion for counterfeiting Grief, when the *Marquess* came into the Closet, it was real. There is your Letter, lovely *Jenny*, said he, I am sorry I exacted such a Compliance from you, and am more so for having given Occasion to this Affliction. Pardon me, I will strive to make amends, and before I stir, will give you entire Satisfaction as to my Suspicions, if they are without Foundation : Dry up your Tears, and let us talk over these Matters like Friends. I must own, that the dearer you are to me, the greater was my Concern at what I heard ; which was

this. I was inform'd that you have a Lover who is very dear to you, and possesses your Favours; that your Pretences to Virtue serve only to set you off and disguise your Passions; but, that your chief Reason for your Affectation is a Project you have of making your Fortune by Marriage, and that my Son is the Person you intend to ensnare by reason of the Passion you know he has for you: in all these Suppositions, allowing them to be such, there are some Truths. I am very sensible my Son perfectly adores you, and that you make him a tender Return, or at least appear so to do. His Misfortune of being wounded, and the Condition you was reduced to by the News of it, are sufficient Proofs. These, *Jenny*, are my Perplexities, you best can tell whether I am impos'd on or not.

I was eager to reply, notwithstanding my Astonishment at such vile Calumny, lest the *Marquess* should imagine I was studying a Justification. I am more surpris'd than provok'd, answer'd I looking stedfastly on him, at such base Insinuations as are laid to my Charge: my Conduct thus far baffles all such Accusations: In case I were really guilty, or dispos'd to give into such loose Behaviour, as is laid to my Charge, my Answer would be very succinct, for I should tell you, my Lord, in three Words, that I am not accountable to you for my Actions, having Friends whose Protection would shelter me from any Repentment of yours: but, as Heaven has been graciously pleas'd to guide me thus far in a blameless Path, I shall always be ready to give Satisfaction whenever my Conduct is called in question.

As to the last Article, wherein you are most concern'd, I value myself too much upon Truth and Sincerity, to deny it: Yes, my Lord, I was belov'd by your Son, and I own to you, that he is dear, and ever will be so to me; this is my
Crime

Crime and the Source of all my Misfortunes, continued I in Tears. Without that fatal Passion he inspir'd, my Days had glided on in silent, but peaceful Obscurity : nevertheless, I was far from expecting the Honour you mention as my due ; I am not so partially forgetful of myself ; but at the same Time be assur'd no other Pretensions would have made any Impression on me.

I remain'd silent a moment : the *Marquess*, look'd at me very pensively and seem'd to waver. You still suspect me, my Lord, continued I, or are incens'd at what I have own'd : I know how to make every thing easy ; and before this Time to morrow, you yourself shall acknowledge that I rather deserv'd your Pity than your Anger, and gave you no just Occasion to treat me in so cruel a manner, by *M de Forsan*.

The *Marquess*, mortified with this, and without doubt amaz'd at the Resolution I was taking, came and presented his Hand : Let us, said he, lovely *Jenny*, be reconciled : you are restor'd to my Esteem, and I am persuaded you deserve it. No, my Lord, continued I very resolutely, your Reconciliation is as fickle as your Prejudice : I have a Right to think so from your easy Credulity against my Innocence ; after such Usage, there is nothing left but a Convent, where I'll shut myself up for Life, that can secure me—Ah ! I'll never suffer it, cried the old Nobleman : I have secret Reasons for opposing such Measures. Without diving into your Secret, replied I in the same Tone, I must be so free as to assure you my Resolution is unalterable, except on one Condition——What is it ? replied the *Marquess* very earnestly. It is, continued I, to send for the Author of these Calumnies with which I am aspers'd, and oblige him to give up my secret Enemies who have dared to blacken my Character, and give him such groundless Informations ; for,

either he heard ~~the~~ Stories, or has invented them : Though I am apter to believe the one than the other, and earnestly to desire to be set right.

I appear'd so resolute, that the old *Marquess* yielded, apprehending the Design I had threaten'd to put in Execution. And indeed, I was so weary of being every moment of late overwhelm'd with Vexation, that I thought of nothing but a Convent for my Relief; but, the old *Marquess's* Reasons for humouring me, obliged him to comply on this Occasion : he sent a Servant to bring his Gentleman, and in the mean time behaved with so much Politeness, and assured me in so handsome a manner I should for the future be entirely satisfied with his Behaviour, that I gave him my word not to think of a Convent, provided I was made easy by a thorough Discussion of the Affair in Hand : but, in reality, this was more owing to the Promise I had made *St. Fal*, than any Deference to him.

M. Forfan came : the *Marquess* began with rattling him for his Behaviour to me. During this Reprimand, the Wretch look'd like a Fury. When his Master had done, he offer'd to whisper in his Ear, to excuse himself I suppose, or invent some plausible Pretexts ; but the *Marquess*, without giving him the hearing, insisted upon his naming the Authors of what he had alledged against me. *Forfan* turn'd pale at this ; but his Master persisting in his Demand, he begg'd to be excused, for fear of involving those, who, out of a motive of Friendship, had given him the Information. These Reasons are detestable, cried the old Nobleman in a Passion ; an Accusation without Proofs, argues the Accuser to be guilty ; and I begin to believe, *Forfan*, you had your Views in prejudicing me against this young Lady. No indeed, replied the Gentleman, expecting to be discharged if he did not clear himself. Why don't you speak then, continued his Master ? Have you

you less Regard for me, than for ~~the~~ you are afraid to name? *Forfan*, being sensible he could evade the Difficulty no longer, owned at last, that coming to my Apartment, he met on the Stair-case a Person he had formerly known; that this young Woman, upon enquiring his Business, and finding it regarded me, shrugg'd up her Shoulders; that imagining there was something extraordinary in this, he ask'd what she meant; and that going to her Apartment, he learnt from her what he thought was his Duty to reveal.

I was no longer surpris'd at the Calumnies thrown upon me; Women of a certain Character never pass over an Affront. *Junia*, the Person in Question, was stung with the Contempt I shew'd her, of which mention was made before, and took this Opportunity to asperse me to *Forfan*, whom she thought my Admirer. I gave the old *Marquess* an Account of what had pass'd between us, and had occasion'd the Ill-will she betray'd in this cruel manner. I desire, said I, this Affair may be entirely clear'd up; and, after relating the Trick she put upon me, and her Contrivances to gain her Ends: We need only go up Stairs, said I, and see whether she dare deny one Syllable of what I have said: at the worst, the Clergyman I employ'd on that Occasion, will not be refus'd as an incompetent Witness. The *Marquess* endeavour'd to divert this Resolution, by assuring me, he was perfectly satisfied: but I was work'd up to a pitch not to be dissuaded; and, to make me easy, the *Marquess* sent in his own Name, to desire she would come down, telling me very politely that it was the least she could do, and that he did not think she was so much her own Enemy as to refuse him. *Forfan* offer'd to carry the Message, doubtless in order to prepare her; but his Master order'd him to stay, and sent one of his Pages. The Gentlewoman, who had a Respect for the *Marquess*,
and

and besides never dreamt of what was transacting, came with an Air of Assurance, as if nothing had been the Matter. It's true, such Women have Foreheads of Brass, and are not to be put out of Countenance.

I was going to enter on the Subject, and complain of her Expressions to *M. Forsan* concerning me; but the *Marquess* interrupted me very politely, and desir'd leave to explain himself. He entreated *Junia* in a few words to oblige him by relating what had pass'd between her and *Forsan*; giving his Word, that no use should be made of it, but that he had particular Reasons to discover whether what he had heard, was conformable to what she had said. The young Gentlewoman, who knew the *Marquess* was not to be put off, own'd, that by way of Banter she had told *Forsan*, imagining he was in love with me, that he was like to lose his Labour, for that I had an Admirer of a Rank far superior: The *Marquess* enquir'd whom she meant: Your ownself, my Lord, replied she very gallantly: We know you are no Woman-hater; and that you often visited this Lady, was no Secret, whence I concluded I was not mistaken: In a word, I did not think *M. Forsan* had been born but Yesterday; but, if he said any more than what I have repeated, he is an Impostor and a Villain.

As for this Lady, I ask her Pardon: But she might have spared me this Trouble. Saying this, she made the *Marquess* a genteel Curtesy and retired.

I dare say, the Gentleman would have given all he was worth to have avoided this Scene; he had such a mortified Look, that I really pitied him. The old *Marquess* eyed him from Head to Foot for some time without speaking a Word; but it was easy to be discern'd he was highly provok'd. *M. Forsan*, said he, you have abus'd the Confidence

I repos'd in you; that I am convinced of this, you will easily believe. After such a Proof of your Deceit and Malice, presume not ever to appear before me : begone.

This last Word was utter'd so sternly, that the poor Gentleman retir'd very submissively. Far from being pleas'd at the Victory I had gain'd, I was sorry for being the Occasion of his Disgrace, and endeavour'd to re-instate him in his Master's Favour, by suing for his Pardon. No, *Mademoiselle*, replied the *Marquess* with some remains of Emotion : I am easily impos'd on once ; but never a second Time.

When this Storm was over, the *Marquess* desired the Favour of Dining with me the next Day, adding he was obliged to leave me by Business that could not be defer'd ; but, the next Day he dedicated to me, having Affairs of the last Consequence to communicate, which regarded us both. He us'd a thousand obliging Expressions, and begg'd I would forget the Uneasiness he had occasion'd, assuring me, he should shortly make me ample Amends. I had so much Reason to be satisfied with his Behaviour, that I receiv'd his Civilities with the Complaisance due to them. The Air with which I express'd myself on the Occasion, restor'd his usual Cheerfulness ; and it must be own'd, that considering his Years, he was exceeding diverting : we parted very good Friends, and sure enough I little thought of the Troubles into which he was going to involve me.

The next Day, *Thursday*, which I shall never forget as long as I live, *Barbara* wak'd me at six, to tell me, that a Man of about Thirty, very indifferently dress'd, and led like a Blindman by a little Boy of seven Years old, desir'd to speak with me. Good God ! dear *Barbara*, cried I, could you not have told the troublesome Fellow I was in Bed, without disturbing me ? Good lack ! cried
Bar-

Barbara interrupting me, do you think I am a Fool? why, I bid him begone about his Business twenty Times. So much the worse, replied I, you should not affront People; could you not have sent him away civilly, and put him off to a more convenient Time? Perhaps he has something of Moment to say to me: but since it's too late, let us say no more of it; go, see what he would have, and tell him he must not expect to be admitted till I know his Business. My Aunt left me, muttering something to herself; it was her Custom whenever I reprimanded her. It is very commendable to behave with Mildness to those who serve us; but too much Familiarity must be equally avoided; they immediately resent the Superiority which is really your due, and oblige you either to bear with their Impertinence, or part with a good Servant. I had often consider'd this; but I have mention'd my Reasons for acting otherwise: She was my Aunt after all, sooner or later she would find it out, and I was willing to behave in such a manner on that Account, as to oblige her to own, that I carried myself as much like a Niece as a Mistress; this I had laid down as a Rule, and was careful in observing it.

My good Aunt return'd dancing for Joy. Good News, Madam, said she, the Gentleman was in the right to disturb you; he says, he brings you the best Tidings your Heart can wish, and that he is come to dry up the Tears he knows you have shed, and continue daily to shed on his Account. Look ye, continued she, I was so pleas'd to hear him talk thus, that, if I had durst, I would have taken him about the Neck.

What could I gather from all this? I imagin'd my Aunt was gone distracted. Pray what has this blind Man, cried I, to do with what you mention? What is his Business with me? Faith, Madam, I can't tell, replied *Barbara*, I only repeat his

this Words ; you may be better inform'd, if you please, you need only give me leave to bring him hither. Do so, continued I very uneasy, I don't know what to make of this Affair. I had no sooner said this, but *Barbara* left me, and in a moment the Blindman and his Boy appear'd.

Go on, Child, cried he as soon as he enter'd the Room, that I may throw myself into her Arms : Go on, where is she, my dear Wife whom I have ever lov'd so tenderly, and who has died a thousand Times at the Report of my Death ? Why does she not prevent my tender Embraces ? Does not she see me yet ? Is not this her Chamber ? Yes indeed, *Papa*, replied the little Boy, who had stopp'd on my making a Sign to *Barbara* to send them away ; we are now in her Chamber, she is there, but I see plain enough, she has no mind to know us. Hold your prating, Saucebox, replied the Blindman shaking him by the Shoulder he had hold of. Don't you see, Sirrah, that too great Joy renders this loving Spouse immoveable ? Heaven preserve her Wits. Bring me immediately to her, who alone can recover her : after so long an Absence, and the belief of my Death, no wonder Joy overwhelms her. If Grief sometimes kills, Pleasure as often destroys.

The End of the Tenth Part.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
FROM THE FOUNDATION
TO THE PRESENT
BY JOHN STOW
1618



PART XI.



THE Figure of the Blindman, odd enough in itself, his Arms swinging about like one feeling for something, and his strange Discourse, all together appear'd so ridiculous, that I burst into a fit of Laughter. Hey day ! cried he, what is the meaning of this ? Am I made a Laughing-stock ? or am I mistaken ? am I not in the House of *Madame des Roches*, who passes for an Officer's Widow ? You are right, sure enough cried my good Aunt ; nothing can be more certain. Why then this immoderate Mirth, continued the blind Man, Am I forgot ? or not worth owning, because I have the Misfortune to lose my Eyesight, and am a little disfigured by it ? Really, I could not have believ'd that a Wife who has so great Obligations to me, and for whom I have done so much, could make so ungrateful a Return. Patience, we'll see the End of it ; in the mean Time, without any Ceremony, here I take up my Quarters ; where ever my Wife is, there is my home ; and let me see who dare put me out.

This Conclusion was so far from provoking me, that it only made me laugh the more : in reality, nothing could be more whimsical than all this Nonsense, and a formal Design of taking Possession of my House, under so foolish a Pretext. *Barbara*, whom I told in a Whisper that I did not know the Man, and that he was certainly mad, fell a laughing as heartily as my self ; she imagin'd, that to free me from his Impertinence, she need only take him by the Arm and lead him out :

but the furious blind Man, provok'd at her Poldness, called her Names, struck her with his Cane, swearing like a Trooper, and threatening that if any one presum'd to come within his Reach, he would lay about him. My turn was next: Husley, cried he speaking to me, is this the Reception you afford a Husband, who has search'd for you so long, after being gratified in Consideration of my Services, and even turn'd my suppos'd Death to your Advantage? 'Tis a crying Shame, and gives room to suspect a Gallant supplies my Place, and that apprehending my Return should put a Stop to your evil Conduct, you pretend not to know me, in order to indulge yourself in an infamous Course of Life. But I would have you to know, Madam, I have Friends and Right on my Side, which will prove too hard for you, and afford me due Vengeance, as your vile Proceedings justly deserve. I am known, I may say, respected; and if you are so much your own Enemy, as to persist in this scandalous Obstinaey, I'll make you know in four and twenty Hours, a Husband like me is not to be trampled upon with Impunity.

The serious Air with which these Words were pronounced, and the good Sense they contain'd, began to make me uneasy. I am much concern'd, Sir, said I, at the ill Manners, I have undesignedly been guilty of, not in regard of your Person, but your Discourse, which I do not comprehend. Your mistake is owing to the Names agreeing together; but, I assure you, I am an utter Stranger to you——A Stranger to me, perfidious Woman! replied the Officer very earnestly: What, I did not take you from the wretched Condition you was in, to make you what you are? Have I not had several Children by you, of which this, the only one left, is as like you as he can stare? Go, you are an ungrateful Creature, and the most deceitful of Women:

men : I ought not to have any thing to do with you for the future ; and, if it was not for the Pleasure of Revenge, and to punish your Wickedness, I would abandon you to your evil Destiny.

But, Sir, replied I speaking in a very submissive manner, keep your Temper ; don't expose yourself to the Talk and Laughter of the Town ; inform yourself better, and you will perceive your Error. There is no bearing this, cried the exasperated Blind-man, there is no bearing this ! And since you persist in refusing to receive me for your Husband, I'll force you to it before I have done : would to Heavens ! I had never known you ; if you have a mind, you may walk off, continued he : follow, since you are bent on it, your wretched way of Life, I will not stir a step to hinder you ; but, assure yourself, I shall make this my home, and all the Devils in Hell shall not drive me out. Alas ! Alas ! Here, Child, added he speaking to the little Boy, call up my Man with the Trunks, and then let him go to the Cook's-shop for something to eat, I must not expect any thing here ; after that, I'll send for a Commissary ; it's best to do things according to Law.

I was so confounded and perplex'd with this odd Scene, that I knew not what to say. *Barbara* cried, what must we do ? And really, to see me standing in a maze, any one would have concluded the Blind-man had really been my Husband.

My pretended Husband's Orders were punctually obey'd, the Trunks were brought into my Bed-chamber, a Servant whose Whiskers terrified me, took out a Night-gown, undress'd his Master, and receiving his Orders in his Ear, laid the Cloth, but not finding the Key in the Buffet without any Ceremony made the Lock fly, took what he wanted, and in every thing behav'd as if he had

been at home. Let any one imagine what Effect this must have, and whether I was unconcern'd. But, to go on.

Barbara, frighten'd as well as I at the Man's Whiskers, and rough Behaviour in forcing open the Buffet, began to call for Help. Her Cries awaked me out of the Dumps, by making me reflect that she would draw a Crowd, whose Judgment would be form'd on Appearance and my supposed Husband's Pretensions; the Decisions of the Populace are seldom guided by any thing else, and generally favour the Importunate. Daily Experience shows, the Crowd will shed Tears for a Man on the Scaffold, whom they have cursed during his Prosperity, and condemn'd without Remorse.

After my pretended Husband had made a hearty Breakfast, and allay'd some of his ill Humour as well as his Appetite, he deputed the terrible *Savifs* to persuade me to comply without Compulsion, to prevent, as he said, giving Scandal. I had retir'd to my Closet, and was considering how to disperse this cruel Storm. I could not tell what Reply to make the Mediator, being so much terrified that I was incapable of forming any Resolution: in this Extremity I told his frightful Envoy, that his Master might act as he thought fit; but, that neither his Threats nor Interest should ever draw from me the foolish Acknowledgment he requir'd; that I could not imagine upon what Grounds he had forged such Pretensions, but did not doubt, in a few Hours to make him ashamed of them.

The *Savifs*, rousing his Eyes very furiously at this Answer, replied in his broken Language, *We'll see, we'll see whether you'll pass this Trick upon us. Mine Goth! mine Goth!* added he by way of Reflexion as he went out, *how deceitful are Women! Woe betide those who suffer themselves to be fool'd by them.*

Heavens!

Heavens ! cried I, after he was gone, what Fate, what Misfortunes, pursue me ! was ever Wretch thus overwhelm'd ? Sure such Adventures are reserv'd for me alone ! *Barbara* came running to tell me the blind Man was throwing things about, and rummaging every Corner as if all was his own. I ask'd her what she advis'd me to do. To make your Complaint, answer'd she, to call in the Neighbours, and demand Justice. The Advice was not amiss where a Person had no Reasons to be conceal'd ; but for me it was running too great a hazard : Vanity would not suffer me to declare who I was ; besides, Enquiry would be made why I changed my Name. Not knowing in fine which way to turn myself, I heard the old *Marquess's* Coach stop at the Door : I made no question but his Presence and Quality would carry it, and free me from the terrible Siege I underwent in my own House. I sent my Aunt to acquaint him with what had happen'd, desiring he would come into the Closet. The *Swiss's* Whiskers carried too much Terror for me to face, as I must have done, had I gone to the receive the *Marquess* at the Door.

He was much surpris'd at the Relation, but could not forbear laughing at my Perplexity. Really, said he, the Adventure is uncommon. Surely no one in his Senses ever was guilty of such a Piece of Folly ! Let me try to open the blind Man's Eyes, at least as to this Affair, and see whether he will take my Word.

After informing me of his Design to dissipate the Storm, he went into my Chamber where my pretended Husband was smoaking his Pipe : he enquir'd whether it was true, that without Rhyme or Reason, he had taken Possession of a Lady's Apartment, whose Rank was such as not to be insulted by any one ?

The

The blind Man inform'd by his Son what Nobleman had enter'd the Room, and judging it was he that spoke, answer'd with great Respect, that he knew his Distance too well to contest with the *Marquess* of *L. V.* but, at the same time, he believ'd him too equitable to condemn an unfortunate Man unheard. Certainly, replied the *Marquess*; but if you will take my Word, Sir, you may save yourself the Trouble of proving what I know to be impossible: I have known the Lady from her Childhood, no Circumstance of her Life has escap'd me, and am convinc'd she never was your Wife; whatever you alledge — My Lord, cried the blind Man interrupting him, I find you are prejudiced, and, notwithstanding all I can say, will not change your Opinion. I shall not pretend to overrule a Person of your Quality; but I am too well acquainted with the Character of the *Marquess* of *L. H.* to apprehend he will employ his Power in Tyrannizing over an Officer who has serv'd his Prince, as his melancholy Wounds witness, and all this to support a Woman, whose Behaviour shows her void of Virtue and Honour. Yours, my Lord, will prevail with you to remain neuter in the Dispute: Law and Evidence must decide it; I beg you will permit me to have Recourse to them, and, in the mean Time, to remain where I know I ought to be Master, and whence no body shall drive me without paying dearly for it. ~~we~~ ^{he} have the misfortune to be depriv'd of my Eyesight, but my Heart is still good.

The *Marquess* was satisfied from what he heard, that I did not exaggerate the Man's Obstinacy; he was so surpris'd, that he remain'd silent for some Moments. It was doubtless in consideration of the Name of Officer, which the blind Man took upon him, and which carries some Respect, that the *Marquess* did not proceed to Extremities. Is there no way, Sir, continu'd the *Marquess*, to compromise the Matter for the

the present ? In case you are really her Husband, she must comply, you will always have it in your Choice to live with her, and it would be in vain to endeavour to prevent it, when once you have prov'd your Title ; but, till that is put beyond Dispute, you cannot insist upon living with her, if she disclaims you for a Husband. What I have to propose, and, I think, would be very proper, is, that you would accept of an Apartment in my House, till the Affair be ended ; I flatter myself, neither of you can object against this, nor do I see what you can do better on this Occasion.

The Proposal seem'd very reasonable ; but, we had to do with a headstrong Man, who would not easily yield. I am exceedingly concern'd, replied he, that my Honour will not permit me to accept of your favourable Proposal. I should injure myself very much, if I abated the least Tittle of my Pretensions : my Wife is young and handsome ; you take her part : this may occasion some Talk that will not be agreeable to me ; and I am not in a Humour — Nay ! this is too much ! cried the *Marquess*, provok'd to find himself so unreasonably contradicted, and nettled at this sly Insinuation : Since you persist in not hearing Reason, said the Nobleman very sternly, you must be convinced that you are wrong. Fetch me a Commissary, his Presence perhaps may have more weight ; and acquaint him, I desire he will favour us with his Company ; we'll see whether he won't take my Word with regard to this Lady. Saying this, he presented his Hand, and led me into another Room, telling me with a Smile, to make myself easy, and that I should soon be divorced from my pretended Husband.

This odd Affair open'd a wide Field of Rallery. Had you been really married, said the *Marquess*, this would never have happen'd : Don't you think, you would have been finely catch'd,

if

if Madam Justice, who frequently blunders, should have condemn'd you to spend your Days with this amiable blind Man? Ah! my Lord, cried I interrupting him, don't name it, I would sooner dye than comply with such a Sentence. Believe me, I have taken an Aversion, I know not why, to the Man, I mean such an Aversion as I never experienced before. You would love him notwithstanding, replied the *Marquess*, if once he was adjudged to be your Husband. Don't you know that Marriage creates Love? Perhaps so, replied I laughing very heartily, if such a whimsical Union was in due Form; but consider, if you please, that in living with this terrible Officer, instead of being his Wife, I should very innocently be his Mistress, and the more to be pitied in as much——That would be the Jest, cried the *Marquess* laughing excessively; you would be his Mistress, and knowing that to be the Case, yet would be obliged by Law to behave like a dutiful Wife.

A Servant who brought word the Commissary was come, put an End to the Conversation. Being introduced, he seem'd surpris'd at the Affair, and told the *Marquess* very plainly, he could not take Cognizance of it; that being an inferior Magistrate, he could only proceed by way of Representation, not by Jurisdiction, Terms I did not then understand: he added, that he could not employ Force, unless it were in case of Scandal or Violence; neither did he stop there, but said likewise, that nothing was more natural than for a Husband to live with his Wife, and that it would be very ridiculous for a Commissary to turn a Man out of his own House, unless it was prov'd as clear as Light that he was an Impostor; and that even then, he could not pretend to determine the Affair, but only execute the Orders of his Superiors.

That

That is as much as to say, Mr. Commissary, cried the *Marquess* taking him up very short, that if this Impostor should insist upon what his pretended Wife cannot agree to, and appeals to you, you would refuse to act; but, while the Affair remain'd in Suspense, what would you have the Lady do, if her Persecutor would not be refus'd? Would you have her, though she be not his Wife, obey an imaginary Tye, and in fine comply—— I don't say so neither, replied the Magistrate in some Confusion. I understand—— Very little, replied the *Marquess*, I see I must be at the trouble of going myself to one who will teach you your Duty on the like Occasions, since you are at a loss what to do: In the mean time, Sir, I desire you will stay with the Lady, to prevent any Insult during my Absence. I am going to *Monsieur de*—— and will be back instantly.

The Commissary was not a little surpris'd at the *Marquess's* Resolution and Manner of explaining himself. But, still he persisted in his Opinion, and told me that he saw no other Expedient, than for me to go to some Friend's House, till the Affair was determin'd. This Proposal provok'd me so much, that I did not vouchsafe him any Answer. I placed myself at the Window, musing on my Misfortunes till the *Marquess's* Return; any one will imagine I did not want for Matter.

It seldom happens, but that in the midst of Vexations some Moments of Comfort intervene. Such I esteem'd a Letter which was brought me from *Melicourt*. I should have been cruelly perplex'd to have receiv'd it in the old *Marquess's* Presence, as the Contents will show.

I Lose not a Minute, Mademoiselle, in making you easy; the inclos'd will explain itself better than any thing I can say, and I should blame myself

for taking up a time so precious, by delaying The Satisfaction I am persuaded you are going to receive. This Night I set out, and at my Return intend myself the Honour of waiting on you with an Account of my Journey! I am with the greatest Respect,
Mademoiselle, Your, &c.

Let the Reader imagine my Transports! A Letter from the Young Marquess! I open'd it with great Eagerness; it was as follows.

NO Words can express my Gratitude, my lovely Jenny! how have I deserved the Consideration you thus show me? Could I even flatter myself with such a Thought, after the cruel Injustice I committed? Nothing less than Death ought to expiate my Offence: if he withhold his Hand, 'tis to spare a Life you value, and give me an Opportunity of receiving your Pardon.

The use I shall make of future Days, as I owe them to you, will be no other than what will contribute to make you happy. I wait my Recovery and the End of the Campaign with Impatience, that I may make you mine, and declare to my Father I cannot live without you.

The Marquess of La Va.

Be under no Concern for my Wound, I am assured of a compleat Cure in eight Days. The Joy of hearing from you was a sovereign Balm, whose Excellence still has its Effect. Melicourt, for whom I have a cordial Affection, will acquaint you with my Sentiments. Adieu, my Charmer: tho' my Weakness will not suffer me to explain myself more at large, my Heart makes ample amends, and speaks a thousand times more than I write.

From the Camp of ———

One Moment's Joy buries in Oblivion all past Sufferings. Mine was compleat, arising from the Assurances my dear *Marquess* gave me of his Affections. At that Instant, I vow'd an unalterable Passion and inviolable Fidelity. It seem'd as if the Letter was sent expressly to support me against the violent Attacks that were coming on. I stood on the Brink of the greatest Trial I could possibly undergo, and which would require all my Resolution.

I was musing very agreeably on the Happiness I had greater Reason than ever to expect from these last Assurances, when I heard the *Marquess's* Coach at the Door. I made no doubt but that he came to free me from my pretended Husband. I was not mistaken: he was follow'd by a Person, with proper Orders, who immediately notified them to the blind Man. I find Interest has been made, cried he upon hearing them, and I must submit; but, there are Laws in force, and we'll see whether it is allowable in a perfidious Woman to expell her Husband. Nobody making any Answer, he hurried on his Clothes, and retir'd, swearing that in a few Hours I should hear from him again. The Person, entrusted with the Orders to oblige him to withdraw, advis'd him in a polite Manner, not to carry things to an Extremity, for that this was not a Country to countenance violent Means. The blind Man only shook his Head, and as he went out charged his *Valet* with the Whiskers to take Notice of the House, that at his Return there might be no Mistake. My Deliverance from this Man afforded me no small Satisfaction. I must own he had occasion'd a great deal of Uneasiness, and without the seasonable Relief I receiv'd, I must have abandon'd my Lodgings. This had been very hard, but there would have been no other Remedy. The Account I have given of the Adventure, shows he was not a Man to be easily beat out of his Quarters.

It was past Dinner-time before I was Mistress of my own Apartment. The *Marquess* very politely desir'd to dine with me; but, my Consternation had been so great, that I had not given any Orders on that Head. I went into the Kitchen, and presently remedied my Forgetfulness. At *Paris*, Money provides a Dinner in a Moment, if one knows the Method of it. But to return to the old *Marquess*.

I found him so buried in Thought, that he scarce saw me enter the Room. Good God! cried I mimicking his pensive Posture, which awaken'd him and made him smile, you are mightily taken up with yourself! Not so much as you imagine, replied he; I had called a Council with my Heart, and you presidet. I have great Designs in your behalf, *Jenny*, and you have it in your Power to be one of the happiest of Women; but, Sincerity, Discretion and Secrecy are requisite. I read in your Eyes an Impatience to know my Meaning: I shall not keep you long in Suspense; let us dine, after which we will shut ourselves up and discourse at leisure. He changed his Subject upon this, which made me imagine he design'd to inform me by degrees of what might surprise me, and what sure enough I had no Reason to expect; nevertheless, I am apt to think there was as much Backwardness as Policy in the Delay. On some occasions Timorousness and Shame guard the Soul against deluding Sentiments; severe Reason employs such Means in restraining it, and sometimes with Success, from giving a loose to our Appetites.

After Dinner, the *Marquess* desir'd, that if any one came I would give Orders to say I was not at home, that we might not be interrupted. This Precaution being taken, he drew near and address'd me in the following Words.

If

If I were less convinc'd, than I really am, my dearest *Jenny*, of your Virtue, I should not have taken a Resolution of the greatest Consequence in Life. But I am so well satisfied as to that Particular, as to be determined to bestow upon you a Rank and Fortune far superior to your Birth, and which you had no reason to expect; but that Deficiency never occasion'd a Moment's Hesitation, for I look upon Birth but as an Introduction to the main Business, our Conduct in Life; and when the former is distinguish'd, and our Manners fall short of its Splendor, it only serves to render those more infamous, who, if I may be allow'd the Expression, fail to make good the Engagements under which they enter'd this World. If such are my Sentiments in regard of those who being born to give great Example, degenerate into a vicious Conduct, I extoll to the very Heavens all such, who shaking off the Dross of a mean Extraction, adorn themselves with the Rays of Virtue, and shine bright in the Paths of Probity and Honour. This is the Nobility I adopt, and give it the Preference to the Royal Majesty of crown'd Heads.

In you, my dear *Jenny*, I have found this Virtue, these Sentiments, this Honour, which I so much adore; I could not behold them united to so many Charms, without desiring to be allied to them. I am sensible that Custom runs against my Maxims, and that among the Nobility, mean Alliances are seldom pardoned; I must expect to be pointed at, to have Conjectures rais'd, and even, if I suffer'd my Design to take Air before it be past preventing, to be disappointed, and undergo not only Remonstrances, but the Interposition of a superior Authority; upon this Account, and there is too much reason to apprehend it, I must employ Secrecy to compals my Aim; a little Time will suffice for the Execution; provided we agree, we shall easily carry our Point.

I believe, after what I have said to you, my Design is obvious: I am my own Master, and accountable to nobody; an only Son I have, who cherishes me as much as I love him; I deferr'd breaking my Mind to you till I had sound'd him; I have his Approbation, he tells me my entrusting him with the Affair, occasioned the greatest Transports: It's true, I did not name the Person, but here is his Letter, you know the Hand, see whether his Duty does not equal my Tenderness.

The *Marquess*, taking a Letter out of his Pocket, the Hand-writing of which I presently knew, gave it me to read: I open'd it with great Emotion, not being able as yet to divine the Meaning of what I had heard: I flatter'd myself that it favour'd my Sentiments; the Sequel will show whether I was mistaken. The Letter was as follows.

MY LORD,

I Received with the greatest Gratitude the Marks of the Confidence you are pleas'd to repose in me; and though you had thought fit to have acted otherwise, I should have had the same Respect for the Person, in whose Favour you are determin'd; I sincerely share in the Happiness you propose to yourself, and shall be overjoy'd to be a Witness of it. I am with Respect, My Lord,

Your, &c.

This Letter specify'd nothing, yet seem'd to strengthen my Prepossession; I fancied, with some Reason, I was the chief Person concern'd; it will be evident that every Circumstance contributed to lead me into a Mistake.

Having read the Letter, I return'd it to the *Marquess*, saying, there was no need of any such Proofs to convince me of his Son's Respect for him. Excuse me, replied the old Nobleman, they may serve to show you the Regard I have for what he

longs

longs to me; however, as I perceive you don't entirely comprehend me, let me farther explain my good Intentions; they tend to give you a Rank in the World, and convince you how great a share you have in my Esteem. But, to prevent any Mistake on your Side, know, charming ~~offspring~~ that notwithstanding the Reasons which opposed my Inclinations, I have resolv'd with myself, you shall in a short Time be *Marchioness* of *Lo. M.*

These last Words appear'd to me so decisive, and conformable to what I had so long desir'd, that, penetrated with a grateful Sense, I threw myself at the old *Marquess's* Feet; I was so surpriz'd, and astonish'd at a Consent I had so little Reason to expect, that I wanted Words to express my Acknowledgments. How well pleas'd am I, my dear Child? said the old *Marquess* taking me up, to discover by the Transport I have occasion'd, that what I now do for you, suits with your Inclinations! I have long hesitated, I must own, before I declared my Intentions. My Mind misgave me that your Passion for my Son would prove an Obstacle, and that your Heart would not easily comply with my Desires; but I ought to have consider'd your Discretion, and from thence assum'd Hopes of Success; the less Reason I had to expect so favourable a Reception, the greater Impression your Manner of complying makes in my Breast. For my Part, I shall behave in such a Manner, that you will own, tho' I have not Youth on my Side, I have Complaisance and good Humour, far surpassing such a frivolous Advantage; for neither that, nor Beauty, make a Woman happy; it's the Temper, it's good Sense that effect it, as every Day's Experience evinces.

How it should be possible for me thus to remember what the *Marquess* said on this Occasion, I can not conceive; for so overwhelm'd as I was at what I heard, so I confounded, at this Design of marry-

marrying me, and so terrified concerning what Answer to make, that I could not utter a single Word. To approve of his Proposal, and dissemble my own Inclinations, would only give him greater Authority over me, and hasten my Destiny; in refusing the Honour for ill-concerted Reasons, and not acknowledging my Aversion, what Risk did I not run? Doubtless, the Nobleman must be greatly enamour'd, to resolve on such an unequal Match; was it not natural to expect, after the Advances he had made, that he would come to Extremities rather than be disappointed, and revenge a Denial from a so mean a Person, too much honour'd in the Proposal? My troubled Mind represented the Behaviour of the Son on this fatal Occasion; would not he be made accountable for my Refusal? Might it not be also expected, that to punish both the Lover and his Mistress, he would take care to separate them so, as they should never see each other more: This Thought determin'd my Answer.

You see, my Lord, the Confusion and Perplexity I am in, said I to the *Marquess*, striving to command my Countenance. Alas! who could avoid being so in my Situation. Do I hear aright? Or is it not an Illusion? Shall a Country Girl with no other Recommendation than her Virtue and a small share of Beauty, marry a Nobleman of your Rank? Give me leave to call it in question: he understands himself too well. I have already told you, replied the old *Marquess* with some Impatience, that Virtue with me surpasses Birth and Fortune, and to that you must ascribe what I have determin'd in your Favour. Why then should you doubt a thing of which I give so evident a Proof? You are not the only one. *Fenny*, whom Fortune has thus favoured, and will not be the last. Men of greater Distinction than myself have furnished Examples of it; but I have this Advantage, I barely do Justice

to Merit, a Reason not only sufficient in itself, but warrantable to the World; whereas others in breaking thro' receiv'd Customs, have been influenced by their Whims, or drawn in by their Passions; neither of which are pardonable.

Whatever I could alledge, was answer'd with so much Strength of Reason by the *Marquess*, that it was impossible to maintain the Evasions any longer which Dissimulation suggested; happily he furnish'd me himself with a Pretence, which I greedily catch'd at. It was necessary, as he propos'd to regulate matters, that the intended Wedding should be kept private for some Time; this he imagin'd not very feasible by reason of the Court's being so near, and his own numerous Retinue; if it should be done at any of his Seats, he had too large an Acquaintance to prevent its taking Air. Suppose it should be deferr'd, said I very naturally, till the King takes some Journey? Your Employment obliges you to accompany the Court, and all your Servants must follow you of Course; you may pretend urgent Affairs call you to *Paris*, and bring away one trusty Domestick; every thing shall be in Readiness for the Ceremony, which being over, you may instantly return and appear at the Levee as if nothing had happen'd: As to me, I shall continue in the same Way of Life as usual, till you judge proper to own your Marriage; in acting thus, I don't apprehend you run any Hazard, or your Secret liable to be discover'd.

The *Marquess* thought my Proposal so well concerted, that taking me in his Arms he applauded it. Your Wit and good Sense said he, are not inferior to your Charms; my ardent Vows are accomplished in such an invaluable Acquisition. Every thing that Politeness could suggest, was bestow'd on me. The remaining Part of the Day was spent in ordering the future Wedding; I came readily into every thing he propos'd on that Subject; finer Projects sure enough
were

were never laid out; we talk'd of nothing but Rejoicings, Equipages and Grandeur. He thought to please me with this pompous Parade; but alas! how different were my Thoughts. I devour'd my Sighs, and only waited an Opportunity to give them full Scope. The Chaise in which the *Marquess* was to return to *Versailles* being at the Door, he took his leave of me with a deep Sigh. How shall I suffer, said he, during these eight Days of Absence, my charming *Jenny*? May I hope you will sometimes bestow a Thought on one in whose Mind you are ever present? I return'd the best Answer I was able, to so many Marks of his Affection; and, as nothing is easier than to impose on a Man in Love, he went away fully contented.

The moment I was alone, I shut myself up in my Closet; the Business was to come to a Resolution, without loss of Time. My antient Lover was too deeply smitten to wait long; I did not even dare to depend on the Delay which Reason had extorted from him; he might change his Mind the next Minute, carry me to one of his Seats, and hazard a Discovery to gratify his Passion. When People of a certain Age make a false step, they generally come to Extremities. I bethought myself of the Pretence under which I had assisted my Parents, and imagin'd it would afford me a safe and honourable Retirement, since my Father and Mother had not discover'd me, it was highly probable Strangers would not be quicker sighted: besides, my way of Life should be so regulated, as to prevent any troublesome Adventure or Discovery of my Retreat. It was highly necessary to conceal such a Step from the old *Marquess*; for after my Flight was known, I must expect the utmost Effects of his Rage, as he would be justly exasperated to meet with such a Return for all his Favours and convincing Proofs of his Affection. From Love to Hatred is a common Change, especially when attended with Despair.

This

This Place seem'd fittest for my Purpose, because our Village was the last Place in the World to search for me; I had been so long absent, and there were so many specious Reasons against my returning thither, that I applauded myself a thousand Times for making such a choice. Be that as it will, the Design gave me great Content, and I had no sooner form'd it, but I thought of the Means of putting it in Execution. I concluded, that what I ought to do first, was to write the young *Marquess* word of his Father's Design, my Behaviour on the Occasion, and the Retirement I had chose; I told him, that in Expectation of Heaven's appointing me some Settlement, I was going to preserve a Heart which ever should be entirely his; I comforted him on occasion of our Disappointments, and begg'd him to imitate my Resolution in Vexations we might still meet with; in a word, I pour'd out my Heart in this Letter, whose Length took up best part of the Night. In writing to a Person belov'd, one never has said enough, and the Time employ'd in it slips away insensibly.

I was so fatigued when I finished my Epistle, that I was oblig'd to go to Bed. I started several Times out of my Sleep, fancying the old *Marquess* was come with a Design to carry me into the Country, and conclude the cruel Marriage; my Imagination was so disturbed, that it run on nothing else.

The first thing I did in the Morning, after recommending myself and Affairs to Heaven, was writing to *St. Fal*: my Obligations to him made it an indispensable Duty. The Contents of my Letter were much the same with what I wrote to the *Marquess*. Could I do less for so sincere and tender a Friend? I was so happy a few Days after to give him some Proofs of my Friendship; but of that, in its proper Place.

Just as *Barbara* return'd from the Post, two Messengers, on very different Errands, came to me.

The

The first was from the old *Marquess*, with a Letter and a Basket. The Letter was filled with the strongest Assurances of his Tenderness, and the Basket contain'd a rich Toilette with all its Appurtenances of gilt Plate; in one of the Squares I found five hundred *Louis d'Ors*. But before I mention my Sentiments concerning this rich Present, I must say something of the second Messenger.

A broad-shoulder'd Man, with a sharp Nose and a black Wig, gave me a Paper full of Scrawls, which was all *Hebrew* to me. I desir'd him to read it. He said, not to trouble me with Law-Terms, it was a Summons to appear before the Judges there named, in order to acknowledge *Messire Stephen des Roebes*, &c. as my Husband, or to prove the contrary; failing which, he was empower'd to seize my Person wherever he could find me. The Time for appearing was three Days after the Date, at two in the Afternoon, &c.

I was astonish'd at the blind Man's Obstinacy in persisting to have me for a Wife. I told the Tipstaff, I should act as I saw proper; upon which he left me saying, that the Plaintiff was in the right to lay claim to me; for I was well worth the Costs of Suit.

Another Reason, any one may see, for leaving *Paris*, and which admitted of no Delay; accordingly I began the same Day to pack up what I intended to carry with me, designing to leave the Care of it to *M. Melicourt*, who had endear'd himself to me by the late Proof, he gave of his Readiness to serve me, which I shall ever remember.

In two Days I was ready for my Journey: I had a Letter ready to inform him, at his Arrival, where I was gone, and my Motives for retiring; I begg'd of him to forward the Things I had pack'd

pack'd up, and direct them to *Madame de Mainville*. I had suffer'd too much already by the other Name, to go by it any longer; I intended to surprise my Aunt, to prevent any Accident, and not acquaint her with the Place to which I was going, lest her great Joy should make any Discoveries. In all Steps of this Nature too much Precaution cannot be used, and the best way is to keep one's own Secret, especially with regard to Servants, who generally are not over discreet.

The Preparations for my Journey had fatigued me so very much, that I was going to Bed when I heard some Horses stop at the Door. I look'd out of the Window, and found it was *Melicourt*. How much I was overjoy'd, in the Circumstances I was in, let any one judge. I ran to meet him; you could not have come, said I, at a more seasonable Time; a few Hours later I had been gone. He was much surpris'd at this, and enquir'd very earnestly what was my Motive. But, I was too impatient to hear what he had to say himself, to give him the Satisfaction he requir'd, and therefore begg'd he would yield to my Importunity. The *Marquess* was become so dear to me, that every thing else must give Place. *Melicourt* smiled at my Eagerness. He deserves it all, said he, you have in him the Phoenix of Lovers; and he, on his Side, owes his Life to you: his Case was desperate when I arriv'd. Hearing from you, drew him out of a deep Melancholy, which, join'd to his Wounds, must have soon brought him to his Grave; but, as soon as he was acquainted with the Occasion of my Journey, he appear'd another Man; weak as he was, he would read your Letter himself; What Transports of Joy did he not express upon the Occasion! *M. Melicourt*, said he, how shall I show you my Gratitude for this singular piece of Service? Do you know that the precious Treasure you brought me, has restored

my Life? The charming Creature, cried he! What Concern! what Tenderness! what a Revenge has she taken of my groundless Suspicions, thus to give me convincing Proofs of the sincerest Affection! Such generous and endearing Proceedings shall never be forgot; acquaint her with this, and that, when recover'd, nothing shall be left undone to compleat our mutual Happiness.

The little Time I remain'd with him, *Mademoiselle*, continued *Melicourt*, his whole Discourse run upon nothing else. He design'd to have dispatch'd *Dubois* to make you easy; but, finding I intended to return immediately, he entrusted me with his Commands, which I esteem a great Honour; and the more pleas'd, as I am sensible I may depend on his Interest, for which, *Mademoiselle*, I am beholden to you, and it's of too great Consequence, not to attach me for ever to your Service.

After we had discours'd, *Melicourt* and I, a long time concerning the *Marquess*, I inform'd him of all that had happen'd, and what I was forced to do. He approv'd of my Conduct, adding, that when my Lover knew the Sacrifice I made to him, he would be overjoy'd. As to the old Nobleman, I shov'd his rich Present to *Melicourt*, acquainting him with the Perplexity I was in on that Account, and my Resolution of returning it. By no Means, cried *Melicourt* very hastily; if you will take my Advice, you may employ it much better. The young *Marquess* has commission'd me to take up Money for him in *Paris*, his Campaign having consumed all his ready Money, and the Remittances from his Father not being sufficient, the greatest Service you can do, would be to supply him: seize this Occasion, which seems design'd to give you an Opportunity of obliging him with great Dexterity. *Melicourt's* Proposal appear'd so charming, that I embraced

embraced it very joyfully; even if I had not had the Money by me, I would have sold every individual thing as a proof of my Tenderness. I gave the five hundred *Louis d'Ors* to Melicourt, who undertook to remit them to my Lover, and, by the Sale of my Moveables, which were more than sufficient, to make up the Sum again. As to the Toilette, I left it entire in a Chest of Drawers, and, after concerting with Melicourt, I wrote the following Letter to the old Marquess, to let him know, that tho' I could not comply with what he requir'd, I was not wanting in point of Gratitude, nor undeserving of his Favours by my Behaviour.

I Should be very grateful, my Lord, if I retir'd without acquainting you of it, and my Motives for so doing. Your Title to the Affections of a Woman to whom you have thus behav'd, is too clear to be disputed; as the Honour of being yours, is too great not to merit all the Duty and Love a Wife can be capable of. After weighing with the greatest Attention your Proposals, I find my Heart affords nothing more in your Regard, than Respect and Gratitude. But as this is not enough, nor is it in my Power to go farther, I conclude the Deficiency to be so great, that I am not worthy the Honour of being your Wife. With these Sentiments I retire to expiate my Misfortune, but shall ever be mindful of the Obligations I have receiv'd. Excuse therefore my Conduct on this Occasion, as it is suitable to the Probity on which I value myself, and the Sentiments of Respect and Esteem with which I shall ever be, my Lord,
Your, &c.

P. S. I Receiv'd with very grateful Sentiments the magnificent Toilette you had pleas'd to bestow upon me. I durst not return it for fear of obliging you, neither did I think proper to carry

and this time, considering the Step I have taken; I have left it in that I have left it in my Bed-chamber to the Person in whose Care I have left my Affairs, will bring it to you, my Lord, when ever you please to give your Orders, with the Money it contains. I repeat my Protestations of Respect and Gratitude, and shall continually offer up my Knees for your precious Life.

It was very lucky for me that Melicourt was return'd, his Assistance was very serviceable, so that in less than half a Day, every thing was ready for my Journey; we agreed, that he should remain in my Apartment till the Marquess and St. Pal had answer'd my Letters, that such as came in the mean Time might be taken care of. Every thing being fix'd, I set out the next Day at four in the Morning, after I had agreed with Melicourt that he should write from time to time an Account of what pass'd in my Absence.

Behold me once more a wandering Fugitive, ignorant of what was to follow so many Troubles I had undergone. All my past Life presented itself to my Imagination, and plung'd me into deep Thought. What, always thinking, said my good Aunt, always melancholy. Must I never see an End of your Afflictions? They must certainly be very great, not to allow you a Moment's Respite. It's true, if you were really in Want, or did not know where to go, I would not be angry with you; but, Heaven be prais'd, that is not your case; far from running away in Debt, you have left good Effects behind you, which you may have again when you please. It's not so with me, Heaven knows! continued Barbara with a deep Sigh, after twenty Years Service, what have I laid up? Heretofore, I was not in so good a Place indeed, as yours, where I want for nothing; but then, you must own, I pay dear enough in conscience for it, in the Affection I have

have taken to you : Do you believe, every Time I see you in Tears and Affliction, I am vex'd to the Heart ! And indeed, how can it be otherwise, on such an Occasion ?

Things will mend, answer'd I very mildly, my Friend ; don't be cast down, the Country Air will make me chearful. Are we going to live in the Country, cried *Barbara* overjoy'd. Heaven be prais'd, I shall be happy ! What see the Fields, the Sun rise, hear the Lark and the Nightingale, and spin at the Door ? What a Blessing ! And I shall hear no more the Rattling of Coaches, and all the Hurly-burly we leave behind us ! After all, your *Paris* is a Hell upon Earth. To be shut up from Morning till Night like a Nun in a Cloyster ; to be always in dread of Thieves and Rakes, to be hunch'd, or thrown down at every foot and anon, or have the Files or a Chamber-pot about one's Ears : Oh, Madam, I am quite Transported ! And when shall we get thither ? To Morrow, answer'd I with a Smile, knowing how she would rejoice, we shall lye at your Village.

I had no sooner nam'd the Word, but *Barbara* shout'd aloud. At our Village ! cried she, after which my Bowels have so long yearn'd ? Ah ! my dear Mistress, continued she with Tears of Joy, it was Heaven itself that put such a Thought in your Head ; for you have pitch'd upon the most charming Place in *Versal* ! Ay, your *Paris* with all its Finery, is not to be compar'd with it ; there you'll breathe wholesome fresh Air ; you'll be a little Queen among them. Lifelikin'st how you will be admir'd ! they'll all croud to see you : I warrant you, and how the Curate will raise his Voice at the Preface when you appear ? for, let me tell you, he's no Clown, and keeps the best Company ; nay, in my Time, they could not tell what to do without him at the Castle.

Yes, said *Barbara*

Barbara was so transported at this unlook'd for Happiness, that she talk'd of nothing else all the Journey. I would not send a Messenger before, as I once intended, from the first Day's Journey, because my Father had wrote to *Barbara*, a few Days before I set out; he acquainted her, that all my Commissions were executed, and that I might come whenever I pleas'd; that my Chamber was ready, well furnish'd, and every thing, he hoped, to my liking. His Letter had greatly contributed to determine me in regard of the Place. A certain Indolence I had contracted, inclin'd to the Side on which I found the least Trouble, and I was pleas'd that Care was over. Ease insensibly habituates us to Laziness, which, when once indulg'd, costs very dear to be overcome.

The Sight of our Steeple created in me a secret Joy, tho' attended with some Uneasiness that I could not command. As for *Barbara*, she was in Raptures: There, Madam, there is the dear Village! said she pointing to it: The great House on the left, surrounded with those fine Trees, is the Castle, about a Gunshot from the Village; we shall pass by the Gates, and you'll see a fine Place where we Dance on Sundays. That Brook waters the Gardens; and the Tops of the Houses behind those high Trees, is where the Village stands. Still as we advanced, my good Aunt explain'd all the Particulars as they occur'd, and this with such an innocent Satisfaction, that I envied her Happiness, and would have given any thing to have shared with her.

Upon our Entrance into the Village, *Barbara* knew one of her Neighbours who was spinning before her own Door; she called to her aloud, begg'd the Postillion to stop for a Moment, made herself known, and ask'd a hundred Questions all in a Breath. The good Country Woman, after recollecting *Barbara*, told her Neighbour who was
folding

folded down Sheep, and told a third, and as it was the Time for the Cattle to come home, every one was stirring, and in a Tree we had half of the Village about the Chaise. I called to the Postillion to go on to John B, upon which several Girls who were surpris'd to hear me name one of their Neighbours, offer'd their Service to show the Way, run skipping along before the Horses, and brought me in Triumph to the House. But, how little did it appear! How did the Village, so much boasted of by Barbara, and which I had represented to myself so charming, now appear wretched and miserable! The Tears came, and in Spite of Reason's Force, I regretted the charming Abode I had quitted. Childish Prejudices were vanish'd, I was familiaris'd with Grandeur, to advance is more agreeable than to go back; how shall I express myself? I was Fool enough, to be humbled at the Meanness which surrounded me, and why? Because I was enamour'd with Ostentation! Because I was vain! Because my little Knowledge of the World had infected me. In the mean Time, my Father and Mother, who were told of my Arrival, came very joyfully to help me down out of the Chaise; my Agitation was so great, and my Mind so troubled, that I did not hear a Word of the obliging things they said. Going into the House, my Mother made a Motion which frighten'd me, apprehending I was discover'd: I learnt afterwards, she was upon the Point of taking me about the Neck, my Face made such an Impression on her, because being in an Undress, I was less unlike what I had formerly been. But, it went no farther than a Fright, and I was conducted to my little Apartment, consisting of a Bed-chamber and a little Room, the Furniture plain, but new and convenient; and, with what was coming after me, I found

found myself very commodiously situated, and better than I deserv'd.

My Father, who was transported with the Honour he fancied I did him in lodging there, shew'd me that from my Chamber I could go into a neat little Garden under my Windows; he told me, he had deserv'd laying the Walks till my Arrival, and that in eight Days time I should have a Parterre of Flowers at the Foot of the Stairs. I thank'd him for his Civilities, and assur'd him I was overjoy'd to lodge in his House, which indeed was very true. There was but one Particular I dreaded; that was, being discover'd sooner or later. I was now pretty safe as to my Father and Mother, and much more in regard of my Sister; but *Colin*, the young Fellow who had been so fond of me, could he behold me without being mov'd? The Impressions Nature makes are deep, but daily Experience shows that Time will wear them out. But, it's far otherwise with the Ideas engrav'd in the Heart by Love; as the Passion is stronger, the Trace is deeper, and consequently outlasts the other: besides, *Colin* had seen me since I had left the Village.

Nevertheless, I banish'd these Fears; I was so much grown, and my Features were now form'd and quite alter'd, that I imagin'd nobody would know me; at least I was willing to flatter myself so.

When I was in Bed, I laid down a Plan for my Conduct, making it a Rule to see no Company, but to spend my Time in Working and Reading. As to my Table, I determin'd it should be plain, to avoid Expence and Show, and not lye under the Reproach of acting the Lady in my Father's House. I thought proper, indeed, to eat alone, apprehending too great a Familiarity might discover the Secret, and as yet I did not approve of being oblig'd to declare myself.

Some

Some Difficulty still remain'd; the *Marquis* might return, and be desirous of discoursing with me. He had been seen there before, and his Presence and Visits might recall those Ideas which were but too well laid up; all which put together, *John* might be found to be her that was desirous to pass for somebody else. This I imagin'd might happen, and certainly had in a short Time; but that the *Marquis* apprehended the same Thing. It will appear how he managed the Affair; at present, something else demands our Attention; every thing has its proper Place.

I pass'd the Night better than I had reason to expect. In the Morning, my Mother, bringing me some Broth, which I order'd *Barbara* to make over Night, told me, that the Gentleman at the Castle had sent to know who I was, and whether I made any Stay in the Village; she added, she had given no positive Answer, not knowing what were my Intentions.

I prais'd my Mother's Discretion with an Air that sufficiently show'd my Satisfaction; but, had I like to have spoil'd all by asking a Question, I catch'd myself, and only enquir'd who was Lord of their Village. He is a *Financier*, said she, an old Batchelor, who after the Death of the last Possessor, purchas'd it of his Widow; he was once upon the Point of marrying a Daughter of mine, who now lives with a Lady. My Mother was talking all this Time of me, and was loath to speak her Mind to my Disadvantage; such Acknowledgments grieve too much. But the Match was broke off, continued she, because the intended Bridegroom was engag'd to another, who sent to forbid the Marriage. From that Time, the Women are all afraid of him, tho' he is very rich, and he makes himself amends as often as he can; but his horrid Figure and bad Character frighten all our Girls. He spends the Autumn here, and during that

that Time, every one keeps Watch and Ward, for he is as wicked as he is ugly.

This Account resembled *M. Gritart* so very much, whom I have mention'd before, that I was not surpriz'd to hear my Mother name him. As she was in a talking Mood, she related *Madame Desfival's* History, much the same as what I have given in the Tenth Part. She express'd herself much properer than my Father, which made me relish it better from her than from him. The Reader may judge; the Sequel of that Lady's History falls in too naturally here to be postpon'd.

SEQUEL OF *Madem. D'Elbieux's* History.

In the mean Time, *Mr. Desfival*, ignorant as one may imagine, of his being by Mistake concern'd in what had pass'd the preceding Night, came before Dinner to the *Countess de N——*'s Castle, determin'd on the Answer he was to make to her Proposals. One Moment later, all would have been over; he had certainly found the Door shut against him, and must have return'd without comprehending the Meaning of such a whimsical Order. The *Countess*, who thought she had Reason to be highly provok'd, was determin'd to have him forbid ever setting his Foot again in her House; but, never dreaming of his being there before Dinner, as he must have gone to bed so late, deferr'd giving her Orders till she rose herself.

Let any one imagine her Consternation at seeing him enter her Bedchamber with that easy Air which is the Result of Innocence. She was scarce able to command her Resentment, and turn'd to the other Side with a Disdain, which must have been discovered, had there been the least Suspicion of what had given Occasion to it. *Desfival* not aware of it, enquir'd after her Health, and how she came to keep her Bed so long? You have certainly supp'd late, been up all Night, said he, and now have got the

Head

Head-Ach, and if I may judge by your Looks, are not in a Humour to chat. This Speech, far from engaging the *Countess*, to make any Answer, only provok'd her the more; nevertheless, she contain'd herself out of a Desire to know how far the Impertor's impudence would go. The treacherous Man, said she to herself, after endeavouring to deceive the Daughter, fancies the Mother may be more easily impos'd on, as she does not know what Discoveries her Daughter has made; and flatters himself, that tho' he be discarded by her, he may marry me; but, why should I take his Perfidiousness thus to Heart? What is it to me whether the Wretch be privately Married or not, or dares make his Addresses to me? I know what I have to do, and should be guilty of a great Folly, if instead of diverting myself at his Expence, I should be serious in the Matter, and only give myself Uneasiness to no Purpose.

This reasonable Reflexion brought the *Countess* to herself; Instead of carrying it with a high Hand, as she once thought of doing, she pretended to wake out of her Sleep, saying, she had not closed her Eyes all Night, and that it was very barbarous to disturb her. Indeed, *Mr. Deserval*, added she, you are to blame, and I ought to punish you by taking another Nap; but for this Time I'll pardon you, being impatient to hear what you have determin'd after our last Conversation. Step into the next Room while I rise, and then we will discourse as long as you please.

Deserval oppos'd this: You appear too much to an Advantage, said he with a Smile, in your Bed, and are too charming for me to lose the Pleasure of seeing you; give me leave to sit down by you, and I shall declare my Sentiments with the Sincerity you exacted of me.

The *Countess*, too sensible to Compliments, was half-reconcil'd. You are always flattering me, said

said she, in an affected Tone; any one else would be deceiv'd by your fine Speeches: but it's lucky for me that I know myself, and am not Fool enough to be impos'd on: but, to the Resolution you say you have taken; that Resolution I am so much interested in, and am so impatient to hear.

I have too lively a Sense of all the Civilities I have received, replied *Deslival* very gravely, to hesitate a Moment in sincerely declaring my Mind: I am a Stranger to Deceit, and value myself too much on Probity, to make a Mystery of the Passion I have for *Mademoiselle D'Elbieux*. This is saying enough, Madam, and, I think, I ought not to use any Apology for assuring you I am ready, whenever you please, to marry your Daughter, and receive her from your Hand as a precious Pledge of your Esteem and Friendship.

This Answer needed no Explanation. That is as much as to say, replied the *Countess* ironically, you cruelly sacrifice yourself, and to oblige me, will become the most Wretched of Mankind; This is doing a great deal for my Sake, I know not how to make a Return; but in an Affair of this Consequence, I must let the Mother take place of the Friend, and examine every thing very cautiously. I have been inform'd, Sir, that you are already married, and, before any thing is concluded on, it's fit I should be fully satisfied on so material a Point. If you will act with the Probity for which you seem to value yourself, I shall avoid making an Enquiry, which, though it turn out to your Acquittance, will throw a Stain upon you, every Man of Honour ought to avoid.

Mr. Deslival, whose Conscience did not accuse him, imagin'd either the *Countess* banter'd, or else resented the Preference he gave her Daughter. You are at Liberty, Madam, answer'd he, to act as you please. Whatever Measures you take, I am sure they will prove my Innocence. Every one knows me,

me, I have nothing to reproach myself with all, and defy the worth of Enemies. — This is going too far, cried the *Countess* interrupting him, you may talk thus to others who are less acquainted with you; but, as for me, I am not so easily deceiv'd. Though you should take it ill, replied *Desfival* with warmth, I must tell you, that whoever gave you any such Informations, are Impostors, and that I shall punish them as they deserve, if you will please to name them: the Jest is something tart, and sure enough carried too far.

The *Countess*, fully persuaded that it was *Desfival* whom she had heard reproach'd over Night with his secret Engagements, and which he had own'd, was exasperated at his Assurance in denying them: My Daughter, cried she in a Passion, can never be sufficiently prais'd for discarding you with Scorn, since you stand so audaciously in a Lye. For Heaven's sake, Madam, said *Desfival* interrupting her a third Time, let us understand one another, and don't persist in such cruel Treatment: if you are in jest, I'll hold my Tongue, and am willing you should give full scope to your bitter perplexing Humour; but, if you are serious, it is time to come to an Explanation. What is it you mean by pretending I am married? what secret Engagement do you hint at? what Grounds have you to imagine your Daughter has discarded me with Scorn? I would have you to know, Madam, with all due Respect, that there is not one Syllable of Truth in all this, and that if you talk till to-morrow, I shall not comprehend one Word you say.

The more *M. Desfival* persisted in asserting his Innocence, the more the prejudiced *Countess's* Rage increas'd: notwithstanding her Resolution to keep in a bantering strain, she lost all Patience: Is it possible, said she raising her Voice, that you should

carry, Sir, the Imposture to this length? you dare maintain you are not married? Yes, Madam, I do aver it, replied *Destival*; who could have inform'd you of so base a Calumny? My Daughter, if you must know, replied the *Countess* very warmly, not daring to own how she discover'd it. *Made-moiselle Desbieux*! cried *Destival*; she could never have invented such a Lye: I say again, Madam, you only divert yourself at my Expence, and have some Motive for so doing: I am satisfied you have invented this Story, as an Excuse for breaking your Word with me; but, you need not have taken the pains to proceed in this extraordinary manner, had you barely said you did not approve of me for a Son in Law, I should have come presently to a Resolution, Madam, and given you no farther trouble.

The Conclusion of this Answer touch'd the *Countess* to the Quick: There is no bearing this, cried she looking furiously at him; you provoke me beyond measure, by your ill manners. Know then, Sir, since you force me to it, that I was Witness the last Night of your Conversation with my Daughter in the Park, now sure you understand me: will you deny too that my Daughter wrote to you, that you agreed to meet her in the Park, that you and she talk'd of me in the most contemptible manner? Will you deny too your owning your Marriage? But to what purpose do I give these Proofs? I see in your looks you are contriving to evade them; go, Sir, it's shameful for a Man of your Rank to lye so openly; I always thought Persons of Distinction were exempt from this Vice.

Nay then, cried *Destival* lifting his Eyes to Heaven, either I am run mad, or you have lost your Senses: pardon me, Madam, if my Emotion has occasion'd an Expression I myself blame; but really any one else would lose all Patience with

with you: I receive a Letter last Night from your Daughter! she meet me in the Park! I speak disrespectfully of you, and, to complete the Fiction, frankly own'd myself married, when there is no such thing, and she discard me without my knowing of it! Faith, Madam, once more, either you dream, or I am mad: Certainly I have disturbed your Sleep, and you are dreaming again; or you are resolv'd to provoke a Man of some Worth. Yes, I say it again, you certainly Dream, and the Devil himself can't unriddle it.

Mademoiselle Delbieux enter'd the Room as *Deserval* said this in a great Heat: She did not know he was come, but was still persuad'd he was the Person she had talk'd with the Night before, and was not much surpris'd to find him with her Mother, after what she fancied she had discover'd: her Malice, which was never backward, made her conclude that he had lain at the Castle, and what confirm'd her in it the more, was his angry Discourse: she did not doubt but her Mother and he, like too many married People, had quarrell'd, and, vex'd to meet a Man she detested upon the pretended Discovery, she was going to retire and vent her ill Humour in her Chamber; but the *Countess* perceiving her, very peremptorily commanded her to stay, saying, her Presence was necessary to clear up an Affair she was acquainted with, and well deserv'd, added she with a sneer, the Honour of her Evidence and Confirmation.

Deserval, who was grown impatient, did not wait for the *Countess* proceeding in her Discourse. I am overjoy'd, *Mademoiselle*, said he, that you are come so luckily: would you believe, your Mother has spent an Hour in endeavouring to persuade me that you wrote to me, and that in consequence of it, I met you last Night in the Park; that, under Favour, we rail'd at her, and a thousand Dreams of this Nature? Speak, *Mademoiselle*, you

can best decide it: it was in vain for me to assure her that it's all a Mistake; she persists in proving it to be true, and I am so astonish'd that I shall not recover myself very soon.

Mademoiselle Delbierre was extremely surpris'd to hear that her Mother was so well acquainted with her Proceedings; she concluded the Farmer's Son had betray'd her, and was resolv'd to revenge herself sooner or later: notwithstanding her Anger against *Destival*, she approv'd of his persisting to deny the Meeting, and thought it was her Business to second him, which she did with so much Earnestness, that it was rewarded with a Box on each Ear, for saying she knew nothing at all of it, and that it was contrary even to common Sense.

The Countess having thus revenged herself, order'd *Destival* very disdainfully to retire, and never come near her more. He rose from his Seat, stung with the injurious Treatment he had receiv'd: Yes, Madam, cried he, you shall see me no more; but remember, and I repeat it before this young Lady, that I never fin'd from home last Night, as all the People in the Village can witness, I lay at my own House; that I had not the Honour of meeting your Daughter, that I never told her I was married, and in fine, that the whole is a Fiction: This is the plain Truth, and so I wish you a good Morrow, engaging my Word of Honour never to expose myself again to such opprobrious Treatment, as I have undergone this Day.

Destival went away leaving the Countess extremely perplex'd at the Imposture, of which she thought him guilty: looking at her Daughter, who cried for Vexation, you are very impudent, Miss, said she, to deny what I myself saw and heard: saying this, she threw the Letter at her she had intercepted, as was mention'd before: Will you deny this too? I know you, perfidious Creature:

Creature : your wicked Heart betrays itself every Moment : you expres yourself in my regard with great Tenderness and Affection truly ! Go, ungrateful Child, you little deserve what I have done for you ; and I should act very prudently if, after discovering your malicious Disposition, I secured you in a Place that might prevent your behaving to me so cruelly hereafter.

These Reproaches were too just not to affect *Mademoiselle Delbieux*, wicked as she was ; she cried very heartily, and confessed she deserv'd them, as she own'd to her Confident from whom this History was learnt : besides her other ill Qualities, she was very unguarded, and had not Sense enough to conceal, what she ought to have buried in eternal Oblivion.

As rash as *Mademoiselle Delbieux* was, she reflected a long time on what had happen'd, though it was not usual with her ; had there been the least Room to doubt, she would have concluded that *Destival* was not the Person she met in the Park : his denying having been there, and her Mother's passionate manner of forbidding him the House, did not suit the Notions she had imbibed : she was infinitely desirous of discoursing him on the Points he had so obstinately denied : besides, it was sufficient to be ill used by her Mother, to reconcile her to him ; to say nothing of his being the most in favour of all her Lovers, and in the Humour she then was, she heartily wish'd the Engagements, she fancied he was under with her Mother, were not of the Nature she Suspected, in order to receive his Addresses a new, and even to marry him perhaps at last.

She was just setting down to Table with her Mother, who still murmur'd and reprimanded her for what had happen'd (for the best of Mothers, when thus provok'd, don't easily give over). Dinner was serving up, when Word was brought that

Mr. Desfournaux was come, after reflecting on what had passed, he was concerned at having been so foolish as to give Occasion to *Mademoiselle Delbriux's* retiring, when his good Fortune had procured him the Meeting; apprehending besides, that jealousy might possibly have mortified her, he came to repair the Mischief he had done himself, and in order that the Acknowledgment he had made, should not prejudice his Pretensions to a Person, who in marrying him might retrieve his Affairs and make his Fortune, he was resolv'd, in case she refus'd to hear him on Account of his having said he was married, to pretend it was all a Jest, and only to try whether she concern'd herself in what regarded him: he had even taken the precaution, in case she should make any Enquiry, to instruct his Wife, and convince her, that it was her Interest to assist him on this Occasion, in order to alleviate the extreme Necessity, to which her ill Conduct had reduced her: this was what brought the vain-glorious *Desfournaux* to the Castle, and occasion'd various Adventures.

Mademoiselle Delbriux, who had not digested the Blows, nor the continual mauling she had undergone, receiv'd *Desfournaux* very coldly. On the contrary, the Countess caressed him extremely, because she knew he was odious to *Desfival*, as if she intended by such Treatment to revenge herself for all the Grievances she laid to his charge: The Gentleman was so elevated at this, that he grew very joyful, and endeavour'd by his Country Jest, to reinstate himself in the favour of *Mademoiselle Delbriux*. The Countess perceiving by her Daughter's sullen Looks, that *Desfournaux's* Company was disagreeable to her, took a malicious Pleasure in leaving them alone: accordingly, the moment she had din'd, she retir'd to her Closet under some Pretext, but in reality to divert herself with the Vexation this would occasion in her Daughter.

Daughter. When His nature is to be indulg'd, every Thing that mortifies another is acceptable, tho' of the most trifling nature. And so I say of his Sister. The Spark was no sooner alone with the Daughter, but he began his Addresses and fine Speeches, in order, if possible, to renew the preceding Night's Conversation; but, he met with all the Difficulties, she was capable of expressing when dispos'd. *Desfontenay* bore it tolerably well for some Time; but, finding nothing would appease her, he began to think of justifying himself upon the Subject of his unlucky Acknowledgment, from which he imagin'd all this Contempt proceeded. He complain'd, *Mademoiselle*, cried he, that what I said last Night about a pretended Marriage by way of Banter, has made you uneasy, and occasion'd the Coldness with which I am treated; but don't be mistaken, I am under no Engagement, as I am ready to prove. I had your favour'd me a few Moments longer with your Company, you would have found. — Are you unamused? replied *Mademoiselle Delbieux* very drily, who told you, that I concern myself about you, or am in any ways interested whether you are at Liberty or not? Neither do I comprehend what you mean by a Discourse you say we had together. I remember nothing of it. You must explain yourself, or, which would do much better, Sir, give me no farther Trouble. I am not in a Humour to be diverted with your Wit, and you had best reserve it for Others, who may possibly relish it tho' I don't.

This made *Desfontenay* stare, and puzzled him in his Turn. I could not have thought, answer'd he, that you would quarrel for a Trifle, after giving me a Meeting, methinks. — I give you a Meeting? cried she interrupting him a second Time; and surpris'd at his Assurance; you are certainly distracted, or could never have entertained such an

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extravagant Notion. I should think so too, replied *Desfouneaux* incens'd at this, if I imagin'd all these Things without any Foundation: but, when you see this Letter, and which you cannot disown, as I receiv'd it from you, I flatter myself you will not persist in treating me as you have hitherto done.

Saying this, he presented the Letter to her, which created no small Astonishment. Casting her Eyes upon it, she fancied she knew the Hand, and upon that read it all over; it appear'd to be the same with the Letter she wrote to *Desfival*, excepting as to the Place of Meeting, and the Writing being different from her own. After weighing with herself who could possibly have put such a Trick upon her, she recollected what her Mother had said to her, and from thence concluded, it was her who intercepted the Letter, and had put it to such a use; but notwithstanding this Discovery, she was quite in the Dark as to the rest of the Adventure. What could be the Design of sending the Letter to *Desfouneaux* instead of *Desfival*? Why should her Mother fall upon *Desfival* for the Meeting, and he deny it so strenuously? Had the Cover of the Billet been preserv'd, it would have unriddled the whole; but it was never Read, *Desfouneaux* having carelessly thrown it into the Fire, from whence arose all the Mystery, not to be unriddled, and which so much perplex'd *Mademoiselle Delbierre*. Had the headstrong Thing given our Country Squire the Hearing, he would soon have clear'd up the Point, and inform'd her that the Letter was brought to him instead of *Desfival*; but she was too impetuous, too lively and too obstinate to abandon her first Notions, and consider coolly upon any thing; a great Deal of Wit, but little Judgment, is the Character of *Mademoiselle Delbierre*, now *Madame Desfival*. However Resentment must not be indulged, never any Good is to be expected from it.

The *Countess*, who overheard every Word, soon found out the Mystery: Instead of being censur'd for her Behaviour to the unfortunate *Deftour*, she thought the whole Affair so very diverting, when she recollected all that had pass'd over Night and the Morning following, that she several Times burst into loud Fits of Laughter. *Deftour*, who took it to himself, and imagin'd his Night Adventure was only a Contrivance to ridicule him, resent'd her Mirth, and rose from his Seat, saying, 'tis very ill-manner'd to make a Jest of a Man of his Importance: The less Merit a Man has, the more suspicious he is of being slighted. This huffing Speech was so far from checking the *Countess*, that it only increas'd her Mirth by being so ill-timed. *Mademoiselle Delbriux*, who was astonish'd to hear her, bit her Lips for Vexation, thinking it was a Consequence of the Trick she had been play'd, resolving to revenge herself the first Opportunity.

In the mean while, *Deftour*, whose Resentment of the ill usage increas'd with it, began to think of convincing the *Countess* how much he was affronted, by assuring her it was the last Visit he ever intended there. The *Countess*, naturally polite, and besides apprehensive lest *Deftour* in his Anger should divulge the Adventure among the neighbouring Gentry, and prejudice her Daughter's Reputation, assur'd him he was not concern'd in the Affair: but, that she could not help being diverted at a Trick she had put upon her Daughter, and wherein he had never been entangled, but by an unlucky Mistake. The fierce Country Squire was pleas'd by this Assurance, which his Pride took for an Excuse: he grew good humour'd in order to pacify the *Countess* for his spiteful Reflexions, which she could not forbear reproaching him withall: he told her, it was done on purpose as a Punishment for her being there, which he

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discover'd, as he assur'd her, notwithstanding the thought herself so well hid: the *Countess* believ'd what she pleas'd, but her Daughter at last unravel'd the whole Mystery by what she heard, and was no longer surpris'd at *Desirval's* peremptory Behaviour: This renew'd her former Esteem for him, and convinced her, that all she had Suspected to have pass'd between her Mother and Him, was purely imaginary; her Passion reviv'd, with a firm Resolution of giving him the most convincing Proofs as soon as possible.

An Opportunity soon offer'd; the *Countess* herself brought it about; she always had a Value for *Mrs. Desirval*, and being sensible of the Injustice of her Behaviour to him, she thought herself oblig'd to acknowledge her Fault, in order to bring him to the Castle again, and convince him of her Concern for what had pass'd. *Desirval*, who had retir'd with great Regret, was overjoy'd at the Pretence that was given him to return, without bringing his Honour in Question. Accordingly, he came the next Day, and his short Absence only serv'd to render him the more amiable, and redouble the Esteem he was in before the Rupture.

The most Inconsiderate have some Intervals of good Sense: *Mademoiselle Delbieux* behaved for a few Days with so much Temper, that *Desirval* had the Address to make her accept of his Proposal to marry her. The *Countess*, convinced of the Necessity of marrying her Daughter, especially after her late Sally, and knowing how easily in such Adventures a young Creature might be ruin'd past retrieving, was resolv'd not to lose so favourable an Opportunity: her Consent obtain'd, the Nuptials were immediately celebrated, and nothing could be happier than the first few Days that follow'd. The Alteration in *Mademoiselle Delbieux* for the better was astonishing. The Family blessed the Occasion of so happy a Change; but, they were

were too precipitate in their Sentiments; her Character was still the same, and soon exerted itself with its usual Violence.

They had not been married a Fortnight, when one Morning as she was getting up, she bid her Woman order the Coach to be ready. *Destival*, in his complaisant way, ask'd her if she propos'd to dine abroad? No, said she very coldly, I design for *Paris*, I am quite tir'd with the Country, where there is nothing new, and can bear it no longer. You have too much Sense, replied *Destival* very mildly, to have taken so sudden a Resolution, without consulting your Mother and hearing her Opinion. Why surely! cried she very haughtily, am I such an Infant, that I am obliged to ask her Leave? I know of no such Dependence, nor will not be made a Slave to any one. You are very impertinent to talk to me in this manner: Surely, the Scene is very extraordinary! What I said, answer'd *Destival*, was not intended as an Affront; you are certainly your own Mistress, and I should be sorry to have given you the least Occasion to think I would disoblige you; but, I ought to put you in mind, that should your Birth should not leave her Relations so very abruptly, and that — All your Reasoning, cried she interrupting him again, is in vain, I am determin'd to set out immediately for *Paris*, and nobody shall prevent it.

There is but one Difficulty remains, continued *Destival* provok'd with his Wife's Discourse, which is, where you can lodge, when you come there? You know we have no House, nor as yet had time to look out for one; besides, we agreed not to do any thing of that kind till next Winter. What is that to me? replied the humorous Creature with an Air of Disdain. Do you imagine that will disappoint my Journey? As if I could be at a loss for a Lodging in dear *Paris*? Make your

yourself easy as to that Particular: I have contriv'd the whole Affair, and, Heaven be prais'd, don't want any one's Directions how to behave on such an Occasion.

A Neighbour coming in, put an End to the Conversation. *Mr. Desfival* was going to reply, and that like a Husband who was determin'd not to yield to such Extravagances, the Discourse at first run upon indifferent Matters, when on a sudden, without the least Connection with what had been said, *Madame Desfival* ask'd the Lady, what she thought of a Husband who tyranniz'd over his Wife, and thwarted her in every thing? The Lady, surpris'd at such a Question and guessing something was amiss, replied, that she did not believe that any married Man was so unreasonable.—Well then, cried *Madame Desfival* looking scornfully at her Husband, don't be any longer in such a Mistake, that Gentleman is one of the Number: I have a mind to go to *Paris*, I ask'd his Consent in an obliging manner, even begg'd it, and yet he is so cruel as to refuse me; is not this playing the Tyrant over a Wife? I am so provok'd, as scarce to be myself. *Desfival*, who little expected such a vile Forgery, and was now convinced he had married the wickedest Creature of her Sex, seeing her work'd up to such a pitch of Extravagance, thought it most prudent to retire, and not give himself the trouble of making any Answer. He went directly to the *Councils*, but with an Air of Trouble which she presently discover'd, and enquir'd what was the Occasion of it; he very readily told her the whole Affair. After shrugging up her Shoulders, she promis'd to take proper Methods. *Desfival* was very willing she should stir in it rather than himself, and in order to avoid the Noise he foresaw would ensue, he mounted a Horse and went to dinner about a League from thence, hoping at his Return to find his Wife in a better

a better Humour, and possibly prevail'd on to hear Reason.

It was a difficult Task, or rather an Impossibility; the Countess her Mother was thank'd very disdainfully for her Advice, and told, she was not Mistress there, and that no Deference was due to her. It was in vain to tell her Daughter, that to go without her Husband's Consent, or to leave him behind, was equally monstrous: her Answer still was, she did not marry to become a Slave, and that if other Women were such Fools as to be led by the Nose, it was not her Case; that she would show, the Rights of a Wife were not inferior to those of a Husband, and that there was nothing wanting but to know as much. In fine, Words run high, it was to no purpose to interpose, go she would. A Servant who had brought her up, was so indiscreet as to blame her Conduct, and say she ought in Conscience to obey her Husband; this was answer'd with bidding her be-gone; accordingly, her Wages were immediately paid, and, in spite of all Remonstrance, she was turn'd out of Doors.

The other Servants, hearing the old Woman was discharged, who had brought her up from an Infant, concluded they must not delay executing what was order'd; thinking that if the Governante, after so many Years Service, found no Mercy, they could hope for none if they shew'd the least Repugnance to her Commands: the Coachman, who, by the Countess's Direction, had not as yet put the Horses to the Coach, hurried about it immediately; the waiting Woman thought of nothing but packing up, and in an instant every thing was ready.

Being inform'd of it, *Madame Desli-val* threw herself into the Coach, it was in vain to endeavour to prevail on her, she return'd no Answer, but order'd the Coachman to drive away: the

whole Family remain'd in the utmost Consternation at her Obstinacy, imagining this might not be the last Break, with which she would try a worthy Gentleman's Patience.

The Countess, thinking she ought to acquaint Mr. Desfival with what had pass'd, dispatch'd one of her Servants with a Letter to him: he took Horse immediately upon receiving it, much surpris'd to find his Wife was gone without him, and should have shown him so little Regard as not to wait his Return: the Mother-in-law was too sensible of the Justness of his Resentment, to make any Apology for such insufferable Behaviour; on the contrary she pitied him, and advis'd rather as a Friend than a Mother, that he should take Post instantly, endeavour to overtake her at Night, and either prevail on her to hear Reason, or to act as the Occasion requir'd.

This Advice chim'd too well with his own Sentiments, provok'd as he was, not to be follow'd; he sent for Post-horses, and came up with her in about four Hours: She was just entring a Village, when she perceiv'd him following her, at a Time she little expected it.

The Interview was really comical. Madame Desfival, who easily guessed he did not come after her for nothing, resolv'd on as wicked a Stratagem as could be invented; she pretended not to know him, desir'd he would go about his Business, and, upon his assuming an Air of Authority, threaten'd him, that if he did not retire, and give her no farther Disturbance, she would declare he came to offer Violence, and that she would find Means to be rid of him.

Desfival perceiv'd, that things must come to an Extremity, if he proceeded any farther; he was under a Necessity of stopping in the Village, having tired the Horses so much that it was impossible to go on without baiting: he kept back till

till his Wife alighted at the Inn where she was to dine, which she had no sooner done, but advancing to enter, he was stopp'd at the Door, and ask'd what he would have? I am come to dine with my Wife, answer'd he in a Passion; I did not think a Man must have brought his Pedigree, continued he with a Smile of Disdain, in order to gain Admittance here.

The Inn-keeper, who ask'd *Destival* such a ridiculous Question, had just receiv'd his Instructions from the Wife: She had charg'd him not to suffer a mad Man to come in, who was in Love with her, and so outrageous as to fancy himself married to her. Were ever such Artifices employ'd to get rid of a Husband? Such was the Temper of the Woman I am speaking of, and of whom I have such just Reasons to complain.

As *Madame Destival* came in a handsome Coach and Six with suitable Attendants, she made no small Figure; it was natural enough for her Discourse to have its desir'd Effect. But as her Husband came on a Post-horse, and lived much in the Country, it will be easily imagin'd he made no great Appearance either in Clothes or any thing else. The Inn-keeper took the Lady's part; her Equipage carried it, and *Mr. Destival* was not regarded.

The Brute, as most of his Profession are, was nettled at the Answer mentioned above, and the more so, for that several who overheard it, had laugh'd very heartily; he answer'd with some Warmth, that a Pedigree was not requir'd for coming into his Inn, but that nevertheless he had no room for Madmen, who fancied themselves married to Women they never saw before; that he should have no Entrance there, since his Design could be no other than to insult a Lady, who did him the Honour to come to his House; but that if he had the Assurance to persist in his Folly, he would let

him see he was Master there, and knew how to deal with insolent Fellows and Madmen.

Destival was highly provok'd at this Impertinence, and, losing all Patience, drew his Sword on the Inn-keeper to force a passage. The Hostess bawl'd for Help to the Servants, and in an Instant the whole Village was in an Uproar : had *Destival* been *Orlando Furioso* himself, he must have yielded to the Superiority of Number. His Sword was secur'd, and had not the Curate interpos'd in the Godspeed, the Inn-keeper had certainly crippled him. The Clergyman, by his Presence, put a Stop to their Fury, and enquir'd what was the Matter. *Destival* offer'd to speak ; but the Inn-keeper, fierce as a Cock on his own Dunghill, and whom the Curate and the Peasants respected for the Sake of his ready Stum, was very loud in his own Defence. In fine, *Destival* was adjudg'd to be mad as a March Hare, every one deposing something to prove his Madness, and what was still worse, the Curate would not hear any thing to the contrary ; accordingly, he pronounced Sentence, that the Madman should be lock'd up, an Information taken of the Assault, and he conducted to the next Bailliwick, in order to be sent to a Madhouse, or deliver'd to his Relations to be secur'd and prevented from the like Pranks for the future.

Such was the Decision of the Curate and chief Men of the Village, who undertook to see it executed. It was in vain for *Destival* to endeavour to clear himself, the Clowns were all prejudiced against him ; mine Host of the *White Cross* had been attack'd, which was Proof strong enough in their Judgment ; and all *Destival* could say in his own Defence was look'd upon as the Raving of a Man distracted, who ought not to be laugh'd at, as they said to one another, out of Humanity, but rather deserv'd to be pitied.

All

All this while, *Madame Desfiaval* stood laughing very heartily, which her Attendants could not brook; one of them chose rather to be turn'd away, than not reprove her for what had happen'd. She was so provok'd at his Impertinence, that she forbid him her Sight, threatening, that if ever he dared to talk of her, she would make him dearly repent his want of Respect.

After this Act of Severity, she paid the Inn-keeper well for his Trouble, and proceeded on her Journey: instead of reflecting on her own base Carriage to so worthy a Husband as *Desfiaval*, she diverted herself with it on the Road, and burst into Fits of Laughter like a Changeling, as often as she consider'd the Astonishment he must be in, at her artful Manner of getting rid of him.

In the mean Time the Servant whom *Madame Desfiaval* had discarded, no sooner saw her go away, but he ran to the Curate to expostulate with him upon the Injustice of his Behaviour in regard of a Gentleman, who was well known, and whose Wife was certainly mad, and had never been thought otherwise even before her Marriage, and then acquainted him with the whole Affair. The Clergyman, who was prejudiced, sent him away, saying, he had talk'd with the Lady (which was true enough) and that he thought her a Woman of too much Sense and Distinction to be guilty of an Action, which if true, was certainly abominable. The honest Servant, provok'd at such Proceedings, and astonish'd to see an innocent Person so easily oppress'd, thought he could not do better than to return to the Countess, and acquaint her with what had happen'd: She was terribly afflicted at the News, and set out the next Morning as soon as it was light, to procure the suppos'd mad Man's Release.

The Curate was much surpris'd at this Visit: he repented, tho' something late, his own Credulity, and begg'd a thousand Pardons. *Mr. Desfi-*

val more out of Generosity than any other. Mr. Desival forgave what was passed; had it not been for fear of exposing himself to the World, he would have carried Things very far; but, after thanking his Mother-in-law for her Concern, he swore he would never see her Daughter more, or so much as hear her mention'd.

Would one imagine after so cruel a Prank, as has been just now related, he could ever be so unwise as to break his Word? Nevertheless, he did so. *Madame Desival*, who was at last brought to a Sense of the Folly she had been guilty of, resolv'd to use her utmost Endeavours to obtain a Reconciliation; the greater Difficulty, the greater her Earnestness, according to Custom. She left nothing undone to compass it. She acknowledged her Fault, laid the Blame on her own giddy Want of Experience, and in fine, she employ'd such powerful Means, as procur'd her Pardon. *Mr. Desival* receiv'd her without Reproach, and, in hopes of reclaiming her by Mildness, behav'd as if he never had any Occasion to complain of her Conduct; but he soon had Reason to repent it.

Three Months after this Reconciliation, *Madame Desival* proved with Child; the *Countess* her Mother, instead of rejoicing, was much concern'd; being sensible, after so much Experience of her Daughter's Humour, that she would infallibly take that Opportunity of tormenting not only her Husband, but all those who had the Misfortune to live under the same Roof. *Mr. Desival*, who had no such Apprehensions, was transported with the News; his Love and Tenderness redoubled. Ought so much Goodness, so little deserved, to have been repaid with the Vexations that hung over him?

What the *Countess* apprehended, came to pass; as soon as her Daughter was certain of being with Child, she affected a Thousand Whims, one upon another, which she was pleas'd to Honour with

with the Name of Longings, and, out of Complaisance, others did the same. Sometimes, he could not bear the Sight of such a Servant; he must turn out. The next Minute, he would bear one of the Maids, which she was obliged to take in good Part: Then she fancied something that could only be had at *Paris*, an Express must be dispatched to fetch it; she tired every Body, from Morning to Night; no one had a Moment's Rest, and yet durst not complain. *Mr. Desfival* was the first to comply in every Thing, and as he set the Example, every one thought fit to follow it.

There came one Day to the Castle a *Capuchin* Friar, whose long venerable Beard drew the Respect of all the World; besides this great Qualification, he was a Man of Wit, and did not much resemble the rest of his Brethren; People were universally fond of his Company; in a Word, the greatest Gossip in the Neighbourhood: The Countess, who kept an exceeding good Table, an excellent Method of drawing Company in the Country, was frequently visited by Reverend Father *Raphael*; he came every Week, and then it was high Holiday; News without End, he understood the Interest of Princes, talk'd of War like a General, was a consummate Statesman, embellish'd his Stories with curious Particulars; in fine, he was a rare Country Companion, and thought by every one to very extraordinary, that sooner or later he must certainly be a very great Man.

I shall not pretend to draw a Picture of this venerable Person; all I shall say is, that his Face much resembled a pale Meteor, and that his Nose for bigness and sharpness might dispute Precedency with all the Noses in the Universe.

Madame Desfival, who could not but be sufficiently acquainted with the Reverend Father in so long a Time, took it amiss that Father *Raphael* should wear so long a Beard; she ask'd him very seriously,

seriously, if he intended to wear it much longer? The *Capuchin*, surpris'd at this Question as well as the rest of the Company, answer'd very piously, that his Life was in the Hands of the Lord, who alone had a Right to dispose of it. That is no Answer, replied *Madame Desfival* with an Air of Uneasiness. I am talking of your venerable Beard, and not of your Death; I ask you in plain Terms, whether you are not tired of wearing it so many Years, and whether you would not be glad, if any one were so charitable as to ease you of it?

The *Capuchin*, who was no Stranger to *Madame Desfival's* Vagaries, trembled, as did all the Company, at such a formidable Question, as if what was going to happen, had been foreseen; he answer'd, that he hoped to preserve it as long as he lived, and that he did not imagine any one would be so wickedly disposed, as to make an Attempt on a virgin Chin. And why not, replied *Madame Desfival*? besides, where would be the great Harm done, if you should lose your long Beard? Would you be less what you are? No, certainly, and I am surpris'd a Man of your good Sense should let your Heart on such Trifles. Father *Raphael*, was mortified to hear her still harping on his Beard; what the Lady had alledged, diverted the Company, especially the younger Sort, who laugh'd immoderately; but he thought himself a Man of too much Consequence to be jested with: notwithstanding, he stifled his Resentment; he only begg'd of *Madame Desfival* to change the Discourse, and without waiting for her Answer, began a Story of *Alexander the Great's* Moderation in regard of the Wife of *Darius*. But *Madame Desfival* was not to be put off so; she interrupted him, crying out, that *Alexander's* Beard was far inferior to his, and that before any farther Men-
tion

tion was made of him, what she had propos'd concerning the long Beard must be decided.

Father *Raphael*, who loved to hear himself talk, lost all Patience at being interrupted on the Score of his belov'd Beard. In the Name of Goodness, Madam, cried he, let us hear no more on't, but permit me to proceed — No, no, replied the mischievous *Madame Desfiaval* wringing her Hands, you must grant me one Request: You know I am with Child, I long prodigiously, and, if I am not immediately satisfied, I vow the Child I go withall will be born with as long a Beard as your own.

This Conclusion was so diverting as to set the Table in a Roar, and made the poor *Capuchin* blush up to the Ears: He was for rising from his Chair; and, by his Retreat, show how much he was provok'd; but those who sat next him, prevented it by holding him down, and telling him, Ladies were allow'd to say what they pleas'd without giving Offence. *Mr. Desfiaval*, who sat all this while upon Thorns, nodded to him very obligingly, as much as to say, You know her Humour, and should not be offended. Father *Raphael* took his Seat again, hoping his Beard might still remain a Beard, and that the Storm which threaten'd it would blow over. You make me no Answer, continued *Madame Desfiaval*, taking a malicious Pleasure in tormenting the good Father (and the more so, for that in her late Quarrel with her Husband, she knew the *Capuchin* had been one of the first in advising him never to receive her again.) Can you be so cruel, said she, as to refuse me after what I mention'd? If it be only to handle my Beard, replied Father *Raphael*, I am willing to indulge you so far. You are exceeding good, dear Father, cried *Madame Desfiaval*, rising from her Seat with great Alacrity, I have long'd this Hour for it prodigiously:
your

your Complaisance with my Desires gives me new Life.

I can't say whether the tickling thoughts of being handled by a pretty Woman, made any Impression or not; but, this is certain, the Reverend Father resumed his usual Gaiety, and presented his Chin with no bad Grace: The Company, transported with this humorous Scene, devour'd with all their Eyes, both the Physiognomy of the *Capuchin*, looking mighty modestly on the fair Lady as she drew near, and her arch Countenance enliven'd with sweet Revenge. She was no sooner within Arm's length, but she seiz'd the Beard as vigorously, as if she did not intend to quit her Hold on a sudden. O Lord! cried the *Capuchin*! softly, I beseech you, Madam; you tear the Hair up by the Roots: if you continue to make me gape so wide, all the Owls about me will infallibly fly into my Mouth.

This Piece of *Capuchin* Wit made the Company very merry, tho' it was easily discern'd to be pointed at the Laughters; however, his Sarcasm had this Effect, they no longer pitied him, but applauded her that was bent upon making him blaspheme.

When *Madame Desfival* found herself in Possession of the venerable Beard, with one Hand she grasp'd as much as she could hold, and with the other began to nip off the longest Hairs, and this with so much Expedition, that Father *Raphael*, who imagin'd his whole Beard was going, cried out bitterly, and springing up with all his Strength, threw *Madame Desfival* from him upon the Floor. *Mr. Desfival*, the Countess, every one ran to her Assistance, took her up, and enquir'd how she found herself? She cried and roar'd, protesting she should expire, and that nothing less than tearing off all the Beard could satisfy her for the cruel Treatment she had receiv'd.

Father

Father *Raphael* finding himself disengaged, and apprehending the Consequences of her Brutality, very prudently took to his Heels: any one else would have done the same, as it was certainly the wisest way, and the only means to escape farther Mischief. *Madame Desfival* no sooner perceiv'd his Flight, but she cried out against her Husband, reproaching his want of Tenderness. It was in vain for *M. Desfival* to say he was sorry for what had happen'd, that he would make his Complaints to the Bishop, and she should be amply reveng'd; still she persisted in her Exclamations, swearing he was privy to what the *Capuchin* had done, and only wanted to have her dispatch'd at any Rate. *Mr. Desfival*, astonish'd to hear her talk thus, expostulated with her on the Injustice and Consequence of her Suspicions: but she remain'd inflexible; she vow'd, nothing should appease her, unless he would run after Father *Raphael*, and bring him back, or tear off his Beard Hair by Hair; that if he brought it, without leaving any behind, she would believe he had no Hand in what had pass'd. As desirous as *Mr. Desfival* was of obliging his Wife in the Condition she was in, he could not prevail with himself to run after the *Capuchin*, and much less to propose pulling his Beard up by the Roots; it could not be expected, that, jealous as he seem'd to be of that fatal Beard, he would ever consent to part with it for all the big-bellied Women in Christendom. *Mr. Desfival* concluded, that on such a vexatious Occasion it was best to retire, which he did sighing and complaining of his unhappy Lot, which had tied him to such a wicked Woman; he regretted his former moderate Fortune, and vow'd that if ever Heaven should take pity of him, and set him once more at Liberty, he would never be so great a Fool, as to expose himself again to the like Misfortune.

What at first seem'd only a comical Accident and a matter of Mirth, had like to have prov'd of very bad Consequence; *Mr. Desfiaval* being obliged to prosecute Father *Raphael*, to satisfy his Wife, who insisted on having him punished, was very near being cast with loss of all he was worth. The *Capuchins* in every Quarter of the World made themselves Parties concern'd; all the Beards, not even those of the good old Nuns excepted, were in Commotion, and appear'd in the common Cause. Had not the Affair been amicably adjusted, *Desfiaval* would have repented as long as he liv'd, the being an Accomplice in so criminal an Attempt, which was only pardoned in Consideration of its being alledged, that his Wife was frantick and big with Child, which was admitted as an Atonement for the Affront offer'd to the Beards of the whole Body.

Some Months after, *Mademoiselle Desfiaval* was brought to bed of a Boy, who nevertheless had no Beard, tho' the contrary had been apprehended. Her Husband comforted himself with this Present from Heaven, for all his past Troubles. He hoped his Wife would have more Sense, now she was become a Mother, and give him no farther Provocation to curse himself and her: But he was still mistaken, he was not yet at the End of his Misery.

She was no sooner up, but nothing would serve her but being made a *Countess*, cost what it would. She spoke about it to her Husband, who represented to her very mildly, that as he had never been in the Army, and his Estate too small for such a Title, she ought not to indulge such ambitious Thoughts. *Mademoiselle Desfiaval* took no such Answers for current Coin; she replied, that Money would effect any Thing; that she brought for her Dowry large Sums, and several Estates in different Provinces; that it was only selling all and buying a Marquifate; in a Word, that she was bent upon

it, and would sooner dye, than not have her Will.

This strange Whim was occasion'd by a young Gentlewoman's lately marrying a Count in those Parts, which gave her Precedency before *Mademoiselle Desfiwal*; this taking of Place, was a cruel Mortification to her Pride, which suggested to her, that in order to surpass the *Countess*, she must become *Marchioness*. Was not this Madness with a Vengeance?

Mr. Desfiwal acquainted her Mother with this piece of Folly; she agreed with the Husband in condemning it, and resolving to disregard it. *Mademoiselle Desfiwal*, upon being inform'd of this, broke out of all Bounds in order to bring her Husband to consent; but finding that it was all to no Purpose, she stifled her Resentment, and contriv'd a Scheme to revenge herself on her Husband, which had ended in his Destruction, if Fortune had not assisted him in parrying the Blow.

Diverting his Care one Day with Hunting, he met with one of his Peasants crossing the Forest. Upon asking whither he was going? To carry a Letter to Town, answer'd the Clown, from your Lady, which I am to put in the Post, without telling any Body. *Mr. Desfiwal* was surpriz'd at this, and suspected some Mystery in the Letter, into which he ought to examine. He ask'd for the Letter, fully resolved to take it by Force, if it was not surrender'd; but the Simplicity of the Peasant prevented his using Violence: There it is Sir, answer'd he; but, before don't tell; she gave me something to drink, provided I went with the Letter and did not acquaint you. I'll give you as much more, replied *Desfiwal*, on Condition you don't let her know that I have the Letter. Go to such a House to refresh, and then return to the Village; if you are ask'd concerning your Errand, say you have done it. Take care not to divulge

what I have said to you : if I find you are discreet, and inform me when any Thing of this Nature happens again, I'll remember you, and always give double what you have receiv'd.

The Peasant was well satisfied with his Master's Generosity, who was as much belov'd for his Goodness, as his Wife was detested for her Malice : This it was which procured him the Letters easily ; so true it is, that the Esteem we gain, often Contributes to our Assistance, when we have no Reason to expect it.

Mr. *Destival* went aside and open'd the Letter : had he not Reason to tremble when he read as follows ?

Pardon, my Lord, *te Liberty an alarm'd Woman* takes, in disturbing your pretious Moments, for the Sake of a belov'd Spouse. I am just now inform'd that Mr. *Destival*, that Husband who is so truly dear to me, is on the point of leaving the Kingdom, on Account of a considerable Employment which is offer'd him and he has accepted of. I beg you will be pleas'd to interpose your Authority, in order to prevent a Misfortune I can never survive. One word of yours, my Lord, will restore me to Life. I am persuaded you will not refuse me this Favour, as well as to believe me with respect, &c.

Destival concluded from this Letter, that his Wife's Design was to have him secured, to revenge herself for his not complying to make her a *Marchioness* ; and then during his Confinement, to try all Methods of compassing her Design : he thought it so base an Action, that he came to a Resolution once for all ; to this Purpose, he took Post next Day, without acquainting any one, and waited on the Minister of State to prevent Mischief, in case she should take another Opportunity of writing to him ; he laid open his Grievances,

vances, beg'd his Protection, and after convincing him of his Detestation of all such Projects, he sued for a Separation in the Parliament, and obtain'd it upon producing the Letter; in a word he carried his Point: but, as he had been too easy in the Marriage Articles by acknowledging a larger Dower than he really receiv'd, to give the Match a greater Air in the Family, for which the *Courtes* had Reasons, and as all the Relations on the Father's Side thought themselves obliged to support *Madame Desfival* with their Interest, she in her turn sued for a Separation of Estates real and personal, alledging that her Husband was a Gamester and a Spendthrift, and would squander away what belong'd to her and her Son: to say no more, Interest carried it. *Mr. Desfival* was cast, and obliged to refund all he had receiv'd at Marriage, and to give up his own Estate, to make an End of the Affair; he put the best Face on't he could, obtain'd a Post, chusing rather to live on his Salary, than cohabit with a Woman, who, after such Behaviour, might sooner or later come to Extremities with him, when she thought herself aggriev'd, which was not seldom.

My Mother concluded *Madame Delbieux's* History at this Exploit, which I was the more inclin'd to believe, as I had a very bad Opinion of her: Prejudice made me credulous, as is usual in such Cases.

The Satisfaction I enjoy'd once again in my Mother's Conversation, was too sensible not to be prolong'd as much as possible; in order to this, I put her again upon the Subject of the Lord of their Village: as it furnish'd her with an Occasion of exposing him, no Topick could be more agreeable: I had before discover'd in her an Aversion to him, and was curious to know the Reason; she declar'd it without any Manner of Hesitation. The Adventure is too comical, to be omit-

ted; if it should displease some Readers, it cannot fail of diverting others; it is fit every one should find something to their Taste; neither can the Mind always relish Subjects of too serious a Nature.

M. Gripart fell in Love with my Sister, whom *Colin* had married; and who at that Time liv'd with her Husband in my Father's House: he sent for my Father, and with a View of procuring himself Admittance into his House, enquir'd if he would undertake the Care of the Castle-Gardens, as he had formerly done, when they belong'd to the Countess of N. my Godmother, My Father, who knew that Employment to be more advantageous than labouring in the Forest, and who had quitted it before on no other Account, than for want of an Opportunity of pursuing it, easily agreed with the new Lord. and began the next Day to carry his Tools: from that Time, he daily repair'd thither at Five in the Morning, and continu'd till Eight o' Clock at Night.

As soon as *M. Gripart* had thus secur'd *John B.* who was not to be jested with in Point of Honour, he began his Visits to my Father's House under various Pretexts. At first his Designs were not suspected; he talk'd indifferently with Mother and Daughter; insensibly, however, he betray'd himself, and, as Lord of the Village, began to be more free than was becoming with *Colin's* Wife. As she was truly virtuous, and perceiv'd his Intentions were to induce her to prove unfaithful to her Husband, she answer'd him with Disdain, and positively declar'd, that if he should ever presume to renew his Sollicitations, she would complain to her Husband and the Curate. *Gripart* who was a mere Coward, promis'd to behave himself with more Discretion for the future, and begg'd that she would not betray him; but, he was too much enamour'd and too foolish to keep his Word.

He

He contriv'd a Scheme to compass his Designs without exposing himself, the Success of which did not answer his Hopes.

Once a Week *Colin* went to a small Town, the Name of which I cannot at present recollect, to sell his Corn: he usually was absent two Days, and return'd on the third. *M. Gripart* thought this a favourable Opportunity for executing his Designs, which he did in the following manner.

In the Evening after *Colin* was set out, he sent a Peasant to my Sister, in her Husband's Name, to desire her to come to a Farm-house immediately, about two Leagues from the Town he design'd for, where he was obliged to stay, having been let Blood on Account of a Fall he had from his Waggon, and that she must go on with the Corn, and sell it for him. No sooner did this ill News reach my Sister, but she instantly took Horse, in Company with the Messenger, who was a Neighbour, brib'd by *Gripart* to decoy her.

It had been dark about two Hours, when she reach'd the Place where *Gripart* was waiting. This Farm-house was nothing but a paltry Inn, where Waggoners used often to bait, and had but one spare Chamber, which *Gripart* had taken up; he was disguised like a Peasant, that, in case of a Disappointment he might escape undiscover'd. He invented a Story to the Mistress of the House, who was no wiser than she should be, that his Wife's Conduct had been for some time very suspicious; that, being unwilling to believe common Report, lest it might be only the Effect of People's Malice, he was resolv'd to put her to a Tryal, and in that view, had pretended to go a Journey in order to leave her at her own Disposal, and had now sent for her as from a Gallant, who had been named to him. Now, says *Gripart* to the Hostess, if she comes, it will be a proof of her

In fidelity to me, and if she refuses, I know what to say when People come with the like Stories again.

The Hostess approv'd mightily of his Stratagem ; and upon his acquainting her, that if his Wife came and he should discover himself, as he propos'd to do, she might possibly cry out for fear of being beat, which he assur'd her was not his Design ; the good Woman promis'd that neither she nor her Daughter would meddle or make ; that she knew very well, that between the Bark and the Tree one must not thrust one's Finger ; he might therefore make himself easy, happen what would she was not against his bringing his Wife back to her Duty.

These Precautions being taken, Gripart thought the Time long till my Sister came. He did not doubt the Success of his Design ; but forgot that Heaven does not favour Wickedness, often sending Disappointments, not to be foreseen nor prevented. We have here a convincing Proof of it, which gave a very different turn to the Affair ; than what was expected.

Colin stopp'd to refresh at an Alehouse some Distance from the Town, and there met with the Commissaries employ'd in furnishing a Magazine for the Army. As they are always upon the Watch for the Corn Waggon, in order to get better Pennyworths, they propos'd making a Bargain with Colin for his Wheat, and save him going into the Town. Colin, who was willing to dispatch his Business, told them, that at the Market Price it should be a Bargain. The Corn appear'd so good, that the Commissaries after standing a little, agreed to give him his Price, paid down the Money, and the Wheat was unloaded on the Spot, where they kept their Magazine ; after drinking together, Colin, instead of going any farther, return'd homewards, designing to bait by the

the Way and so travel all Night, that he might reach his own Village the next Morning.

The Fellow who drove the Waggon, told him the Horses were so tired, that they must bait at the next Inn, this was the House where *Gripart* waited for my Sister. *Colin*, who was persuaded of the Necessity for it, gave his Consent.

Gripart, who counted every Minute till my Sister came, and heard the Horses stop, shut the Window again when he found himself mistaken. As his Head run on nothing but Gallantry, he did not observe that the Horses were taken from the Waggon and put into the Stable; from whence he might have concluded, that the Men were in the House, and possibly be a hindrance to his Project.

In the mean Time, my Sister, whose Uneasiness was very great, and who imagin'd the Messenger conceal'd the Danger her Husband was in, made all possible Haste to come to him. *Colin* and his Man were drinking by the Fire side when she enter'd the Inn; he was much surpris'd to see her. But she, expecting to find him there, threw herself about his Neck: How do you find yourself, said she? You ought to keep your Bed after such a Fall, and not sit drinking here.

Colin stared at this, not comprehending what she meant: Faith, Wife, said he, I am as much surpris'd at what you say, as at seeing you here: What has brought you hither? What do you mean by the Fall you talk of? Nay, nay, cried my Sister, this is a fine Jest indeed; why, do you imagine I only dreamt of your fall from the Waggon, and that you was very much bruised, and sent for me hither? It's well *John Bibart* the Vine-dresser, who came for me in your Name, is here, and—My Sister, who thought nothing less than that the Messenger was at her Elbow, was going to call him for a Witness, and look'd about for him; but,

but, my Gentleman upon perceiving the Husband, easily guess'd, he might possibly make but a bad Market there, and very silently made off, to take care of one. *Colin*, as much a Clown as he was, judg'd there was some Mystery at the Bottom of all this; he took his Wife aside, to make some Discovery; but she knew no more than her Husband, and could only inform him what had brought her there, assuring him she had no other Design, and as to any thing else, was as ignorant as himself.

My Sister was handsome, *Colin* fond of her and a little jealous; he could not be satisfied. There must be some Snake in the Grass, said he to his Wife; all this Contrivance was never intended for nothing: take no Notice, but sit down there, I'll go drink with our Man, as if I did not know you: nobody has seen us discourse together, but Neighbour *Bibart*, who can make no Discoveries; so, mum is your Cue, the Murder will out. *Colin* was no Fool, his Plot succeeded.

Gripart, who was fallen asleep in waiting for my Sister, never heard her arrive; his Uneasiness made him wake and look out of Window: but all being quiet, and finding by his Watch it grew late, he began to think my Sister had not swallow'd the Bait, and that he must take his Labour for his Pains. Be that as it will, he resolv'd to go to Bed, being tired with waiting to no purpose, and called to have his Bed made ready. The Maid, who had been asleep in a Chair, hearing the Noise, went through the Room, where my Sister was, to know what *Gripart* wanted. Is nobody come? cried he; you know who I wait for. Yes, yes, answer'd the Maid, our Mistress has told the Hostler and me privately, and has instructed me how to behave: I can't tell for certain whether the Woman below is the Person, but she is all alone, though there are Waggoners drinking

drinking in another Corner. Is she handsome? replied *Gripart* very eagerly: Did she come on Horseback with a Peasant? The Maid having answer'd these Questions in the affirmative, *Gripart* bid her go down and send the Woman up, but without any Light. It shall be done, replied the Maid; but, don't be too severe, 'tis his not Gospel which everyone says. *Gripart*, whose Impatience was work'd up to the highest pitch, promis'd to behave like a tender Husband. The Maid commended his Moderation, and went to acquaint my Sister in her Ear to go up, and that the Person she knew of, was above.

My Sister, who had agreed with her Husband to take any Hint that was given her, tipp'd him the Wink and follow'd the Maid. *Colin*, as soon as he thought her at the Top of the Stairs, took a Light and follow'd her, accompanied by his Man, each of them arm'd with a good Cudgel. *Gripart*, who imagin'd himself on the Point of gratifying his Passion, and stood with open Arms to receive his dear Adorable, scream'd out at the Sight of her Husband: he endeavour'd to make his Escape; *Colin*, who knew him notwithstanding his Disguise, but took care not to discover it, together with his Man, belabour'd him very heartily, pretending to take him for one of their Equals, and crying out, what, *Mr. Clown*, is this your Way of keeping the Commandments? It was in vain for *Gripart* to sue for Mercy on his Knees, he was rib-roasted according to his Merits, nor did they desist, till they thought they had left him for dead.

This was the Account my Mother gave me of the Lord of their Village. She added, that this Adventure had done him some Good, and that he behav'd since that Time with more Moderation. Notwithstanding, every one is on their Guard; and it was upon Account of his Curiosity concerning

cerning you, said she, that I have given you his Character. I thank'd my Mother for her good Advice, and resolv'd to follow it, that I might avoid giving a Man, I already knew but too well, any Opportunity of Tormenting me afresh: I had Vexations enough, not to seek new ones, and could not behave with too much Caution: the very Thoughts of the old *Marquess* made me tremble, and any one will believe it was not without Reason.

The next Day I receiv'd the Goods which *Mellicourt* sent me; and in the Evening an Express arriv'd from him, to caution me to be on my Guard, and to see as little Company as possible. He inform'd me, the *Marquess* was outrageous on the Receipt of my Letter; that he had dispatch'd so many People after me, as must certainly find me out, and then he would make me repent the little Regard I had shown him, after what he had done for me. *Mellicourt* added, that the old *Marquess* had endeavour'd to win him, and learn from him where I was; that unless we had contriv'd a Letter written to himself, and in the same Nature with that to the old Nobleman, he declar'd he should have been much perplex'd; he was even oblig'd to dissemble, and condemn my Conduct, to avoid being suspected; that this Feint had gain'd his Confidence; he seem'd inclin'd, according to what he added, to write to his Son in order to find me out, imagining he must be privy to my Designs, and the Obstacle to his Happiness.

As to the Toilette, he inform'd me, that the *Marquess*, notwithstanding his Anger, was concern'd I had not taken it with me, saying, he was very unhappy to be so little known to me: that he would not hear of selling my Effects, to make up the Money he had bestow'd on me, and added, that since it was not possible for him to learn

learn where I was, and to send them to me, he would order them to be secured for me.

In a word, from what *Melicourt* wrote, it was easy for me to conclude, that the old *Marquess's* Quarrel was only grounded on my giving him the Slip, and that his Passion was still the same; this gave me great Uneasiness: it was a considerable Rub in my Way.

Nevertheless, the little Furniture which came, made no small Noise in the Village, and were thought much more considerable than they really were. It consisted of Plate, Clothes, Linnen, and other Moveables in an elegant Taste, and which had an Air of Grandeur. My Father and Mother could not express their Admiration; and my Aunt, who valued herself on the Honour she imagin'd there was in belonging to me, told the Neighbours, when they were talking of these Things, that this was nothing to what I had at *Paris*.

Barbara, of whom I enquir'd from time to time what People said of me, very sincerely told me, that talking one Evening with my Mother about me, she said the more she saw me, the more she thought me like that Daughter I had heard mention'd, of whom they could learn no Tydings; but, that I never resembled her so well as when I was undress'd; and that upon my Father's saying there was a remote Likeness, but far from what she pretended, my Mother had replied, she would convince him, by bringing him into my Chamber before I was up, or when in a Night-cap, as I often was, on Account of the Heat.

I resolv'd to make a right Use of this Hint, and dress every Morning, as I us'd to do at *Paris*, that by these Means I might be more unlike myself, and dissipate such Notions, lest they should gather Strength, and make too deep an Impression. Tho' I never had used Paint before, I employ'd some Red, to diminish a little of my Paleness, or Complexion,

plexion, call it which you please, which brought me too near that fatal Likeness : this Expedient had it's desir'd Effect ; in four Days the Resemblance, which had given me so much Uneasiness, was entirely forgot.

The *Sunday* following I went to Mass : *Barbara* had acquainted me that every one would be there, and that as I did not stir out, all the Neighbours who had heard of me, would certainly be at Church, to see me, and know whether I really deserv'd all that had been said of me.

Could I have dispens'd with myself from hearing Mass, I should have certainly done it ; I apprehended the Effects of Chance, and not without Reason, as the Reader may remember. I had laid it down as a Rule, to take so much Care, and, out of a seeming Modesty, to cover my Face so much, that it was impossible to have a full View of me ; besides, I put on a rich Gown, for the finer my Dress, the less I was liable to be suspected, in case any one should take such Notions into their Head.

What *Barbara* had foretold, was fully accomplish'd ; the Church was crouded not only with the Parishioners, but likewise with a great number of Strangers. I went up to the Benches for the Women, which immediately were left out of respect by those who were already there ; I would not suffer this, but obliged them to take their Places. This Behaviour, was certainly right in me, drew the Regards and Praises of many ; and I could hear them say, that I was no less courteous than fair. What cannot Prejudice effect ! shall the difference of Dress, make an Alteration in point of Merit and Esteem ?

Mass was going to begin, and I was on my Knees to hear it and say my Prayers, when a Churchwarden came in *Mr. Gripari's* Name to invite me to his Chapel, and tell me, he would not suffer me

me to be so inconveniently placed. My Answer was, that my Situation was very well, and I was obliged to him for his Civility, but should stay there. This modest Refusal gain'd me still more Praises, which put me to the Blush.

I was in hopes to have remain'd unmolested after this first Embassy from *Mr. Gripart*, which had nothing extraordinary in it; seeing a Woman well dress'd in the Crowd, it was natural for him to take such an Opportunity of showing his Breeding, but imagining my Refusal proceeded from his not coming in Person, he approach'd to make his Excuses, presented his Hand, and protested that if I persisted in refusing to comply with his Request, he, Lord as he was (which he took care to make me hear) would kneel down on the Pavement by me.

The Murmur which ensued, made me judge that, to put an End to it, I ought to comply; I rose and follow'd him into his Chapel, where I heard Mass without making any Answer to the fine Things he said from Time to Time.

He acquitted him very politely, as one may imagine, in doing the Honours of the Place; the Beadle was reprimanded for offering the blest Bread first to him, and was told, that when Ladies of my Quality were present, the Compliment must be paid to them; I receiv'd it with Reserve from his Hands, and made a short Acknowledgment.

When Mass was done, the gallant *Mr. Gripart* offer'd his Coach to carry me Home; but I desir'd to be excus'd. As it was but a step to my Father's, it would have been ridiculous not to have gone on Foot. At least, said he, you will do me the Honour to see the Castle: the Gardens are well laid out, your Landlord was the Contriver: the Girls of the Village dance in the Avenue, and may afford you some Amusement. I thank'd him very civilly for his obliging Proposal, and told him, that except Church, I went no where. The Curate,

join'd us while we were talking, occasion'd *Griparr's* getting into his Coach and driving off: I guess'd there was some Misunderstanding between them, and so it prov'd; the Adventure I mention'd, created a Shyness; it had reach'd the Curate's Ears, whose Vigilance and strict Discipline made him observe very little Ceremony with his Betters, when their Morals threaten'd the Welfare of his Flock. It were to be wish'd all the Cloth behav'd like him, it would be a Check upon the great ones; Virtue ever creates Respect and Awe.

My Father and Mother, who, as I have said, valued themselves in having me for a Lodger, were standing by me, when the Curate approach'd: he paid his Compliments to me, and said, he was much edified with my Behaviour in Time of divine Service; that he had been inform'd of it, and thought himself happy in the Acquisition of so pious a Parishioner. I answer'd in a polite Manner, little thinking what was to follow. He invited me with an easy Air which was not displeasing, to dine with him in Company with my Landlord and Landlady; telling me in order to prevail, that his Niece desired so much to be acquainted with me upon hearing of my Way of Life, that she would give him no Rest till he had effected it. My Father and Mother, who were doubtless in the Plot, seconded his Request; and he behav'd so handsomely, that notwithstanding my former Resolutions, I was obliged to comply: The Curate appear'd highly satisfied, and the more so, as I had refus'd the same Favour to the Lord of the Manour: We arriv'd at his House, talking of indifferent Matters; his Niece, who was about twenty five, and rather agreeable than handsome, receiv'd me with a very engaging Politeness.

The Curate, the same Person who was mention'd in the Beginning of these Memoirs, had Parts, and was well enough educated; but, his Curiosity was
more

more than feminine. I was scarce arriv'd at the Village, when he tried all possible Methods of discovering who I was. *Barbara* underwent a rigorous Examination, but he lost his labour. I had given her a caution, and express'd myself so positively, with threats of parting if ever she was guilty of the least Indiscretion of that Kind, that she could not be prevail'd on by any Means to betray her Trust. The less light the Curate could gain in my Affairs, the more eager he was in his Pursuit; it was in this View sure enough that he invited me, as I easily discover'd at the End of Dinner.

It must be allow'd he was very artful in his Enquiries. I knew formerly, Madam, said he to me after discoursing on indifferent Subjects, one *Mr. de Mainville*, a Man of Distinction in the Sea-Service, and famous for his Exploits: he is but lately dead: as I have heard, he married a beautiful Wife, and your Name agreeing with his, I have often thought you may possibly be his Widow. Saying this, the Curate waited my Answer, expecting I should give him some light into my History; but, I was as cunning as he: I took the Thing: My Answer was, that I ask'd it as a Favour that he would never mention to me a Spouse, whose Memory when reviv'd, always threw me into a Fit of Melancholy, which often lasted for three Months, making me insupportable to myself and every one else; that the Apprehension of such Discourse made me live retir'd from the World; that I was sensible of my Folly, but could not conquer it.

This agreed so well with what my Aunt had said, when she was question'd about me, that the Curate was sorry for his Indiscretion, and made me many Apologies; he endeavour'd to change the Discourse, but I appear'd so dejected, and play'd the sorrowful Widow so much to the Life, that

he was heartily vex'd at his having disturb'd the chearful Gaiety I was in before. It was absolutely necessary I should behave in this Manner, otherwise I must every Day have expected to be expos'd to Questions that were not easily answer'd. My Reply had so good an Effect, and was so universally spread abroad, that no farther Enquiry was made about me: the first setting out in the World is all, and determines every thing.

We were rising from Table, when my old Admirer *Colin* and his Wife came in. They had not as yet seen me, though they came every Day to my Father's; as I had from the Beginning declar'd against seeing any Company, my Father nor Mother had not presum'd to introduce them, tho' they were desirous to comply with my Sister's Earnestness to see me, which was very great: This Opportunity of my dining with the Curate was not neglected; as they were intimate with him, under pretence of a Visit, they satisfied their Curiosity. My Sister I thought very handsome, though a little Sun-burnt. *Colin* put me to the Blush, for, after looking earnestly at me, he cried out very bluntly, he had seen me before, and that he was acquainted with my Features. That may be, said I very gravely. So laconick an Answer, with my serious Air, demolish'd poor *Colin*; and had not a Glas or two of Wine made him find his Tongue, we should have heard no more of him. A Tone of Voice, a single Word, dashes the most familiar. I was pretty good at this.

The last Peal for Vespers having rung, I rose and took leave of the Curate, thanking him for his Civilities; he propos'd my returning after Church, and that they would think of some Amusement. I told him I had Letters to write, and could not possibly accept of the Honour. He found it was not so easy a matter to govern me as he had imagin'd, and gave over all Thoughts of becoming my

my Confident. When we chanced to meet, I behav'd with great Politeness, but that was all.

Next Day his Niece return'd my Visit: as she seem'd much upon the reserve and very discreet, I receiv'd her very courteously. Soon after, I invited her and her Uncle to Dinner; thus being out of their Debt, I eluded, under various Pretexs, any farther Meetings. 'Twas evident I did not care for Company: my way of Life, as well as my Person, was no longer a Novelty; in a short Time, my Name was seldom mention'd.

I had been near a Month at my Father's without hearing of the *Marquess*; this had thrown me into an Uneasiness which was frequently attended with Tears, when one Morning my Mother acquainted me, that a Man just alighted from Horseback desir'd to speak with me, saying, he had Letters to deliver. I shook at hearing this, concluding he came from my Lover; my Heart told me I was not mistaken: I desir'd he might be brought to me, and retir'd to a Closet next the Garden in order not to be interrupted, but to be at Liberty to talk with the Courier, in case he should have any thing to say. He immediately enter'd, and seeing it was not *Dubois*, as I expected, I receiv'd his Packet, without observing any thing particular but a large Plaister on his Forehead, which, as it was no very agreeable Sight, made me look another Way. You may go and rest yourself at the Alehouse, said I to the Man giving him a Crown, and I'll send for you when there is Occasion. I believe it unnecessary, added I, to caution you against saying any thing; the Person you come from, to be sure, has instructed you how to behave. The Courier only made a Bow and retired.

I open'd the Packet, the moment he left me; my Surprise was very great when I found but this one Line in the *Marquess's* Hand; *The Courier will*

tell you the rest. Alas I cried I, what means this? Where is this Courier? Why did he go, if he has any thing to say to me? I was just running out of the Room to call him back, not comprehending the Mystery, when I found him before me on his Knees: What do I see! cried I a second Time, throwing myself about the Neck of this lovely Courier: Is it you, my dear *Marquess*? I could say no more; so dear and unexpected a Sight, overcame me; I was near swooning away with Excess of Joy.

The *Marquess* was concern'd for having thus surpris'd me; he beg'd a thousand Pardons: but, alas! there was no Occasion for it. I oblig'd him to sit down, and made an endearing Apology in my turn for not knowing him. I could not forbear laughing, when I reflected on the Reception I had given him; he laugh'd very heartily, and mimick'd, tho' he could scarce contain himself, the grave Air with which I gave him the Crown to spend at the Alehouse. But, Raillery apart, said I, let them think what they will, I'll order something to be brought that you may refresh, of which you must certainly stand in need.

In reality, the *Marquess* was so spent, that he accepted of my Offer; he told me, I need be under no Apprehensions for Appearances, he having given himself out for my Brother when he came to the House; and that as to his Servants who were at the publick House, they were so lately hired, that it could not be discover'd who they belong'd to. I was charm'd with the *Marquess's* Prudence: I had so many Things to mention in my Letter, that I forgot to remind him, he had been formerly seen at the Village, and might possibly be known, and therefore ought to be on his guard. But his good Sense supplied my Deficiency; and, as every Thing was safe, I indulg'd the Pleasure arising from the Sight of so dear and worthy a Lover.

The

The Notion that the Plaister he had on his Fore-head, was only an Artifice for disguising himself, prevented my enquiring any thing concerning it; but, presently recollecting the Wound, which had given me such Uneasiness, I ask'd if it was heal'd? My Surgeon still attends me, answer'd he, and dresses it every Day, but I am assur'd the Danger is over. How! cried I alarm'd at what I heard, you are not perfectly recover'd, and venture to ride Post? Certainly, my Lord, you are bent on destroying your Life and killing me with Grief! Make yourself easy, my charming Fenny, replied the dear Man, judging of the Excess of my Passion by my Uneasiness: I find myself exceeding well within these few Days; and the delightful Pleasure of beholding you will complete my Recovery. Be persuad'd, that if I had been any longer debarr'd seeing such a lovely Object, I must have sunk under it; my *Valet de Chambre*, who plainly saw that Absence from you was the only Obstacle to my Recovery, first propos'd the Journey. Neither did I ride Post, as you imagin'd, but came in my Chaise, which is very easy, and with my own Horses; that the Journey was necessary for assisting the Cure, was evident from the Benefit I immediately receiv'd, and the Effect it had on my Wound. I am convinc'd, that in eight Days more, there will be nothing remaining but the Scar; and if you will suffer me to stay so long in the Village, you shall see the Experiment. Give me your Consent, my dearest Mistress, added this amiable Lover; by so endearing a Condescension, I shall be amply rewarded for all I have suffer'd since our parting. After so tedious a Sacrifice to Duty, may not Love demand some Regard?

Alas! what could I object against such convincing Proofs of his Tenderness? Thus far I had lived in perpetual Alarms, certainly I might be allow'd some small Respite. Had I been less acquainted with the strict Probity of my worthy
Admi-

Admirer; perhaps I should not have agreed to so long a Stay; but the Confidence I repos'd in his Discretion, took off all the Difficulty. You have declar'd yourself my Brother, replied I, and, as such, you may continue here; I have experienced your Love and your Virtue, and accept of the precious Moments you offer, being persuaded I shall never have the least Reason to repent it. Is there any Room for a doubt on this Occasion, cried my Lover tenderly kissing my Hand? can you think I forget what is due to you? Ah! *Jenny*, the Letter I wrote to thank you for the Money you sent, ought to convince you how sensible I am of the Delicacy of your Behaviour; that Moment, had I been able, I would have flown hither to show my Gratitude, and, had it been practicable, I would not have contented myself with Words, I would not have truitd to fair Protestations and vain Letters, which speak the Mind only by halves; but, the Greenness of my Wound——Hold, my Lord, cried I much perplex'd at what I heard: suppress an Acknowledgment which is no Ways due to one, who must be ever indebted to you; but, satisfy me about this Letter, which you say you wrote, and I never receiv'd. How is this! replied the *Marquess* with some Emotion: did not a Servant of mine, whom I sent Post, deliver to you a Packet, with a Picture enclos'd? No! cried I still more alarm'd, your Servant has betray'd you; for *Melicourt* I know is too exact not to have forwarded every thing that was directed to my Lodging. It was directed to him, that common Friend to us both, replied the *Marquess*: There I sent it, in order that your place of Retreat might remain a Secret; and what you tell me, surprises as much as it alarms me. Let me send for my *Valet de Chambre*, that he may set out instantly for the Army: the Servant I speak of is employ'd in conducting my Baggage, he shall be brought hither, that

that I may know what he has done with my Letter ; there is some Myſtery in this Affair, which I don't comprehend. I remember, I was ſurpris'd that *M. de Melicourt* ſent back my Expreſs without a ſingle Line ; and particularly what the Fellow ſaid on that Subject, that *Melicourt*, when he receiv'd the Packet, was juſt going a Journey, and told him he would write to me by the Poſt at his return. I was in daily Expectation of hearing from him, and the Diſappointment of a Letter, join'd to the Deſire of ſeeing you, haſten'd my Journey. This Affair is of too great Conſequence to be neglected.

Far from diſapproving the *Marqueſs's* Propoſal, I advis'd him to ſend another Expreſs to *Melicourt*, to deſire he would enquire at the Houſe where I had lodged, if any ſuch Packet had been left there. My Lover approv'd of it, telling me to write a Note, and it ſhould ſoon be deliver'd. As I diſcover'd ſome Apprehenſions concerning his Attendants, he made me eaſy, by informing me, that they were ſuch as might be truſted ; adding, that he would not bring his Favourite *Dubois*, left, having a remarkable Face, he ſhould be known in the Village, where he had convers'd much when he us'd to be there, and, that he might not be out of Place, he wait'd on *St. Fal*, who wanted ſuch a Servant. This Name made me bluſh, when I reflected on my Ingratitude to ſo good a Friend ! I never thought of enquiring after him, taken up as I was with the Pleaſure of ſeeing the *Marqueſs* again, and the Concern occasion'd by the Loſs of the Letter. I acknowledg'd my Injuſtice, frankly owning to my Lover the real Cauſe : but he confeſs'd himſelf greatly oblig'd to me for it. He added, that his Kinfman would ſhortly be exchang'd and regain his Liberty. When the *Marqueſs* had diſpatch'd his Expreſſes, I deſir'd Dinner to be brought up. It happen'd very luckily that the
Soup.

Soup was good, and I obliged him to eat heartily. I would not suffer him to talk of any thing that might make him uneasy, and always interrupted him when he mention'd the old *Marquess*. He was grown so pale, and was so much alter'd, that it drew Tears from me: his Wound, or rather the great Patch upon it, cover'd one Eyebrow, and gave him an Air that was particular, but not disagreeable, as it had an Assurance which takes with Women. I had not as yet seen him with his Hat on, but his Wound obliging him not to be long uncover'd, his Look bespoke a certain Boldness that charm'd me even to Admiration. He smiled upon me from Time to Time, as I would not suffer him to speak, and his Smiles had their peculiar Graces. When he offer'd sometimes to kiss my Hand, I pulled it away; but, in Truth it was more of a Habit of Reservedness, than any Fear; for, when he happen'd to surprize me, I was not sorry. Why should I not own it? I should tell a Lye in denying it, which I think more blameable than to indulge a virtuous Lover in so innocent a Way. I bar all Commentaries; so, no more of that.

My Lover was too dear to me, not to think of his Repose. We had no sooner dined but I insisted upon his going to lye down, protesting I would not see him again till Supper-time. He begg'd hard for one Hour; but I was inexorable, and told him, I would send *Barbara* to the Inn that I might be satisfied he complied with what I requir'd. These little Regards charm'd him, and he declar'd at taking his Leave, that he was convinced he only now began to live.

When alone, I indulg'd myself in the most agreeable Reflexions. I was satisfied how greatly attach'd the *Marquess* was to me, by what he had done; it was a convincing Proof of the Solidity of his Passion, and could not forbear pleasing myself with the Consequences which might naturally be expected from it. Had it not been for the Letter which was either intercepted or lost, my Joy would have been

comp'eat ; but, as I had hitherto experienced so many Cross's, I might reasonably dread some Storm would follow. This Notion no sooner gain'd Ground, but it insensibly dissipated the Motions of Satisfaction to which I had abandon'd myself. The impetuous Love of the Old *Marquess* put the finishing stroke to my Disquiet, and after various Reflexions on all these Things, I began to find I was still at a great Distance from my wish'd for Point, and with which I had too easily flatter'd myself.

My Head was full of all this, when I heard a Coach and several Horses stop at the Door. I was frighten'd : Heavens ! cried I to myself, can I be so unfortunate that the Old *Marquess* should have discover'd where I am, and is come to reprimand me ! or perhaps some of the Young *Marquess's* Servants have inform'd his Father, that he is come here to see me ! I trembled : such an Equipage, stopping at the Door, could regard nobody but myself, as it was impossible for any one else thereto have such Visitants. *Barbara*, who came and inform'd me of a beautiful young Lady, as she express'd it, dissipated my Fears. But, what Joy, when she enter'd and I knew her ! Is it you, my dear *St. Agnes*, cried I embracing her ? How much am I obliged to you for thus remembering me ? This lovely Friend show'd, how dear I was to her by her affectionate Embraces : You are at Liberty, cried I after we were seated and our first Transports something abated : I see an End of your Troubles, continued I, I am overjoy'd. Heaven has at last remov'd the Obstacles, replied this lovely Friend, which obstructed my Happiness. But, had not a severe Sickness brought my Father to Death's Door, I doubt whether or no, in spite of all *Mellicourt's* Hopes, I should ever have broke through my cruel Bonds ; fresh Obstacles, which they took care to inform me of in the Convent, to punish me. I suppose, for being so desirous of leaving it, threaten'd me with being a Prisoner for Life ; I even gather'd as much from my Husband's Letters. In vain did
he

he pretend to give me Hopes, I discover'd a Confusion in his Style, which overturn'd all he could alledge to comfort me : but Heaven, doubtless moved to Compassion by my Sufferings, provided a Remedy whence I had least Reason to expect it : My Father, imagining he was going to give an Account of his past Life, upon recollecting his Injustice to me, was startled ; he thought he could not be expeditious enough in making amends, lest Death should prevent him. An authentick Declaration, sign'd by proper Witnesses, acknowledging he had forced me, knowing I was married, to take the Vows, finish'd the Affair. In three Days I was taken out of the Convent, with leave to go and receive a dying Father's Blessing. My Mother receiv'd me with Tears of Repentance ; she introduced me, and I threw myself at my Father's Feet. The Condition I found him in, not only made me forget all his Cruelty, but, pierced with bitter Grief, I offer'd to Heaven my ardent Vows for his Preservation, which was miraculously granted. He had scarce given me his Blessing, when a frightful *Crisis*, which at first was thought to be a Redoublement of the Fever and the Beginning of an Agony, threw him into a Sweat which expell'd the morbidick Matter. In three Days time he was entirely himself, and with Tears acknowledged that he attributed his Life to what he had done for me, and my return home.

In a word, my dear Friend, continued *St. Agnes*, my Father is recover'd, and designs to unite me to my dear *Melicourt* ; as he has Affairs of the last Consequence to finish at Court, before my Business can be concluded, he propos'd carrying me along with him. My Lover is still ignorant of all this, and, I believe, will be agreeably surpris'd. I chided the lovely *Minette* for making *Melicourt* suffer so long on account of not hearing from him ; her Excuse was, that during her Father's Illness, she was so taken up that she had not leisure : it's true, added she, that since his Recovery to the Day I set out, I might have answer'd

answer'd his Letters ; but, the Tidings I carry myself are worth purchasing. I had too much Kindness for *Melicourt* to approve of her Plot, which might give him great Uneasiness : dear bought Experience made me compassionate, and she herself ought to have known what Uncertainty is in such Occasions. But *Mademoiselle de* ———, whose Heart was at Ease, and who was naturally very gay, banter'd my Tenderness, and said she would acquaint her Husband with it the next Day, and would not for the World lose the Pleasure of surprising him with her Presence.

I enquir'd of *Mademoiselle de* ——— where her Father was, and why I had not the Honour of seeing him ? She inform'd me, that he had stopp'd about half a League off at an old Friend's whom he had promis'd to call on, and that she had ask'd his leave to take that Opportunity of seeing me more at leisure. I found likewise that *Melicourt* had acquainted her with my late Adventures, and with the Place to which I had retir'd ; upon this, she had prevail'd with her Father to go out of the Road, that she might give me proofs of her Friendship, and communicate her good Fortune, in which she knew I so truly Shared.

The End of the Eleventh Part.

PART XII.



WHEN my lovely Friend had acquainted me with all that had happen'd to her, she desir'd me with great Earnestness to relate my Adventures from the Time I left her in the Monastery, saying, that the Account she had receiv'd from *Melicourt* was very imperfect. This Request was too convincing a Proof, how much she interested herself in my Regard, to be refus'd; accordingly, I gave her a full detail. Is it possible, cried she when I had done, that at your tender Years you can have suffer'd so many Disasters! Why, you can furnish out a Romance. You have Reason, my dear Friend added she, to hope you are at the End of your Troubles, and that you will one Day be as happy, as you have hitherto been unfortunate; my Example ought to encourage you. Patience and a just Confidence in Heaven, surmount the greatest Difficulties.

After some Reflexions of the like Nature, I enquir'd after the beautiful *Lindamine*. She has often enquir'd after you, replied *Mademoiselle de* ———, and is very much yours. She was far from happy at first; her Devotion with all its Fervour could not entirely banish all Thoughts of *Belisay*. She still loved him, as she own'd, but with a Passion so refin'd, that she besought Heaven to open his Eyes, and give him Grace to repent his past Life. It seem'd as if her Vows were heard: the young Man, by the divine Assistance, and the good Example his fair Mistress had set before him, quitted the World, and profess'd himself a *Carthusian*. This News completed

our Friend's Happiness, from that Moment, her Days have flow'd with uninterrupted Peace and Tranquillity of Mind; taken up with the Discharge of her Duty, she knows no other Pleasure. Her sweetness of Temper and good Sense endear her to the whole Monastery, and every one glories in being of the Number of her Friends. It was with great Regret I parted from her; whatever Fate attends me, her Memory will be always dear.

Mademoiselle de——— had scarce done speaking when her Father arriv'd; in consideration of my Friend, I receiv'd him in the best manner. He seem'd a Man of Sense and one who had seen the World; his behaviour was Politeness itself. I inform'd him how much I was concern'd at my bad Accommodations, designing to have had his Company at Supper; he replied, that though there had been Conveniencies in the Village for himself and Attendants, he could not make any Stay, press'd as he was for Time, it being absolutely necessary to make all haste to Court; adding that his Daughter's Affairs admitted of no Delay. This was a sufficient Reason for my not insisting upon it. The Lady and I parted with mutual Protestations of Friendship, promising each other an exact Account of our several Fortunes. Her Father ask'd my Commands for *Versailles*; but I only begg'd of him not to mention me on any Account, giving him to understand that it was of the greatest Consequence to me, not to be remember'd there. Both he and his Daughter assured me I might be perfectly easy as to that particular, and that they were too much my Friends, not to behave as such on all Occasions.

About an Hour after they were gone, came the *Marquis*; he was dress'd, and as it was on my Account, it made an Impression. His Tenderness express'd itself in the liveliest Terms, and discover'd his Impatience to be united to me for ever. My Father's Passion, said he, is an invincible Difficulty, neither do I see at present how it can be remov'd. Did you

but appear to him as homely as you are charming. I should not be thus perplex'd between Love and Duty. How shall I mention you to him and assert my Passion? Before he fell in Love, he could only reproach me with my Indiscretion, as he term'd it: but now, I am his Rival and Son, and, as the latter, will expect I should yield to him. Ah! *Jenny, Jenny*, what can be done? Advise me, for if you abandon me, overwhelm'd as I am, you destroy a Man whose Life is devoted to you.

What could I do but comfort so amiable a Lover? I saw no expedient to cure the old *Marquess* of his Passion, much less to obtain his Consent for his Son's marrying. Had I listen'd to the Dictates of a tender and well express'd Affection, I might have admitted of an Expedient which has often succeeded, but it was such as I had determin'd never to employ. The *Marquess* represented that Women of the first Rank have had recourse to it, and that by being secretly married, we should be mutually arm'd against any Engagements which might perhaps be propos'd. Were you less acquainted with me, or had the least Reason to suspect my Honour, I should approve of the Dislike you express of my Proposal. But, am I capable of deceiving you? Do you believe me so base?——No, my Lord, answer'd I, it is nothing of all this I dread; but to lose that interior Peace I have ever enjoy'd, even in my greatest Misfortunes: the Happiness of being yours is too precious to be blended with Tears and bitter Remorse, and to run the Risk of forfeiting of it. Whatever happens, added I embracing his Hand, you will be ever dear to me; and if I am not so fortunate as to be yours, I shall have the Comfort of having contributed nothing to my own Wretchedness; no small Consolation to a Heart like mine.

My Lover was too reasonable and too obliging to insist any longer upon it; he assured me that since I disapprov'd of his Proposal, he would never mention it more. I made him a Return for his Complaisance

plaisance by all the little innocent Careless possible. We must have Patience, he cried charm'd with my endearing Behaviour; I will wait, my dear Wife, provided you reserve for me that Heart on which alone my Happiness depends: perhaps my Father's Passion may abate, and he desist from opposing what I so earnestly desire; at the worst, I want but two Years of being at Age, and then the Law— Ah! my Lord, cried I with as much Quickness of Thought as good Sense, can you have recourse to Methods, not uncommon indeed, but such as must render Children ungrateful to their Parents? Rather let wretched *Fenny* drag on her irksome Days, than suffer one so dear to her, to come to such odious Extremities; win over a Father, who is only cruel in opposing your Desires; and by a thousand Proofs of your Respect, deserve to receive one Day his Consent. Such are the Means I approve of for engaging Parents to a Compliance; all others are highly blamable and inconsistent with the Dictates of Nature and Reason.

The *Marquess* was so astonish'd at the Greatness of my Sentiments, utter'd with an uncommon Firmness of Voice, that he look'd at me with an Air of the greatest Respect. Indeed, cried he, you surprise me: as to Wit, Discretion and good Sense, I have ever experienced them in you, but I could not have imagin'd that you brought into the World such noble Sentiments; which, though opposite to my Designs, I am compell'd to admire and respect: The more you show yourself worthy of the greatest Rank, the more excusable both my Father and I must appear: my own Passion prevents me from being surpris'd that my Father should be thus enamour'd, and endeavour to secure the Possession of so rich a Treasure—I interrupted the *Marquess*, he sooth'd my Vanity too much; I besought him to forbear, protesting my only Ambition was to please him and deserve his Love as long as I lived.

The *Marquess* was going to reply, when the Servant he had dispatch'd to *Paris* enter'd with a Letter from *Melicourt*. We were surpris'd to see him again so soon, he could never have been at *Paris*, and both the *Marquess* and I were at a loss what to think. Our Surprise increas'd when he told us he met *Melicourt* on the Road, who was coming to meet his Mistress; one of her Father's Servants, with a View of being well rewarded, had acquainted him with the good News. — Our Friend inform'd us that he had been exceeding exact in taking an Account of all that came to the Lodging in his Absence, both out of Respect to me, as well as in regard of his own Affairs, which were of too great Consequence to admit of the least Neglect. He added, if he might venture to give his Opinion, the Servant we mention'd had betray'd his Trust; which he thought the more likely, because the Old *Marquess*, provok'd as he was by my Slight, and so desperately in Love as he appear'd, had doubtless used all Means possible to discover me, in order to pursue his Amour.

This Answer overwhelm'd us with fresh Alarms: If this be true, as it is but too likely, said the *Marquess*, my Father is acquainted with my Journey; and what is still worse, it will be imprudent in me to stay any longer here, for fear he should suspect where I am. I was of the same Opinion, as it was natural to think the Traitor would not do his Business by halves.

This News made us very melancholy all that Evening; but, it was nothing to what follow'd. The third Day came the *Marquess's* Secretary, whom he had sent to meet his Equipage, in order to bring with him the Servant in Question; as soon as he appear'd, his Master express'd a great Surprise at his sudden Return; knowing, as he said, that his Equipage must be at least fourscore Leagues from *Paris*, and that it was impossible for him to go and come in so short a time. The Secretary replied, that it was needless to take that Trouble: that, about thirty

Leagues

Leagues distance he found the Servant in an Inn, who, as soon as he was discover'd, took Horse; but, as this bespoke a Consciousness of Guilt, the Secretary persued him till he took shelter in a Wood: upon this, finding it to no purpose to follow him, he thought proper to enquire what had brought him to the Inn where he found him; the Secretary was told: that the Man was but just come when he arriv'd. He concluded his Relation, with saying that he was inform'd that the Runaway had Enquir'd what Road a Chaise had taken attended by three Servants, which he said he had miss'd? the Secretary easily gather'd from hence, that the Servant's enquiry tended to discover which Way his Master was gone, and, by going from Village to Village, to learn where he stop'd.

My Lover no longer doubted, after this second Piece of Treachery, but that his Father was in Possession of his Letter, and acquainted with his Journey, and his Views in undertaking it. We guess'd besides, that the Villain had sent an Express to the Old *Marquess* to inform him of his Son's Departure, and that the Father had order'd the Young *Marquess* to be persued, in order to know where he went, judging rightly it was the only Means of discovering where I lay conceal'd.

It follow'd from the Servant's Flight, when found out by the Secretary, that he did not know where his Master was; and that the Fear of being punish'd, would deter him from making any farther Enquiry: this Thought afforded some Comfort.

After mature Reflexions on all that had pass'd, the Question was how to behave in such ticklish Circumstances. The *Marquess* was for my going to *Paris*, where I might be better conceal'd. But I would not hear of this good Advice; fearing new Troubles; at all hazards, I was with my Parents, which was my proper Place; I had but to declare who I was, no one had any Power to take me away. Such was my way of Reasoning.

The

The *Marquess* was quite a loss; two Days after, he still ask'd what was to be done; accusom'd as he was to my Company, he could not prevail on himself to leave me. The Charms of living with a Person belov'd were so bewitching, that I was as little Mistress of myself in this particular. The eight Days that we had fix'd for his repose, were more than past. Neither I nor my Lover ever Thought of Counting them.

We us'd to walk out every Day, when the Heat was over, about a quarter of a Mile from the Village into a little Wood, round whose Skirts run a crystal Stream; the Nightingales, after quenching their Thirst in the Rivulet, perch'd themselves on the neighbouring Boughs, and by the delightful Melody of their warbling Notes made us chuse that charming Place to rest in. One Evening when the Moon shone very bright, we heard a Man on Horseback ask the Road to such a Village, and how far he was from it: at first we imagin'd he spoke to somebody in the Road; but, on his repeating the Question, the *Marquess*, out of his usual good Nature, said, This is some Stranger who is out of his Knowledge, I must direct him, for by his Uneasiness he has certainly lost his Way. Upon this he called to him and gave him proper Directions. The Stranger, overjoy'd at it, ask'd if the Person, to whom he ow'd this Obligation, belong'd to the Village? My Lover, without Reflexion, answering in the affirmative, the Stranger enquir'd if an Officer of Distinction had not come thither in a Chaise with three Servants, and whether he went any farther. At this Question the *Marquess*, who was near me, made a Sign: This regards me, said he in a low Voice, keep out of Sight, I must examine farther, perhaps it is my Traitor of a Servant. Though I trembled for Fear; I left him to act as he thought fit. My Lover made up to the Road and, disguising his Voice, told the Stranger that he could inform him better than any one, the Officer, he describ'd, being lodged

lodged at his House. What are you then the Inn-keeper, replied the Stranger riding up to him? Yes, answer'd the *Marquess*, and the only one in the Village: if you will come and taste my Wine, you will own, that if it is not the best in the Country, at least it is as agreeable as any. The Stranger by this was come up, and the Moon, unluckily for him being under a Cloud, did not discover who he was talking with. Do you say, said he stopping his Horse, that the Officer I mention'd is at your house? Yes, Sir, answer'd the *Marquess*, and, to convince you, I'll describe him. Is he not a tall young Man with black Eyes, and wears a Plaster or large Patch on his Forehead, his Hair curl'd, and had on when he came a light brown Surtout with gold Frogs? You are right, replied the Stranger, it is certainly he; I am very lucky in meeting you! And, tell me, pray, is he here still? Yes, yes, said the *Marquess* fully satisfied he was not mistaken. How does he employ himself, added the Stranger? Why, as to that, replied the *Marquess* something mysteriously, he — Out with it, cried the other, makes Love perhaps? Am not I right? There is no great harm in that, if the Girl be worth the while. Oh, I warrant her worth the while, replied my Lover lowering his Voice and drawing nearer; if you doubt it, I can soon convince you; for though it is but Moonlight, one may see well enough not to be mistaken in that Point: and, to tell you the Truth, I was listening to a Conversation between the two Lovers, when you called out; I don't know whether the Noise you made has not disturbed them, but if you have any Curiosity, you need only alight and follow me, to see them together without being discover'd.

The Bait was too alluring not to take: he was no sooner dismounted but the *Marquess* seiz'd him by the Throat. I have you, Traitor, cried he presenting the Point of his Sword; confess, or dye this Instant. I scream'd out for fear the *Marquess* in his Passion should

should dispatch the Wretch. Fear nothing, Madam, said the *Marquess*, I have secur'd the Villain; own the Truth, continued he turning to the Man, and I'll Pardon you on that Condition and provided I never see you more. The Traitor finding it was the *Marquess*, seem'd more dead than alive, and fell at his Knees dreading his Resentment: Speak, continued my Lover you know me, and I'll be as good as my Word. The Servant knowing he might depend on his Master's Promise, inform'd him, that he was drawn in and corrupted by the Old *Marquess's* Gentleman. What *Forfan*, cried the *Marquess* in a Surprise? How can that be? you dissemble the Truth, my Father has discharged him. It was in order to make his Peace, replied the Man, that, as soon as he heard *Madame de Roches* was gone off, he took it into his Head, knowing his Master's Passion, to find her out for him; he was sure, as he said, there was a Correspondence between your Lordship and the Lady, and he did not doubt of Success if he could intercept one of your Letters.

With this Project he left *Paris*, and came privately to the Camp; he pitch'd upon me preferably to any other because I am his Countryman, was formerly his Servant, and was recommended by him to your Lordship. After reminding me of all this, he told me what had happen'd to him, and his Design of getting his Pardon and revenging himself on the Lady who had occasion'd his Misfortune; promising me that if I came readily into his Measures, besides a suitable Recompence, he would make my Fortune. Finding me but too well dispos'd to second his Design, he acquainted me with the Contrivance, and directed me to be always near you, that when you wrote any Letters, I might be entrusted with them, and then deliver them to him in order to compass his Design.

Mr. de Forfan was too well obey'd; as soon as your Lordship order'd me to go to *Paris*, I went to the Village where he lay conceal'd expecting to hear from me;

me; he hugg'd me for Joy when he read the Letter with which you had entrusted me. Let's go, said he, this is something, and I am sure of being taken into Favour again. He was in the right; the moment he wrote the Old *Marquess's* word at his Arrival, that he had News of *Madame des Roches* to impart to him, he had Admittance, and was restor'd to his Place. It was resolv'd, I should return to you with the Answer I brought, and continue to intercept your Letters, in order to discover where the Lady was, which you did not mention in the Packet I had receiv'd, and that I should send all Letters I could secure, under a Direction they gave me for that purpose.

But your sudden Depart from the Army, which we did not expect, disconcerted all our Measures: I could only acquaint *Mr. Forsan* with it, and what Road the Equipage, with which I was left, was to take. The third Day after we set out, a Postillion belonging to the Old *Marquess* met me with a Letter from *Mr. Forsan*, ordering me to leave the Equipage and endeavour by any Means to discover what Road you had taken; with a Promise that if I could find out *Madame des Roches* by it, supposing you were gone thither, that the Old *Marquess* would reward me very handsomely and advance me in his Family. This was the Reason of my pursuing you so obstinately, and flying when met by your Secretary, being apprehensive I was discover'd, and that you had sent him after me: but I was no sooner clear of him, when I renew'd my Enquiry, and this with so much Diligence in all the Villages on the Road, that you see my Lord, I should have succeeded; had I not unexpectedly met with you: Heaven, to punish my Treachery, would not suffer it to prosper: I am in your Power, and you may dispose of me as you please; but I trust in your Clemency, and hope you will show Mercy to a poor Wretch, who has suffer'd himself to be corrupted, and who was really inform'd that it was for your Good, and that it was in reality serving you

you to break off an Affair, as they term'd it, which sooner or later must end in your Ruin, and which the *Marquess* your Father was determin'd to prevent.

The *Servant*, after this Protestation, threw himself again at the *Marquess's* Feet, and wept bitterly. I was very sollicitous in his behalf. I will keep my Word with him, Madam, cried the *Marquess*, provided he never approaches me more; nevertheless, Prudence directs me to secure him till I am at home again, to prevent any farther Treachery. Ah! my Lord, cried the Fellow with Tears, I swear by all that's sacred, that it is the farthest from my Thoughts, and if you grant me a Pardon, I shall make no other use of it than to endeavour at repairing the Fault, I have had the Misfortune to commit. The Man's Behaviour had so much the Air of a sincere Repentance, that I was much moved. I pleaded so earnestly in his behalf, that the *Marquess* releas'd him, assuring me that any Request of mine should be implicitly complied with; and as a proof of it, he gave him four *Louis d'Ors*, telling him, his Thanks were due to me, whom he intended so cruelly to injure. After this the *Marquess* dismiss'd him, and we return'd home, reasoning on what had pass'd.

The Day following the *Marquess* resolv'd upon leaving me. If he was grown fond of my Company, I found the same Satisfaction in his; all my Reason was summon'd to stifle my Tears, when he took leave. Remember, said I embracing him, my Fate depends on your Heart, and in that alone my Happiness consists. Alas! replied my Lover, is it possible for me to live a Moment without doating on you? I know no other Pleasure but that of seeing you, and telling you so, and as for the Intervals of Absence, they never will be reckon'd in my Account of Life. Saying this, he threw himself into his Chaise and remain'd silent. The People were gather'd about to see the Parting; every thing Surprises in a Village, I could hear them say: This is like Brothers

and

and Sisters indeed ! see how fond they are of each other !

Had not my Heart been full, I could not have forborn laughing at the Simplicity of my Countrymen : but after all, it would have been ridiculous ; is there so much Difference between a Brother and a Lover ? Knowledge or Prejudice pronounces. How many do we see determin'd by nothing but Prevention ? It is so at Court, why should it not be so elsewhere ? Man is still Man in all Stations.

The *Marquess* was no sooner gone, but I gave a loose to Tears and Complaints. When shall I see again, cried I, this dear Man ? What will be the Event of so tender and so unfortunate a Love ? Are we only enamour'd with each other, to be continually parting ? The Old *Marquess* came into my Thoughts next. He was acquainted with my Place of Retreat, he accosts me with Fury in his Eyes : Take your Choice, says he, either Me or a Cloister, it's in vain for you to place your Confidence in my Son ; he cannot assist you, nor shall ever be yours : you ought to tremble at the Thoughts of provoking me, as you must both pay very dear for the dangerous Advantage he has gain'd. These Imaginations were so strong and lively, that I shook for Fear. Alas ! it was in vain to have recourse to Heaven, it was deaf to my Entreaties, Can a Heart, so strongly attach'd to this World, expect Relief from above ? No, it is not worthy ; to deserve, one must be ashamed of such Weaknesses ; but my Strength fail'd me. Love had so cruelly overwhelm'd me, that nothing but what occasion'd my Distress, could possibly relieve me : I found no Comfort, in fine, but what Sighs and Tears afforded.

Three Days were spent in continual Grief and Apprehension : the whole Family, astonish'd at my profound Melancholy, strove in vain to divert me ; but the Pensiveness which had seiz'd me was proof against every Thing.

On the fourth Day in the Morning, my Mother came into my Chamber, saying, that a Chaise had stop'd at the Door and that a Stranger ask'd to Speak with me. I desir'd he might be brought to me. How was I surpris'd, when I found it to be *Dubois*! Is it possible, said I receiving a Letter from him, that after the Apprehension the *Marquess* and I were under tell you should be known here, that he should venture to send you? I have taken proper Precautions, replied he, this false Nose (he really had one in his Hand) would disguise me to my own Father, so there is nothing to fear on that side. Would to Heaven I could as easily reconcile you to the News I bring. What has happen'd replied I very earnestly? Read, added *Dubois*, and then you will see whether my Lord *Marquess* could have pitch'd upon any one else to send on this Occasion.

I open'd the *Marquess's* Letter with trembling: would any one imagine the Contents? Upon reading the first Lines, it was water'd with my Tears: it was as follows: If ever Grief dispatch'd any one, how came I to survive?

I Am in the utmost Despair, my charming *Jenny*: I judge of it by the horrible News I here send you. I lose you for ever; but, be astonish'd at the excessive Cruelty of my Fate; I am cut off from all Hopes of ever being yours, and, to complete my Misfortune, am obliged to empty all the Power I have, to prevail on you to stab a Dagger to my Heart. But, this is keeping you too long in Suspense; my Father has at the Point of Death, brought to this Extremity by you and me: he calls for you, wishes for you, and will dye in Peace, he says, if he expires with the Name of your Husband. Can I have the Cruelty, can I be so barbarous a Son, as to let him perish, if it be in my Power to save him? If I am so unfortunate as to lose him, let me not be liable to reproach myself with being the horrid Cause of his Death. If ever I was dear to you, O most lovely

lovely of thy Sex, haste away! A minute, an instant,
may render me the most Guilty of Mankind.

What is it to me, cried I redoubling my Tears, let the cruel Parent dye. Am I to be answerable for the Fury of his Passion, and the fatal Condition to which it has reduced him? And you, my Lord *Marquess*, what have I done to deserve this Treatment? Just Heaven! cried I, was it for this you reserv'd me? And you, destructive Charms, to what have you brought me? Saying this, I was so overwhelm'd, that unless *Dubois* had supported and pulled me, I must have swooned away.

The *Marquess* had foreseen, without doubt, the Condition to which his Letter would reduce me. His *Valet de Chambre* pulled out a Phiol, whose precious Elixir cruelly restor'd me to myself. Alas! why would you not suffer me to dye, cried I to *Dubois*? Why do you give me this barbarous Relief? Like a Criminal dragg'd to the Torture, you strengthen me only to feel the Severity of the Strokes the more.

Dubois, as much as he was prepar'd for such a Scene, was so dejected, that he was scarce able to comfort me. In the Name of all that is dear to you, *Mademoiselle*, said he, bear up against this Storm; think what a Condition I left my Master in. If you knew—Alas! 'tis that which distracts me, cried I interrupting him! If I suffer'd alone, the near prospect of Death would alleviate my Grief; but the Consideration of my dear Lover, retards my Despair, and withholds my fleeting Life. What would become of him? Alas! if he dreads the Reproach of a Death, whose Idea makes him tremble, and obliges him to sacrifice all that is dearest to him in the World? What would become of this faithful Lover, to what Extremities would he not be harried, if he had my Death to lament, of which he might justly think himself the Cause.

After saying this I remain'd exceeding pensive, but coming to myself, let us go cried I; this Lover

whom I adore, shall know how extensive a Power he has over me: I design'd myself for him alone; Myself was all I had, of which he has been Master a long Time; he may dispose of his own, and I obey. Yes, he shall know, by the Greatness of the Sacrifice, that though I am infinitely below him in every Thing else, I am not his Inferior in point of noble Sentiments, and that whatever Example he can set, I am always ready to imitate him.

Dabois, surpris'd at this Effort, applauded my Resolution with Tears in his Eyes. What a Grandeur of Mind! cried he, after this Proof, of which I am a Witness, can I any longer wonder at the Excess of Passion you create? Go, you deserve a Throne! I made no Answer to such frivolous Encomiums; could Self-love, overwhelm'd as it was with Grief, find its Account in them? I order'd *Barbara* very sternly for the first Time, to get my Things ready for my Journey. The word was no sooner given, but the whole House was in Tears. What, are we going to lose this charming Lady, every one cried? And why? are we so unfortunate as to be occasion of it Ourselves? No, replied I speaking to my Mother whose Tears increas'd my Trouble; I tear myself from you, God is my Witness; an Order I am bound to obey, an unfortunate Accident, drives me from this delightful Abode. Oh! could I spend my Days with you! Saying this, I embraced my Mother; my Father out of Respect withdrew. Alas! suffer me, said I taking him about the Neck, to show how dear you are to me. Perhaps a little time will convince you I but do my Duty.

I got into the Chaise, leaving my Father and Mother much surpris'd, particularly my Father, whose very Soul was moved with my endearing Behaviour. My Aunt, as fond as she was of her Village, jump'd into the Vehicle, crying out, she was so bewitch'd with me, (that was her Expression) that she would leave all that was dear to follow me to the World's End: I embraced her by way of Acknowledgment

ledgement. My Mother enquir'd what she must do with the Goods: Keep them, replied I stretching out my Hand; whether I return or not, all I have is yours both through Gratitude and Duty.

What Reply was made, I did not hear; but doubtless, my Words were as Surprising as the Hurry in which we drove away. The Chaise flew. *Dubois* was solely employ'd in hastening on the Postillion. Our Expedition was incredible: proper Orders being given at the several Posthouses, and the Relays were always in such Readiness, that we did not lose a Moment.

Nevertheless, I learnt from *Dubois*, whose business it was to go before and prepare the Relays, that the *Marquess* found his Father very ill, and almost speechless: that *Eorsan* was in favour again and never from the Bedside; and that the Servant who had betray'd his Master could not be heard of. He added, with a View I suppose of strenghtning my Resolution, that the *Marquess* as much dreaded as he wish'd for my Presence; and that if I did not conquer myself so as to restrain my Tears he would not answer for his Life.

I lov'd the dear Man too well, not to make it a Law to command myself. I promis'd *Dubois* to devour my Tears and Affliction, and that was as much as could be expected. *Barbara*, who heard all this without comprehending one Syllable, cried out from Time to Time: Good God! what will become of my Lady? Can any one be so hard hearted as to vex so good a Creature? I'll pray to God so much and heartily, that he will take compassion on her. Alas! she was in the Right: to be able to raise ones Mind to Heaven, is being half comforted.

There are Periods in Life when Misfortunes combine in overwhelming us. *Dubois* was in such a Hurry to get the Postillion forwards, that driving Foul of a Coach we overturn'd it, as we pass'd the Opera-house; which breaking down one of our own Wheels, oblig'd us to stop. The Screams of the Women in the Coach, that lay top-syturvy, drew together a hundred Flambeaux and as many People;

so that we saw as clear as if it had been Noon-day, *Dubois*, who was determin'd how to behave, had left me there, whilst he fetch'd a Coach. During this Interval, the Coachman and Footmen, belonging to the injur'd Equipage, were cudgelling my poor Postillion, especially as they saw none but two frightned Women in the Chaise, whose Presence was no Check upon them: this Uproar gather'd still more People; the Noise was so great, 'twas impossible to hear one's self speak; I was in Hopes every Minute of being deliver'd from this Crowd by *Dubois's* coming, but I had been told I must suffer, and 'twas not long before it happen'd.

The first Thing I met to chagrine me was the Duke of—— who from his Coach knew me again. Ah! my God, cried he calling to his Servants, make up to that Chaise, and prevent the Ladies coming to any Harm from this Accident; she is my Acquaintance, and a Woman of Quality.

I grew pale when I recollected this Nobleman; his Discourse had drawn the Eyes of the Crowd upon me. But what became of me, when the Ladies who were overturn'd got out of their Coach! one of which I knew to be *Madame Destival*, the Miss *Delbieux* of whom I have already said so much. I would have given any Thing in the World to have been a hundred Leagues off; I endeavour'd to pull my Head cloaths over my Face, to escape her curious Eyes; but 'twas too late; she had a Glimpse; she knew me again, and ask'd her Servants if it was my Chaise which had occasion'd the Disorder. What! cried she aloud, when they had answer'd in the Affirmative, What! has this little Hussy been bold enough to overturn my Coach? and shall I tamely suffer a country Puss to drive over me unpunish'd? Here, drag her out of the Chaise headlong, said she to her Servants, and teach her better Manners; there is nothing she does not deserve for such a Piece of Insolence.

One may imagine my Mortification and Terror at hearing this cruel Order, and how I look'd, at the

the Approach of four Footmen with their Flambeaux. But a Protector was not wanting. The Duke of ———, who had quitted his Coach, hearing my Cries, came running up with his Servants, and drew his Sword: Let me see who dare approach this Chaise, cried he, clapping on his Hat; this Lady is my Acquaintance; whoever has the Insolence to molest her, shall repent it. This resolute Speech, stopp'd the Footmen. Here the Scene might have ended, had not the too couragious *Dubois*, who came up to me at the same Time as the Footmen, and who had been inform'd of the Danger I was in, began to lay about him with his Whip; this was a Signal to a fierce Battle. All the Livery-men attack'd *Dubois* with their Flambeaux, the Duke's Men and those of his Friends join'd in his Assistance; and but for the Guards, who came up by the greatest good Luck in the World, a bloody Fight must have ensued. The Gentlemen, who till now had been only Spectators, were severally engaged according to their Inclinations. The young Duke, who had undoubtedly a Mind to give me proof of his Constancy in the Attack he had shewn in my regard, began to deal about his Blows, and a hundred young Fellows like himself did the same; but having spoke very politely to the Officer then upon Duty at the Opera-house, and beg'd of him to do his Office quietly, he appeas'd the Tumult, and at last prevail'd so far as to put Things upon a Foot of Accommodation.

The young Duke, who had spoke to the Officer, beg'd of him to assist in conveying me to his Coach which was waiting for me. *Madame Desirai*, perceiving that I was like to get away from her, talk'd to the Officer so peremptorily, that he was oblig'd to turn about: What do you mean to do, Sir? Do you imagine that what has been alledged shall hinder me from complaining, and punishing a little Wretch, who out of mere Malice comes and pulls over my Coach, and insults me in the Face of the whole World? There are a hundred Witnesses to
swear

swear this, it is infamous to protect a little Country
 Baggage after such Behaviour; and to shew no man-
 ner of Regard to a Woman of Quality. The Offi-
 cer, surpris'd at these Reproaches, and really finding
 that she, who made the Complaint, was a Person
 known, turn'd towards her, and told her, it was not
 for him to decide our Quarrel; that he only did his
 Duty in preventing Mischief; that my Chaise was
 broke down, and was but just to help me from
 thence; besides, that I was a Person of Distinction
 too. — How! of Distinction, replied very scorn-
 fully *Miss Delbierre*, or more properly *Madame*
Destival, of Distinction! I believe you have lost
 your Series; or Distinction? a little Creature,
 Daughter of a Wood-cleaver, a Tenant to my
 late Father. Ah, ah, ah, continued she, feigning
 a mock Laugh, unless she be in Keeping, which I
 make no Doubt of. — The Duke of —, who
 had been silent hitherto, and who was so persuaded
 of my being of Quality, that he would have been cut
 to Pieces in maintaining it, cried out, it was very
 unbecoming, in order to gain one's Point, to have
 Recourse to Calumny, and say such vile Things:
 that he knew me very well, and that there was not
 one Word of Truth in all that had been said; be-
 sides, that it was no Fault of mine, if my awkward
 Position had thrown over a Coach; that nobody
 was hurt; but, as for me, it was easily seen I was
 the only Person who suffer'd, since I could neither
 get backward nor forwards, and that instead of
 abusing me at that rate, in such a Case, every one
 ought to think themselves oblig'd in Honour to re-
 lieve me, instead of being so cruelly insolent; that
 he was not surpris'd at the Fury with which they
 persecuted me: for, that I was handsome; which alone
 was sufficient to draw their Malice on me, and to make
 me very criminal in the Eyes of certain People.

This extraordinary Conclusion proceeding more
 from the Duke's Partiality for me, than the real
 Truth, made every body laugh, and take my Part:

A general Murmur was heard in my Favour, a hundred Arms instead of one, and as many Coaches were proffer'd, to extricate me from this Trouble. Every thing now went wonderfully; but I was fated to undergo one Mortification more, before I could be out of Pain: 'twas this.

Publick Entertainments at *Paris* bring People together, who perhaps otherwise never would have met. As ill Luck would have it, and which would seem almost impossible, the true *Comtesse des Roches* was that Night at the Opera: The stop of Coaches I had so innocently caus'd, retarded her coming out, and being obliged to pass by me, she enquir'd still more unfortunately, of the *Duke's* Servants, near whose Coach her's had stop'd, the Reason of the Disturbance, and the Names of the Ladies that occasion'd it. The Footman having satisfied her as to the first Point, told her, he had not learn'd the Names of the Ladies that were overturn'd, but as to her in the Chaise, he knew very well that she was *Madame le Comtesse des Roches*. Ah! ah! replied the true one, addressing herself to her Husband, and two Ladies in the Coach, the Accident is pleasant enough: you find she will prove the same who stole our Name and Interest at Court, and after whom we have made so much Enquiry; we must have her apprehended upon the Spot; Upon this she sent to desire the Officer to come to her Coach, having, as she said, Things of the utmost Consequence to communicate to him.

Whilst this second Conspiracy was carrying on against me, of which I was at that Time luckily ignorant, they had but just help'd me from out of the Chaise. The young *Duke* of ——— presenting his Hand, would oblige me to get into his Coach; but *Dubois* having spoke something in his Ear, he said aloud, That is very right, and then led me to another which had the *Marquess's* Livery. The Coach was just going off, when a Voice cried out, Stop! Stop! the fictitious *Comtesse des Roches*, *Dubois*, who smok'd the Matter, and had leap'd into the Coach with

with me, put his Head out of the Door, and bid the Coachman gallop off; and mind nothing. This Direction sav'd me: it was executed so swiftly, that to the Misfortune of those Carriages that happen'd then to stand in the Way, the Horses being press'd, flew like Birds, dashing, hitching, and beating down every thing they met, and so fine whirl'd me out of this cruel Disaster, from which I began to despair of ever being able to extricate myself.

It was near eleven when I arriv'd at the *Marquess's* House; all his People stood ready to receive me as I alight from the Coach, pressing to see a Person so remarkable by the present Circumstances. The *Marquess* was waiting for me; he look'd pale, dejected, and like one who had been shedding Tears; he that was used to be so Neat, appear'd in a very great Dishabille, even his very Hair spoke his Affliction. Fetching a deep Sigh, he took me by the Hand, and squeez'd it. as we pass'd along the Apartments, attempted to speak, but could not utter a single Word. All these things struck me to the Heart; I do not well remember what pass'd in my Mind during this melancholy Quarter of an Hour; what occurs to me perfectly well is, that my Eyes were dry, and my Countenance resolute; the *Marquess* durst not look me in the Face, and I never ceas'd gazing on him.

We arriv'd at length at the Door of the fatal Apartment of the Old *Marquess*; it was so darken'd, that I cou'd distinguish nothing in coming in but two Wax-lights, whose feeble Glimmering was eclipsed by a large green Shade. My Lover squeezed my Hand again a second Time, sigh'd once more, and left me in the Middle of the Room, to go to his Father's Bed's-side. My Lord, cried he, in a faltering Voice, here's lovely *Jenny* come to proffer you her Hand in Person; would you have her approach? A low Voice, like that of a Person in Extremity, replied: What do you say, Son? The *Marquess* who in the Agony he was under could not repeat the Words,

bid *Forfan*, the Gentleman I have often mention'd, tell his Father what he had been saying.

The Old *Marquis* had no sooner understood what they were saying to him, but he cried in a weak Voice; Son, I am satisfied; then remain'd silent.

My Lover ask'd him if he would not see me? Alas! replied he, in broken Accents, I have not Strength enough, however let her draw near. I did so with Fear and Trembling; the *Marquis* taking my Hand, presented it to his Father. The sick Man call'd for a Light; one was brought, but it was with Difficulty he bore the Glare of it. He made Signs to have it remov'd, after which he seem'd to muse, and for a considerable Time cast his Eyes sometimes on me, sometimes on his Son. Well, my Lord, said this dutiful Son, how do you find yourself? Will not the Sight of what is dear to you, afford some happy Turn? Alas! cried the Old Man, it is too much, I have not Spirits to support the Joy; then addressing himself to me, You say nothing, O too charming *Jenny*! are you come hither against your Will? No, my Lord, answer'd I, with a Resolution I did not think myself capable of Life, and I swear to keep inviolably the Promises your Son has made in my behalf. How generous is this, cried the Old *Marquis*, why cannot I imitate it.

Saying these Words, he made a Sign to *Forfan* to approach him; after which the Gentleman presented his Hand, saying he had Orders to conduct me to the Apartment design'd for me. I follow'd him with a swollen Heart; but courageously resisted the Tears that were for sometime ready to start. *Forfan* took this Opportunity as we were going along to ask my Pardon, as he said, for his having been impertinent to me; promising to be so submissive for the future, that I should forget his former Want of Respect. I answer'd very coolly, that he had no Excuses to make me; and that Truths, how disagreeable soever they were, ought never to give Offence.

The

The Apartment where he left me, was profusely magnificent; the Gilding, the Sconces, and fine Pictures shin'd on all Sides. My good Aunt, who stood in Admiration at all these Things, made me observe them. For my part I scarce saw or heard; my Heart was in such a cruel State of Dejection, that from suffering so much, I was almost insensible.

I had not been long there, when the House Steward came most respectfully to know, if I would have Supper serv'd up. I want nothing, said I to him, and the greatest Service you can do me is to let me retire to rest. He assur'd me, his Orders were to obey me as his Master, and to take Care I wanted Nothing. After this, I thought there was an End; but they lay'd a Cloth, and I was not a little surpriz'd to see two Napkins: I said to myself, sure they don't know that *Barbara* is my Aunt, and that she sits at Table with me? My little Vanity was disturb'd on this Occasion.

When the Cloth was laid, a Number of Livery-men bringing the Dishes, deliver'd them to the House Steward, who plac'd them upon the Table. He wore his Hat all the while. I was not us'd to these Sort of Ceremonies; and they serv'd to amuse me, and dissipate my Melancholy.

The first Course was scarce serv'd up, when a *Valet de Chambre* appear'd at the Door carrying two Flambeaux. How great was my Surprise to see him follow'd by my Lover! The *Marquess* made a low Bow, and after presenting his Hand to place me at the Table, he sat down over against me, without saying a Syllable.

A Sight so dear, and which I no ways expected, threw me into a fresh Trouble, but not very insupportable. The Number of Servants in waiting was such a restraint, that I scarce durst cast my Eyes towards him, and as often as that happen'd, 'twas a stolen Glance. Methought, my Lover appear'd less concern'd, than when I first saw him; this Discovery produced a mortal Uneasiness.

I eat little ; the *Marquess* was very attentive to serve me with every Thing he imagin'd I could like, but said not a Word. What is the Meaning, said I, to myself, of this Silence and these extraordinary Ways of proceeding? I observ'd the same Conduct, and never alter'd it during the whole Repast.

As much afflicted as I was, I sat longer at Table than I intended. The Presence of my Lover detain'd me. At last I made a Motion which being taken for a Desire of retiring, made the *Marquess* rise ; he took me by the Hand : the Flambeaux led the Way, I was conducted into a Bed-Chamber, where I found two Women waiting near my Toilette, in order to assist in undressing me ; one of them advanc'd an easy Chair the Minute I appear'd, the other stood ready to attend me.

I was scarce seated, when the *Marquess* making me a very low Bow retir'd. I cast my Eyes on him at that Instant, and saw he was in Tears. This Sight overwhelm'd me, and in spite of all my Efforts, I burst into a Fit of Crying.

One of the Women, who was standing behind my Chair, drew near, and with great Sweetness begg'd I would not afflict myself, but employ the great share of good Sense, the World allow'd me to have, in surmounting my Distresses, admitting it to be possible for me to have any, in the splendid Condition I then was. Alas ! cried I sobbing, I deserve it not ; any Body but me would support it better. After these Words, I ask'd if a Woman, whom I had brought with me, and lov'd, was remov'd from me ? They told me, 'twas quite otherwise, on the contrary, that they had all the Regard imaginable for her in Consideration of me ; that she was then actually at Supper in the Steward's Parlour, and that I should see her instantly.

This Answer pleas'd me as well as the kind Behaviour they observ'd towards me. When my Aunt came, I desir'd to be left alone, and was accordingly obey'd. I stood in Amazement at all this Respect ;

and I judg'd it proceeded from their Consideration of my being already the *Marchioness* of *L. V.* I was not deceiv'd : that was the real Truth.

I question'd my Aunt very much about what she heard talk'd of in the House, and how they behav'd to her. Ah ! my God, cried she with Joy painted upon her Face, a thousand Times better than I deserve ; I have suppd with the young Gentleman's Nurse, who was extreamly kind to me. To be sure, they take me for somebody, for even the very Household-Servants, who are all dress'd like so many Gentlemen, waited upon me, calling me *Miss Bab* forsooth. I know not the Reason of all this Civility : but, I can assure you, I never receiv'd so much in all my Life, and methinks I am in Paradise. It is true, I believe that all this is on your account ; but, all's one for that, if I am obliged to you for it, I don't enjoy it the less.

If I had not interrupted my good Aunt, she would have talk'd till the next Morning, she was so transported. Tho' I was not much inclined to sleep, I was so oppress'd that my Eyes clos'd themselves in spite of me. *Barbara* perceiving it, told me with a Yawn I must go to Bed, and that she would do the same with all her Heart. I ask'd her if she knew where she was to lie ? Yes truly, replied she, taking a Candle, you may be proud on't. Do you imagine there's any thing wanting here ? whilst you was at Supper, did not the Nurse come and shew me all your Apartment, and the Chamber allotted for me ? Do but look, said she, making me pass into a Closet adjoining, at this Damask Field-bed ! do you think I shan't sleep well ? Good God ! cried she laying her Hand on the Bed-clothes, is it not a Sin to spoil all this ? What fine Sheets ! said she handling them ; had our Curate ever such a fine Surplis ? At every step my Aunt us'd such Exclamations, as would have made me laugh at any other Time. She could never say enough of all this Finery, and swore the King was not better accommodated.

After

After patiently hearing a deal of Discourse of this Nature, at last I got to Bed. It was not without Difficulty I went to sleep: there was something so surprising in what had happen'd, that I could scarce believe sometimes but that it was all a Dream: these flattering Ideas were of no long Continuance. Ah! said I to myself, crying bitterly, it is but too true; I lose for ever what I love! Marrying the Father, will there remain the slightest Hopes in regard to the Son? Great God! what have I done, said I, into what Distractions has my Grief plung'd me? ought I to have consented to this shocking Sacrifice? If it was determin'd that I never should be united to my Lover, why did I not preserve to myself the feeble Consolation of being free, and loving him all my Life? Sleep at length crept upon me, and sooth'd for some Hours my troubled Spirits. I was too much disturb'd for it to last long: twenty Times I started, and fell asleep again at different Intervals. It was broad Day when I awaken'd, and *Barbara*, accusom'd to early rising, had been up above an Hour: she ask'd me if I was sick, saying she had heard me make heavy Moan. Alas! answer'd I, my Mind suffers more than my Body. So much the worse, answer'd she, the Body will soon feel the Effects of it. Poor *Barbara* little thought how much Truth she spoke: 'twas not long before I knew it by fatal Experience.

The Moment I was up, the same Women I had dismiss'd the Night before, enter'd my Apartment, and begg'd Leave to dress me, in order to go to the *Marquess*, who desir'd the Favour of seeing me as soon as possible. I shudder'd at a Request, I knew to be an Order, and sat down to have my Head dress'd.

Casting my Eyes on the Pictures that hung in my Apartment, I was struck with a Face which resembled that of my Lover. What lovely Child's Picture is that, cried I with some Emotion? The young *Marquess's*, replied she who was dressing me; and that next to it, is our first Lady. How! said I, has the

Marquess been twice married? No, *Mademoiselle*, said the Chamber-maid, but as we look upon you as our second, I may be allow'd the Expression. I was silent: this Discourse struck me to the Heart. I could not bring myself to look calmly on the Thought. Our Minds, like our Hearts, cannot suffer any Thing disagreeable, but make all manner of Efforts to remove it.

I was but just dress'd, when there came a *Valet de Chambre* from the young *Marquess*, to know how I had pass'd the Night, and if I was dispos'd to go to his Father's Apartment. I answer'd, I was ready when he pleas'd; and ask'd how the sick Lord did. The *Valet de Chambre* told me he had a very good Night, and that he spoke with much greater Facility than he had done; which, they said, was a good Sign, and gave great Hopes of his Recovery. Upon this comes *Forfan*, and told me they waited for me with Impatience, to read the Contract to me that was just drawn up, and to have it sign'd.

The very Name of Contract threw me into a cold Sweat: I thought, replied I, they would not perform that Ceremony till the *Marquess's* Recovery. He'll take Care (answer'd the Gentleman most unmercifully) not to delay his Happiness: he has spent best Part of the Night in giving Instructions to the Lawyer; and you yourself will be Judge how much to your Advantage: there is not a Woman in all *Paris*, let her be who she will, who would not be in your Place; in less than three Months you'll think so too.

I don't well know how I got to the sick Person's Chamber: my Knees bent under me thro' Trouble and Weakness. I found two Strangers there, one was writing, whilst t'other dictated at one End of the Room. I judg'd they were proceeding upon the cruel Contract.

The Old *Marquess* was sitting up; as there was more Light in the Room than the Night before, I was surpriz'd to find his Looks so little alter'd, to what
one

one might have expected. He took me by the Hand, and squeez'd it with much greater Violence than one could have imagin'd from his Condition, gave Orders to be left alone with me, and then spoke as follows.

Jenny, hear me; I have but two Words to say. The State to which you see me reduc'd, is owing to you; and if I recover, 'tis to you I shall be beholden for my Life. My Son assures me you are ready to make me happy; *Dubois* has given me an Account after what an heroick manner you consented to this Sacrifice: it is not yet too late, say but the Word, and I'll release you, and sacrifice in my Turn the small Remnant of Life I have yet to come. My Word is engaged to your Son, my Lord, cried I resolutely, and I do not recall it: since he loves you so well, as to offer you all he holds dear in this Life, I ought to convince him that she, who has been judg'd worthy of his Love, can likewise imitate his noble Example. Enough, answer'd he, call in my Son, and let them read the Contract.

Whilst they were obeying his Orders, the Old *Marquess* ask'd me, if being so near him was not disagreeable to me? I answer'd only with a low Bow. My Lover came in: he was dress'd like one going to a Party of Pleasure: that Melancholy which clouded his Face the Night before was dispers'd. How cruelly did I suffer? This second Effort, cried his Father, giving him his Hand, moves me as much as the first: your contented Looks convince me, and prove how dear I am to you. I wish to God *Mademoiselle*, said he, were so either in Behaviour or Inclination! I had no Answer to make; the Cast of my Countenance would have bely'd all I could have said. I observ'd the young *Marquess* shun'd my Eyes, and that in spite of an Air of Satisfaction, he suffer'd inwardly. This Observation eas'd me a little: he still loves me said I to myself; and like a Victim he is adorn'd with Chaplets of Flowers only to decorate the Sacrifice. The Reading of the Contract interrupted my Reflections.

The Titles of the Parties were pass'd over, and they came immediately to the Articles that regarded me. I had a Jointure of four thousand Livres, Jewels to the Amount of one hundred thousand Livres, a Coach and a House, with Furniture in Case of my Husband's Death without Issue. But, in Case of Issue by him, I was to enjoy his whole Estate till the Children were at Age, when I was oblig'd to account with them for the Profits of it.

Tho' I understood little of Business, I was somewhat surpriz'd to hear no Mention made of his only Son; I thought to myself he ought to have been the principal Party in this authentick Instrument, and he behav'd himself so well in this Affair, as to deserve to be consider'd in his Turn. This Idea struck me so strongly, that I could not help communicating my Thoughts of it. She is an adorable Creature, cried the Old *Marquess*; what Justness of Reasoning! what a Fund of Equity! She is a real Treasure. After this, he spoke to me; make yourself easy, *Jenny*, my Son and I are agreed; every Thing is settled betwixt us, he will be satisfied, and so will you.

After they had read over the Contract, they brought it to the Old *Marquess* to sign. It was then presented to the Son, who did the same; however, not able to constrain himself so well, but that he let drop a Sigh. This Proof of the Violence he did himself, and the Tears which forc'd their Way in spite of him, mov'd me to such a Degree, that I let the Pen fall twice from my Fingers before I could sign my Name. The Old *Marquess*, sick as he was, observ'd it. Ah! do not force her to it, cried he; then turn'd himself to the other Side.

The *Marquess* taking hold of this Interval threw himself at my Feet. Ah! what are you doing *Jenny*, said he all in Tears; have you a Mind I should lose my Father? The Accent with which these Words were pronounced made me tremble to the very Heart, and I sign'd my Name.

The

The Old *Marquess*, whom his Son inform'd what I had done, turn'd himself round, and gave me his Hand. Enough, *Jenny*, said he, I know your Sincerity, and am satisfied; the greater Difficulty you had, the more generous is your Conduct. After that he declar'd, he was dispos'd to go to Rest, and order'd *Forfan* to conduct me back again to my Apartment, and to use his Endeavours to amuse me.

We all went out of his Chamber, the *Marquess* only remain'd, he waited on me to the Door, and made me Signs of Approbation and Satisfaction. Alas! it gave me some small Comfort: How cruel must one's Situation be when obliged to catch at such Trifles!

I was scarce got to my Apartment, but I found myself indispos'd; they were obliged to put me to Bed; a Minute after a Shivering indicated a Fever. I underwent the Paroxysm: it soon turn'd to a hot Fit; but did not continue, and I soon grew better.

My Loyer was intirely ignorant of what had happen'd to me: there was not one of the whole Family that did not adore him, and would not have laid down their Lives for him. They all knew how dear it had cost him to make this Sacrifice to his Father; and 'twas apprehended with Reason, that if he were made acquainted with what had befallen me, it might have Consequences fatal both to the Father and Son.

However it was impossible any longer to keep him ignorant of my Situation. My Presence had work'd a Miracle in Favour of the Old *Marquess*; he was visibly recover'd thereby, and they had conceived great Hopes. He was no sooner come to himself, but he had a Mind to finish the Marriage; and he carried it with so much Secrecy, that except *Forfan*, to whom he had given his Orders, every one imagin'd the Celebration of the Marriage would not be perform'd the Evening after the signing the Contract. His Son even did not know it, till the Priest was come: he sent for him, and said, He had now but one Proof more of his Tendernefs to ask, which was, to conduct me into his Apartment: that the Apprehension he was
under

under of expiring every Minute, made him desire to have the Consolation of leaving me his Name before it was too late. The *Marquess*, ever a good Son, stifled his Grief, and the better to prove his Zeal, went away precipitately, in order to fetch me the sooner : but what became of him, when as he enter'd my Room they made Signs to him to tread softly ! How now ! cried he, being told that I was in Bed, and not knowing the Cause, did not I send Word to desire *Mademoiselle* might not go to Bed before she had spoke to my Father ? Every Body was silent ; no one durst speak ; in fine, he would be obey'd. How was he struck after knowing all I had suffer'd ! Ah ! cried he, in a pretty loud Voice, this is what I always dreaded.

I was not asleep, these Words made me open my Eyes ; I saw it was my Lover : Approach said I to him, you seem troubled, what would you have farther with me ? The *Marquess* fearing to oppress me afresh, durst not tell me the Nature of his Message, before he had enquired about my Health. I answer'd him, that I felt no Pain, for fear of giving him any Uneasiness. These Assurances brought him back to his Design : he intreated me in the tenderest Terms to finish what I had so well began. The Calmness with which I answer'd him, he should have Reason to be content ; or the Notion he conceiv'd that he ought to inform me why my Presence was requir'd, lest the Surprise might Occasion some cruel Accident, made him imprudently own the Reason why he press'd me to rise. My Love for him was still strong enough to give him this fresh Instance of my Attachment. The *Marquess* pass'd into another Room ; they dress'd me ; and altho' my Legs trembled under me, and I could scarce see out of my Eyes, I follow'd him, and forc'd myself to finish this Sacrifice, let it cost me what it would.

Every Thing was ready for the fatal Ceremony. Upon entering the Room I was conducted to the Bedside. The Priest advanced, I gave myself and
 Lover

Lover for lost. Resolution yielded to Nature ; a shivering seiz'd my Limbs, and cold dewy Sweat spread itself over my Face : I gave a great Shriek, and fell to the Ground.

My fainting ended in a high Fever, which redoubled and brought me to the last Extremity ; the third Day it abated. But how great was my Surprise ! when offering to rub my Face, I found my Hand withheld, and was told, that the little Life I had left, depended on keeping myself warm. This made me judge myself in Danger ; I begg'd the Person who tended me, not to dissemble the Nature of my Illness. It was some time before I receiv'd an Answer ; I could hear them cry, which only serv'd to encrease my Apprehensions and Impatience. At last one said, The young Lady's good Sense and Piety will prevent any ill Consequence from her knowing it is the small Pox. How ! the small Pox, cried I ; O Heavens ! I am gone ! No, *Mademoiselle*, replied a Priest who had been called in ; take Courage and place your Confidence in God ; if this favourable turn continues, you will soon be out of Danger. You must not flatter me, Sir, replied I ; for God's sake tell me the real Truth, that I may take care of my poor Soul.

The Clergyman approv'd of my Resolutions, commended me for them, and said, that the greater Peace the Mind enjoy'd, Nature would be the better able to exert itself. I was under so great a Dread of appearing unprepar'd before the Judgment Seat of God, that I confess'd myself with great Devotion. After this I found myself much better, and, for the first Time since my Illness, began to reflect.

My first Thoughts were whether or no the young *Marquess* was acquainted with the Nature of my Distemper. I was at a loss how to get the Truth from my Attendants. I was convinced they were all at the Old *Marquess's* Beck, and consequently would not be pleas'd at my asking any such Questions. After some debate with myself, I pitch'd upon a Pretext, I thought plausible, which was to enquire after the
Old

Old *Marquess's* Health. I was answer'd, that the Accident which happen'd to me in his Presence, had like to have cost him his Life, but that now he had been two Days out of Danger. And the young *Marquess*, continued I? He is pretty well, answer'd they. That *pretty well* startled me. Does he know, added I, what ails me? God forbid he should, replied they; nobody dares inform him of it, as the Consequences might be fatal.

The last Word struck me; it was a Slip, and they endeavour'd in vain to palliate it. I concluded my belov'd Admirer was sick; I found it afterwards to be but too true.

However, I pretended not to suspect it. I resolv'd to take the first Opportunity with my Aunt, to set her a talking; she was too simple to disguise the Truth; but Care had been taken to prevent me. When I enquir'd for her, Answer was made, that she had desir'd leave to be absent a few Days, since she could be of no Service to me, and that she would return after she had finish'd her Business. I saw thro' the Artifice, and judg'd something was the matter, which I must not expect to be acquainted with all.

So much Uneasiness, or the Course of the Distemper, brought on the Feavor again, and the Paroxysm was so violent, that I was judg'd to be in extreme Danger. When my Aunt heard this, she would not be denied, but insist'd on seeing me. As they gave me over, she was at last admitted. She no sooner set her Foot in my Chamber, but she bawl'd out, that she was my Servant, and would have the Management of me, otherwise she would tell every Body that they had kill'd me only to vex her. This lucky Anger saved my Life. Her method was directly contrary to what had hitherto been observ'd; she gave me Wine, took off some Clothes by degrees when I was too hot; and in fine was so careful of me, that in four Days the Pocks, which had begun

to strike in again, filled much better than could have been expected.

Dear *Barbara* no sooner saw this Change, but she pronounced me out of Danger, and undertook to answer for my Recovery, provided they did not teaze me as they had hitherto done.

These Words being reported to the Old *Marquess*, who was on the mending Hand, and who had Reasons, as will be seen very shortly, to send continually to enquire after my Health; these Words, I say, forwarded the Acknowledgement of a Resolution I had little Reason to expect: He sent *Dubois* to tell my Aunt, she might assure me, he would not give me any farther Vexation; and that as soon as I should be recover'd, he would send me such News, as would obtain a Pardon for all the Uneasiness he had created me. *Barbara* having communicated this to me, calling all the Saints in Heaven to witness the Truth of what she said, I was so much reliev'd by it, that in a short Time I was much mended.

Barbara took so much upon her in my Apartment, and there were such strict Orders given for every one to obey her, that I was no longer pester'd with my former Attendants. I had two signal Favours to beg of her, which hitherto I durst not mention, because the Moment I begun to speak, she took upon her and enjoin'd Silence, telling me very harshly, I must either be ruled or buried. This was so terrifying, that I held my Peace in a Moment; and no little Girl, though never so well bred, ever stood more in Awe of her Mother; so excellent a Means is Fear to promote Obedience.

It was now the thirteenth Day of my Illness, and still I was not suffer'd to talk, when at last Liberty of Speech was a little indulged me. This was new Life. Ah! my dear Friend, cried I pulling her to me, and taking her about the Neck, to you it is that I owe my Life; I will never forget it. Let's hear no more of that, said the good Creature, I have only done my Duty, and deserve no Praise on that score; you

you have nothing to do but to get well, that we may go back to our Village. That is something like a Paradise, continued she, setting her Hands on her Sides; I prefer it to all your fine Apartments and your *Paris*, where one breathes nothing but Infections and Misfortunes. Go, go, talk no more about it, one had better a hundred Times be poor, than pay so dear for being rich.

My Aunt, who was always transported when she was thinking of her Village, said a great deal to the same Purpose; I let her vent her Humour; after which addressing myself to her: Now, my dear Friend, said I, you must do me one Kindness, and you will complete my Cure. I wish it don't hinder it, replied she; I'll lay a Wager you are going to enquire after the *Marquess*, the Young one I mean; for as to the Old one, I am not such a Fool as to imagine you are any ways concern'd about him. You guess right, said I making much of her, where is he? what is he doing? If you must know, replied my Aunt looking down (which was her Way when she told a Lye) he is in the Country, but will soon return. Ah! continued I, how have I deserv'd that you should impose on me? I see plainly you no longer love me; saying this, I turn'd to the other Side, and feign'd to be very angry. There it is now, cried she, every Trifle puts her out of Humour; if I don't answer her, she cries; and if I should, she would cry much more: one does not know what to do! There is Plague enough with some sort of People.

Less than this was sufficient to alarm me very cruelly. Well then, said I, since you will not satisfy me, I will rise and go myself.—God forbid, dear Child, cried my Aunt running to me. Well then, compose yourself, and I will tell you the Truth, provided you promise to place your Confidence in God, and not be vex'd. I promis'd every thing she desir'd; but, alas! what did I hear?

That

That amiable Lover, of whom I was so fond, was taken ill upon my fainting away; the Constraint he laid upon himself, to give his Father proofs of a more than filial Tendernefs, affected his Blood and threw him into a burning Fever. He talk'd and rav'd continually on me; when the Paroxifms came on, they were obliged to bind him, he having in one of them broke from thofe who attended him, and run to my Apartment to fee me. The Infection of the Small Pox, which he had never had, feiz'd him, and for eight Days there were little or no Hopes of his Life.

This Account overwhelm'd me: but I durst not betray myself, for fear of not hearing the real State of my Admirer. My Aunt assured me, that two Days before, his Father having sent him a Message, he began to mend; but every one agreed he would be very much mark'd, and become as homely as he had been handsome before he fell ill.

Ah! what care I whether he be handsome or not, I cried, if his Life is but safe. Oh! Heavens, how unfortunate am I, not to be in a Condition to tend him! Yes, dearest of Men, I would never leave your Bedside, you should be convinced by my Tendernefs in——*Barbara* interrupted me very sternly, saying, I had talk'd but too much, that I must compose myself if I intended ever to be well. I was for replying, but upon her telling me in a resolute Manner, that if I would not comply, I must not expect to hear any more of the *Marquess*, I yielded for fear of what she threaten'd. I held my Peace; but my Mind exerted itself.

The other Favour I intended to beg of my Aunt, and which gave me great Anxiety, was to consult my Looking-glass, that I might judge what Condition I was in, and whether the Small Pox had spared me. I was very uneasy, as often as I reflected that my Beauty might possibly vanish: but, to do myself justice, I must say it was not entirely on a Principle

of Vanity, that I was troubled; though I was fond enough of my Face, yet I did not carry my Folly to any great Excess; there was another Cause to which it was at present owing. Heavens! cried I to myself, what will become of me if I grow ugly? Will my Lover know me again? Did not that fatal Beauty inspire his Passion? Will it not be extinguish'd with the Lustre of what at first created it? This dismal Thought pierced my very Soul; it was in vain to comfort myself with reflecting on his generous Sentiments and Probity; still a Doubt remain'd which overwhelm'd me, and this Apprehension was a Hindrance to my Recovery.

The next Day I heard a piece of News which pleas'd me. *St. Fal* was come, and appear'd inconsolable at the Recital of what I had gone through, and the Condition I was then in: he sent me word, that as soon as ever it was practicable, he would wait on me to express his Concern for my Illness.

He came ten times a Day to the Door to be inform'd how I was. My Aunt added, that he never left his Cousin, and that the poor Lad had enough to do in tending two sick People: the two were the young *Marquess* and myself; as for the Father, he was perfectly recover'd, as we soon learnt.

I promis'd myself great Satisfaction in seeing this amiable Friend: I had a Project to execute, and which took up my Thoughts for some Days. *St. Fal*'s Probity was too well known to me, to admit of the least Distrust, neither did I question his Discretion. The Design was ridiculous enough, but suited with the Delicacy of my Way of Thinking. It was always my Opinion, that a Humour may be indulged, provided it tends to nothing criminal, though a little out of the Way; for that's nothing, where Pleasure and Fancy find their Account.

But, before I executed my Project, I was curious to discover what Effect the Small Pox had on my Face; with this View, I took the Opportunity of my

my Aunt's being in a good Humour, who was certainly very excusable, if she was sometimes otherwise, considering her continual Fatigues. I desir'd her, not without blushing, to bring me my Dressing-glass. What to do, cried she, not to shift your Head-clothes, I hope? Certainly you are not so mad. Lord, no, replied I, do you think I would be so indiscreet? nothing but a little Curiosity—— Oh, is that all? cried she interrupting me; what, you are afraid of being as homely as the young *Marquess*? Nay, nay, if that be all, make yourself easy. I'll hold a Wager, you are not mark'd, thanks to my Lord, with which you have been better anointed, than *Mr. Gripart* was, when catch'd making Love to my Niece. I suffer'd the good Woman to have her Talk out; after which I renew'd my Request, and, with some Muttering she complied.

Though I had reason to expect the Consequence of the Pocks, which I was sensible cover'd me all over, yet I was so frighten'd at the hideous Roughness of my Skin, which before was so smooth, that I scream'd out and let fall the Glass. I told you what would come on't, cried *Barbara* picking up the Pieces. You are much the better for your Curiosity truly. Good God! my dear Friend, said I very impatiently, don't be so much concern'd for the Loss; I should not value that, if I did not look so frightful. Marry come up, replied my Aunt, if you are a Fool (begging your Pardon) I can't help it: who told you that you were ugly? I'll take my Oath, you will be handsomer than ever.

I was so strongly persuaded of the contrary to what she said, that I cried bitterly. Well or ill, as our good Patron shall order it, cried *Barbara*; this is acting reasonably, and deserving the Blessing of Heaven! Go, you don't deserve to have any Care taken of you; and, since you have so little Confidence in my Skill, I know what I'll do; I'll go back to my Village, and God for us all—— This was ever her Threat, and I was sure to have it.

In order to make my Peace, I promis'd her not to cry any more ; but, upon Condition that I might see myself again. Another Glas was brought. Whether through Prejudice, or from what she had said, I know not, but methought I did not seem so frightful as at first : to be better satisfied, I lifted up one of the dried Pocks, and saw with Pleasure that the Skin was smooth underneath. This put new Life into me, as it freed me from much Uneasiness. What meer Trifles affect us either with Joy or Sorrow ! We are but Children at all Ages, Toys are still our Pursuit ; under different Forms, it's true, but, in reality, much the same.

The Day following afforded me such convincing Proofs of the *Marquess's* Recovery, that I no longer doubted the Truth of what I was told concerning it. He wrote to me. What Joy ! His Letter consisted but of four Lines, and yet did me more good than all the Doctors and Apothecaries put together.

I Am assur'd that you are upon the Recovery ; this has wrought a perfect Cure in me : if your Love equals mine, you will not be long in following my Example. Was not my Honour engag'd, I would tell you what urgent Motives I have to wish it. I must leave you to guess ; my Father having reserv'd to himself the Privilege of informing you. Adieu, my dearest ; make me easy as soon as possible.

This powerful Remedy was so efficacious, that my Heart overflowing with Joy, gave new Vigour to my whole Body. In two Days I had Strength enough to write an Answer. *St. Fal*, who was now admitted into my Chamber, and to whom I communicated my Design, undertook to deliver it. I had engaged him to be true to me, nor was I deceiv'd.

IF a Desire of seeing you, my dear *Marquess*, could make me well, I should be able this Moment to tell

tell you in Person that you are my only Happiness! Yet
 alas! notwithstanding my Hearness to behold you, I
 am afraid I must expect a cold Reception. I can
 quite alter'd; my few Charms are vain no more; as
 I plainly discover with my own Eyes, and I only valued
 them, as they secur'd me your Affections. What can I
 think? must I bewail the Loss of them?

I waited St. Fal's Return with the greatest Impa-
 tience; never did Moments seem so tedious before.
 Ah! cried I to myself, the bare Idea of my being
 grown homely, has perhaps effected what I so much
 dreaded! What Blindness, that Men should doat on
 a vain Outside, which a vicious turn of Mind often
 renders contemptible, and where the Eye is not taken
 at once, never give themselves the trouble to examine,
 whether the want of such trifling Allurements may
 not be richly supplied from within! Is it possible,
 that a Man to whom I have given my Heart, and
 whom I have so much esteem'd, should be so very
 worthless as to fix his Affections on a little more or
 less Beauty? His Answer put an End to my Cares
 and resolv'd my Doubts.

St. Fal brought it laughing very heartily; you
 have occasion'd, said he, one of the most comical Scenes
 that ever happen'd. Stay, cried I, let me be satisfi-
 ed here first, before we go any farther. A Serenity
 appear'd in my Countenance on reading the first
 Words; he reproach'd me in the tenderest Manner
 for doubting his Constancy, and the little Strife I
 laid upon his Sentiments. Do you attribute, said
 he, to your Charms, the Respect and Esteem my
 Heart conceiv'd from the first Moment I was
 acquainted with your amiable Character, embellish'd
 with so many invaluable Qualifications? Such is the
 Beauty I admire, such the Charms I esteem, and
 which never fade.

The Letter concluded with bantering me; he at-
 tack'd me with my own Weapons, and said, it was

my Business, to furnish myself with a new Provision of Sentiments, and refer'd me to *St. Fal* for an Explanation. This made me still fonder than ever; and I was so charm'd with the Letter, that I kiss'd it with the greatest Warmth.

St. Fal finish'd what the other had began. You don't know, said he, that your Niece has put a Thing into the *Marquess's* Head, which perhaps he had never thought on otherwise. After he had bit his Nails, according to Custom, he called for a Looking-glass, and having examin'd himself for some Time, he cried out, Truly I have great Reason to be nice indeed! and then: How ugly I am, *St. Fal*! The Deuce take me, I shall never dare look *Fenny* in the Face again! I burst into a fit of Laughing at his Exclamations, and a Dialogue ensued that was pleasant enough. I insisted upon hearing the Particulars. *St. Fal* finding it amus'd me, complied with my Request. We are is never tir'd with talking of what is dear to us, and it was past my Hour of Repose before I perceiv'd it. My good Aunt, who was inflexible on that Head, took upon her, and as she was in the right, we readily submitted.

I was confin'd to my Bed eight Days more, but the Time did not seem long. The amiable *St. Fal* brought me News of the *Marquess* three Times a Day, and he as often heard from me. The Messages I receiv'd from his Father, who frequently sent a *Vallet de Chambre* to enquire how I did, bid me hasten my Recovery, for that he design'd me a Present, which would be highly acceptable. I durst not interpret the Meaning of this, for fear of deceiving myself, and encreasing my Vexation in case of a Disappointment.

I know not whether the Mind has a Fore-knowledge of what is to happen, or only guesses at it; but I enjoy'd a greater Serenity than ever I had experienced before: I had not a Moment's Uneasiness; or if a little Cloud arose, a thousand Rays of Hope well grounded

grounded as I thought, without knowing why, soon
dispers'd it. This interior Tranquillity was a Fore-
runner of the Happiness which waited for me.

The Day I began to sit up, *Dubois* came from the
Marquess to inform me he had receiv'd a Visit from
his Father, who was perfectly recover'd. He acknow-
ledged that the Sigh had given him great Pleasure,
and renew'd his Sense of the Obligation he ow'd me,
being convinced, that next to God he was beholden
to me for his Father's Recovery. He added, that
though there was no Mention of it, he did not doubt
but his Father was of the same Opinion, and that
notwithstanding he was forbid seeing me till farther
Orders, he was not alarm'd at it, when he consider'd
the Manner in which that Command was impos'd.
Dubois encouraged me not to be dishearten'd at this.
The Old *Marquess* said he, is positive, and will be
obey'd, but good natur'd and just at the same Time,
and I think, his going into the Country, no bad Omen;
doubtless he has his Reasons, and I'll lay a Wager,
we hear from him in eight and forty Hours time.
Such is the Man, mysterious to the last Moment;
but, to do him Justice, never obstinately in the wrong,
nor easily dissuaded from what is right.

I ask'd *Dubois*, if he thought the Old *Marquess*
would see me before he left the Town. No, answer'd
he, for he dreads a sick Person like Death itself. And
certainly his Tendernefs for his Son must be at the
highest Pitch, since he could conquer himself so far
as to make him a Visit; and if you knew the Pre-
cautions he took before he enter'd the Room, and the
Distance he kept when there, you would conclude
his Apprehensions border'd on Folly.

Dubois added, that he took his Nephew with him,
though it was easily discern'd that the Journey was
no ways agreeable; but that his Complaisance would
prevent his showing any Dislike. Indeed, *St. Fal's*
Character surpasses every Thing I ever met with; and
the Woman, who is so happy as to engage his Af-
fection

fection and become his Wife, may justly boast she possesses the Phoenix of Men.

Dubois and I were very deep in Conversation, when I heard a Noise at the Door. Go, said I to my Aunt, and see who it is. Ah! ah! cried *Dubois*, seeing the Door set wide open by one of the Old *Marquess's* *Valets de Chambre*, 'tis he himself come to bid you adieu; his Affection must be very great to have brought him hither. It was the Old *Marquess*, who stopping short about four Steps from the Door, called out, I am come to know how you do and take my leave. I turn'd toward the Door, and congratulated with him on his Recovery. I have a great deal to say to you, continued he, at our next meeting: I am order'd to take the Country Air, and am going; but, we shall see one another shortly: in the mean Time, I'll send a Lady to keep you Company, a particular Friend of yours, and one you will be glad to see. Farewel, lovely *Jenny*, take care of yourself; remember it is I who desire it; our Separation will be but short. Saying this, he made a low Bow and retir'd.

St. Fal came the next Moment. Well, charming *Jenny*, said he, you have had a Visit from my Uncle; it's a great Sacrifice he makes to you. I am overjoy'd, answer'd I; but, can't you inform me, who this Friend is that he will send, and I shall be so glad to see? It is a Mystery, replied the *Count*: he would not let me into the Secret: but, he loves to surprise every body. Certainly, said I, it must be *St. Agnes* he means. That cannot be, replied *St. Fal*, for she is gone out of Town; I saw both her and her Husband since my Return; they came to enquire after your Health before they set out. How! cried I, has she been so obliging, and I know nothing of it? My Aunt, who came in, assur'd me, the Lady had sent constantly every Day, but that I was then so ill, that it was improper to let me know it.

Still my Head run on this Friend I was promis'd, but could not imagine who it could be. *St. Fal's* taking

taking his leave, and his generous Resolution, as he said, to make Love give Place to Friendship, was very moving, and banish'd all other Thoughts: in return for so noble a Conduct and such Disinterestedness, I promis'd that my Study should be to deserve it; in which I have been as good as my Word.

Dinner was but just over when I was told that a Lady enquir'd whether she could see me without giving any Uneasiness: I guess'd it was the Person about whom I had been so inquisitive: My Answer was, that I long'd to see her. Alas! nothing was ever said with greater Truth: it was *Madame de G*—— I scream'd for Joy, and open'd my Arms to receive her, she threw herself upon me. The Pleasure of seeing each other after so long an Absence, was too great not to bereave us both of Speech for some Time. At last I broke silence, crying out, Is it you Madam? Nay, then let Fortune do it's worst, if I have found you again; in all the severe Trials I have undergone since I was torn from you, my Mind has ever preserv'd your dear Idea. The Pledge you left me of your Friendship, the dear Picture, which I have kiss'd a thousand Times, is a silent Witness——Poor Thing! cried *Madame de G*—— interrupting me, she is still the same; her Gratitude charms me: Her expressions on the Occasion were very tender.

Two Hours were spent in mutual Endearments. As desirous as I was of knowing how I came to be beholden to the Old *Marquess* for her Company, good Breeding, methought, made it necessary to enquire first after *Monsieur de G*—— She told me he was at his Seat, where he impatiently expected the Pleasure of seeing me. How! cried I, shall I ever be so happy as to live again with my worthy Mamma! Yes, my dear Child, replied *Madame de G*—— that is the Motive of my coming here: but I am afraid I shall not enjoy you long. You seem surpris'd? On the contrary you ought to be pleas'd; but, ask no Questions,

Questions; I have promis'd Secrecy, and must not be worse than my Word.

So many Precautions taken to keep me from the Knowledge of what certainly regarded me very nearly, gave me some Uneasiness: I own'd as much to my dear Friend. Take Courage, replied she; you may be assur'd I should never have been pitch'd upon to give you any Vexation; it's too well known how dear you are to me. But, Madam, said I, you are not appris'd, I dare say, that my present Condition is owing to what I have undergone? I know the whole Affair, continued the good Lady; it was not the Old *Marquess's* Fault, as you think, that you were not married to him; your Apprehensions were too precipitate, the Evil was but imaginary—— Let this suffice, said she breaking the Thread of her Discourse; if you love me, don't oblige me to say any more. Knowing my Fondness for you, I am diffident in myself; and will never pardon you, if you give me any Cause to repent my Tenderness.

I was convinced I was not to expect an Ecclaircissement; notwithstanding my eager Curiosity, I desisted from importuning her. I ask'd a thousand Pardons for my Imprudence, promising she should have no Reason to complain of me a second Time. She took me in her Arms, and express'd a Regret for being upon the Reserve, declaring an entire Confidence in me, of which she should very soon give convincing proofs.

This dear Friend never left me during my Recovery. It was soon completed; as I heard every Day from my Lover concerning his Affairs, my Heart enjoy'd a perfect Tranquillity, and my Health was entirely establish'd: excepting a little Redness, it was scarce discernible that I had so lately recover'd from the Small Pox. I promis'd myself a delicate Pleasure in surprising the *Marquess*, who, from my Letters and *St. Fal's* Information had concluded that I was very much seam'd. We may talk of the Mind, and doubt

doubtless it has its Force, but a little Beauty is of great Service. Alas! my Charms were only cultivated for my Lover's sake; I knew no other Use of them than what my Tenderness for him inspir'd.

Madame de G—— finding me fit to go abroad, ask'd if I was willing to go into the Country with her? I answer'd by embracing her very affectionately: something dictated to me, the Journey would prove fortunate.

The Day before we set out, I desir'd *Madame de G*—— to permit me to do my Devotions, in order to thank God for sparing my Life. Your pious Sentiments I commend, replied she, and am desirous of partaking in your Devotion by accompanying you. As to our particular Merit, where a due Compliance with what Religion requires is wanting, it is of small weight. The Use of the Sacraments is a powerful Preservative against our own Weakness, and the Dangers which surround us on all Sides. Your Piety, *Jenny*, continued she, edifies me; persevere; Heaven, which never abandons those who place their Confidence in it, will bring you to your wish'd for Port.

Who would have imagin'd that a Day I had set apart for so holy an Action, and consecrated to a holy Repose, should prove a Day of Trouble and Vexation? But, such it was; and had it not been for *Madame de G*——, whom I was so happy as to have with me, I must have lodged that Night in Prison: this may appear strange, but it is no Fiction.

I was recollected in Meditation after Communion, when I found myself palled by the Scarf: turning my Head about, something surpris'd at the Liberty which was taken with me, I discover'd to my no small Terror the Man with the great Whiskers who belong'd to *Mr. des Roches*, he who insist'd on being my Husband, and had given me so much Trouble. You are catch'd at last, cried the *Swiss*; if you make
your

your Escape from my Master you will be very cunning : he shall know you are here, the Sergeants will make you walk. Well, well, you shall be taught better Manners for the future.

Let any one imagine my Surprise, or rather Perplexity ; as ill Luck would have it, I had no one near me ; *Madam de G* ——— was in another Part of the Church, where I had left her when I went up to the Altar ; but, I presently resolv'd how to behave. I concluded, that I was not in Danger of being insulted in so holy a Place ; this Reflexion encouraged me to press through the Crowd, which was very great, and at last I reach'd *Madame de G* ———

What is the Matter, said she, looking at me ? You are much alter'd ; are you ill ? I told her what had happen'd, and show'd her the *Valet* with the Whiskers, who had follow'd me, and was standing at my Elbow. She presently took the Thing, for I had before acquainted her with my Adventure ; she only smiled instead of comforting me. Be easy, said she ; there is not the least Shadow of common Sense in the Affair ; and if your pretended Husband dares to give you any farther Trouble, as blind as he is, he shall be made to see his Folly.

When Service was done, *Madame de G* ——— rose up, and bid me follow her. Passing along, I saw a great Bustle in the Bottom of the Church ; the People whisper'd one another, and it was evident something had happen'd. *Madame de G* ——— order'd one of our Attendants to enquire what was the Occasion of the Disturbance ; he presently return'd, saying, there were Sergeants at the Door waiting to take somebody into Custody. This is design'd, said I to my worthy Friend, against me. Don't be afraid, answer'd she, am not I with you ? I took Heart again and reach'd the Door. But, how was I surpris'd to find there the blind Man, the little Boy, and a Gentleman holding a Woman by the Hand, and disputing with my pretended Husband !

It is very surprizing, said the Gentleman, that notwithstanding your Misfortune of being Blind, and this Gentlewoman's Affeuerations (meaning her he led by the Hand) that you should persist in denying her to be your Wife, because your Son, who never saw her, tells you it is not her. The Man with the Whiskers, who stuck close to me, hearing this, put in his Word, saying aloud, my Master is in the right; that is not his Wife; this is she, pointing to me. This drew the Eyes of the Assembly upon me. *Madame de G*——— seeing the Confusion I was in, bid the Servants clear the Way, and order'd the Coach to pull up. The Stranger made a Sign that she was in the right, and told the Crowd, the Affair was as he said, and that it was a Folly to question it: The blind Man, as obstinate as a Mule, insisted he was right, and was for having both the Women taken into Custody, saying, he had obtain'd a Warrant for that purpose, and would have it serv'd. This notable Decision made every one laugh; but the Person who was entrusted with the Execution, gave him to understand that he must chuse, and that very justly, for he had no Mind to bring himself into Trouble for him; we heard no more than this. We got into the Coach: *Madame de G*———'s Equipage made such a Figure, and appear'd to belong to a Person of so great Quality, that though the Officer bawl'd out to have us stopp'd nobody was bold enough to execute his Orders.

Madame de G———, who was highly diverted with my Fears, and thought the Adventure very extraordinary, order'd a Servant to stay and see the Event. He inform'd us, that the Man with the Whiskers had follow'd us by his Master's Orders, still positive that I was his Wife; but that upon the *Marques's* Livery-men giving him chase, he was so terrified, that he took to his Heels without looking behind him; that as to my pretended Husband, he was at last brought to Reason, his Wife having spoke to him in private, and given him such convincing Proofs,

that he own'd to his Friend he had been mistaken ; that the Sergeants were discharged as useless, his Wife having declar'd, that so far from avoiding her Husband, she had search'd every where for him, when she heard he was not dead, as had been reported. All which was the more easily credited, as she had lived with a Relation of her Husband's, who came, having been sent for expressly, and confirm'd what the other had said ; the blind Man knew her by her Voice, and thus ended the Affair.

The next Day we set out. *Madam de G——*, as soon as we were out of Town, said, the Tedioufness of the Journey must be alleviated by something that was amusing : Hitherto, said she, I have had no Opportunity of telling you abundance of Things, and acquainting you with what I have gone thro' since I saw you. It's highly reasonable, my dear Child, as such I have always consider'd you, continued this worthy Lady embracing me, it is highly reasonable I should make a return for your Confidence in me, by giving you mine. You know *Mr. de G——*, and his Taste for Women ; you will easily guess I am going to entertain you with his Gallantries ; I have suffer'd from them of various kinds : I bore it all patiently for a long while, because his Behaviour was ever respectful to me ; but perceiving his Conduct chang'd all on a sudden, and that I was in danger of losing him intirely, I resolv'd to dive to the Bottom of the Affair, and employ all means possible to break off an Engagement, which seem'd to be attended with worse Consequences than any of the rest.

This was no easy Task. *Monsieur de G——*, as you must have observ'd when with me, makes a Mystery of every Thing, and carries an Appearance which deceives, and screens him from Censure. I was much perplex'd how to act. That he was desperately in Love, even so as to neglect his private Affairs, a thing not usual with him, and scarce ever at home, was evident ; but how to discover this Object of his Passion, was the Difficulty. To endeavour

to gain over those of his Servants who were in the Secret, was lost labour: as they were more in his Interest than mine, my Enquiries, of which he was doubtless inform'd, serv'd only to augment his Precautions, and encrease his Coldness to me. This threw me into great Trouble, nor could I discern any way to extricate myself.

One Day when I was more melancholy than usual, my Husband having for the first Time been very rough with me, *Christina*, that trusty Servant you remember with me, found me in this Condition, and press'd me very so earnestly to know the Occasion, that prevail'd on by the Grief she show'd, I discover'd the whole Affair to her: she told me I was too good natur'd, and that instead of crying at that rate, which might prejudice my Health, I ought rather to think of putting an End to his Irregularities and my own Vexation. What would you have me do? replied I, is it possible for me to hinder his liking another and slighting me? Yes certainly, answer'd *Christina*; Men, Madam, are just what we please to make them. I would lay all I am worth in the World, if it were possible for me to be in your Place, that I would soon cure him of his Passion for his Mistress, and make him more in Love with me than ever. That would be extremely difficult, replied I, for two Reasons: The most important of them is, I have no longer that Youth on my Side which enchants—As if you were not still as handsome as an Angel, replied *Christina* very complaisantly? The other Reason is, continued I without taking any Notice of this piece of Flattery, *Monsieur de G*—— loves Women, and ever will: consequently, though I should extinguish his present Flame, he would soon fall back, and all my Endeavours would only serve to bring on new Troubles, and estrange him from me perhaps for ever, particularly should he discover my Practices. I allow this last Observation to be just, replied *Christina*, after a short Pause; I would never advise a Woman to appear to lay any Restraint upon

her Husband: it is often an Excuse for his Extravagances, and never fails of rendering the Wife insupportable. Nay, the Obstacles laid in his Way frequently give a sharper edge to his Appetites, and heighten the Enjoyment. This is my Notion, and I believe well grounded.

I knew *Christina* had been well educated, and did not want for Wit; but, I should never have imagin'd she was Mistress of so much good Sense. I agreed with her in the Principles she laid down, as I assured her, and which I had ever religiously observ'd. So much the worse, Madam, replied *Christina*; on some Occasions we ought to strike out from the common Rules, the great Art is to time it right.

Give me leave before I mention the proper Methods, as I think, for restoring your Tranquillity, to amuse you with an Adventure I had several Years since with your Husband *Mr. de G——*, which has some Connection with what I have had the Honour to say to you, and which I never yet related to you. It was always my Opinion that we ought to be satisfied with doing our Duty, without arrogating the Praises of others on that Account. For, to what purpose would it have been at that Time to acquaint you with it, unless it were to give you an unprofitable Vexation, and render myself suspected?

I was about eighteen, when *Mr. de G——*, whose Heart perhaps was not then otherwise engaged, began to fancy me. I had not the Honour at that Time, as you may remember, Madam, to be so near your Person as at present; taken up with waiting on your Daughter, I thought of nothing but how to please and serve her; my Ambition went no farther, every thing else seem'd of no Consequence to me.

One Day when my young Lady was gone with you to the Opera, *Mr. de G——* came into my Room, where I was ordering some little Things of my own in *Mademoiselle's* Absence. What! cried he, are you all alone *Christina*? I thought you had been with

with my Daughter at the Opera? Is it that you are not fond of such Things, or is my Wife so barbarous as to refuse you such an Amusement? My Answer was only a Yes, or a No, I don't recollect which; but his coming into my Chamber made me colour very much: He had never spoke to me before, so that it was an Honour quite new to me; besides, I had heard of his Taste for young Women; your Ladyship's Chamber-maids frequently talk'd of it, and I always took care to overhear them.

It was this which occasion'd the Confusion I was in. I trembled, not knowing which way to turn myself. He ey'd me from Head to Foot, and the greater Eagerness he express'd in viewing me, the more my Consternation increas'd. You are very charming, *Christina*, continued he presenting his Hand: Do you know I am determin'd to make your Fortune, and that from the Time you came hither I have been contriving it? You are too generous, Sir, replied I still blushing, to concern yourself about so insignificant a Person: I am not so partial as to think myself worthy your Attention. What do you call worthy, said he interrupting me? I vow, I see nothing in all *Paris* so amiable. Why, your Complexion is charming, your Eyes ravish one; let me have the Pleasure of gazing on them. Saying this he drew nearer by degrees. Heavens! Sir, cried I, leave me, I beg; if my young Lady's Governess should happen to come, and should find I have the Honour of your Conversation, she will certainly inform your Lady; I shall be severely chid, and not without Reason: I am not one of those ——— Don't be afraid, replied he, I am upon the Watch; and as for the mean Opinion you have of yourself, it is entirely groundless. For know, *Christina*, that any Man, even of the greatest Quality, would think himself completely happy to become an Equal and enjoy the Company of so charming a Creature.

Saying this, to which I answer'd as before, he came up to me, and took the Liberty of removing my Neck handkerchief. I thought it was Time to be very loud, imagining, the Fear of being surpris'd with me, would make him retire; but I was mistaken: he had the precaution to send all the Servants out of the Way under different Pretences, and I found myself to be entirely in his Power. This was evident: for tho' I had cried out twice, he was proceeding to Extremities. I was terrified, but did not lose my Presence of Mind. Well, Sir, said I looking earnestly at him, make my Fortune, and I am yours. With all my Heart, replied he very joyfully, make your own Terms, which I will accept of, on Condition you return my Love. Agreed, answer'd I very courageously. Give me in Hand a hundred *Louis d'Ors* to obtain my Father's Liberty, being confin'd on Account of that cursed Tax which ruins so many Collectors and other brave Fellows. After this you must buy me a House, and provide for me that I need not go to Service, and then I'll love you as much as you can desire. Done, cried *Mr. de G*—— quite transported; shake Hands, and take this Kiss as Earnest——No, Sir, replied I blushing more than ever, you must begin with surer Tokens of your being sincere, than the Kiss you Offer; the Money, Sir. That is but reasonable, answer'd *Mr. de G*——, surpris'd no doubt to find me so coming and more alert than he expected; I'll run to my Closet and fetch the Money: stay here, I'll return in a Moment.

He was no sooner out of my Room, but I made my escape. I flew up stairs to one of your Women who lay ill, and consequently I was sure to find: He'll not come after me, said I to myself, and for the future I'll take care never to be alone, and so prevent his having an Opportunity of plaguing me.

I was as good as my Word. Two Years past without his being able to speak to me; he lost his Labour

Labour in watching for an Opportunity: I was on my Guard, and baffled all his Attempts.

I was now persuaded that *M. de G* had entirely forgot me, when rising one Morning I heard him in his Daughter's Room. As my Bed Room in one of the Closets, I could easily hear what pass'd. I was not surpris'd at his easily rising, which was customary, but at his coming into my Lady's Apartment, and that her Chamber-maid had open'd the Door without calling me. I grew uneasy, my Door was not fasten'd, but I immediately bolted it very softly; being secured from any Visit, if he should have taken into his Head, I listen'd to the Conversation with all the Curiosity of a Girl of my Age.

What! would you have me, Sir, complain to my Mother of *Christina*, said my dear Mistress? For what Reason? The poor Girl never deserv'd such Usage from me. That's nothing, replied *M. de G*——, do as I bid you; 'tis for her Good that I put you upon it: while she stays here, she will not hear of being settled. I know a proper Party for her, and when you are acquainted with the Affair, you will approve of the Proposal. Is it possible you should have so little Regard for what I say, as to hesitate a Moment?

Mademoiselle de G——, unable to prevail with herself to say any thing against me, knowing the tender Respect I had for her, still endeavour'd to evade doing it. Her Father flew into a Passion. Well, cried he rising up, I have done, but take Notice, I'll never forget your refusing me.

This was more than enough to influence your Daughter, who always had, as you know, Madam, an uncommon Respect for her Parents. She called back *M. de G*——, who had pretended to go away, and promis'd to be directed by him.

Since you know how to behave, replied he, I am willing to forget what is past; but it is upon Condition you punctually perform what I require of you.

Tell

Tell your Mother that you have perceiv'd of late that *Christina* is in Love; that she is so infatuated as to receive her Gallant in your Apartment when you are abroad: that coming home unexpectedly you saw—I was so terrified at what I heard, that I bawl'd out it was false, and that I saw plainly my Ruin was design'd, but that I would publish *Mr. de G——*'s Motives for having recourse to such infamous Proceedings; that I would go immediately to acquaint his Lady of the whole Affair, and complain of a Fiction as false as it was cruel and unjust.

The Tone in which this was utter'd, had a surprising Effect. *Mr. de G——* apprehending I should be as good as my Word, and seeing me rush out of the Closet all in Tears to go and inform you, Madam, of what was carrying on, he stopt me, saying, I was a Fool not to see it was all an Artifice to oblige me to come out of the Closet and make his Daughter laugh. I did not push the Affair any farther; it was evident he gave this turn to it only to stifle the Matter. Persuaded as I was of this, and that he really intended to make you turn me away, that he might have an Opportunity of prevailing on me without Disturbance from you, or alarming the Family, (I was not mistaken; for I chanced some Years afterwards to learn the whole Design: he had gain'd over *Mademoiselle's* Chamber-maid, who was since turn'd away, and had undertaken to bring me to accept of his Offers) I vow'd to *Mr. de G——*, that if ever he endeavour'd to surprise me again, I would that instant leave the House and proclaim my Reasons to the whole World. From that Moment, Madam, he has taken no notice of me, nor given me the least Disturbance. So true it is, that when a young Woman happens to be ruin'd, it is for want of knowing how to defend herself as she ought.

Christina, after finishing this Adventure, added, that she only related it to convince me that my Husband stood in greater Dread of me than I imagin'd, and

and that if I had shewn a little more Resolution, I should not have had such just Reason of Complaint.

I ask'd *Christina* when she had done, what conclusion she drew from her Story and the Reflexion upon it. That *Mr. de G——* is not so obstinate as you think, said she; and if you take proper Methods a stop might be put to the Vexations which overwhelm you.

The first Step I would advise, continued the good Girl, is to find out your Rival and her Habitation; then to have her inform'd very peremptorily, that as yet you are ignorant of the Affair, but that if it once comes to your knowledge, you have so much Power, that she will be infallibly crush'd, or confined for Life. This done, which cannot but produce a good Effect, some Friend of *Mr. de G——* must be applied to, and prevail'd upon, after laying open your Grievs, to talk resolutely with your Husband on the Subject. He must be desir'd to acquaint *Mr. de G——* that you will be impos'd upon no longer, but will come to an open Rupture, which sooner or later must ruin his Reputation.

All *Christina's* Reasons could not prevail upon me to follow her Advice; but occasion'd a whimsical Resolution which seem'd to promise equal Success. I am apt to think no Wife before me ever thought of such a Stratagem. You shall be judge, my dear Child, continued *Ma'am de G——*: I never reflect on it without laughing, and I'll lay a Wage that you will do so too when you know it.

Christina was no sooner appris'd of my Plot, but she clapp'd her Hands by way of Applause, and answer'd for the Success. In order to set it on Foot, I went into my Husband's Closet the next Morning. After enquiring how he did, the Carnival, said I, is at Hand, I have a fancy to pass it, as well as the Lent, in the Country, and not return to *Paris* till after Easter. I am come to know, Sir, if you approve

prove of it. The Idea of my Absence was too acceptable not to meet with Approbation: he not only replied, I was my own Mistress, and should be ever so: but even accompanied his genteel Expressions, which were now a Novelty to me, with a Purse of Gold, to make the Carnival the more agreeable, as he was pleas'd to express himself.

That very Day, *Christina* and I began our Journey: but instead of taking the Road which leads to my Estate, I went to the House, where this Girl's Mother liv'd, whom I had sent for the Night before, and acquainted with my Design. They got me a Taylor, I put on a Night-gown and a Man's Night-cap to prevent his having any Suspicion. I made him take my Measure, and bespoke two Suits, one very rich, the other a little plainer, but begg'd he would make them with all Speed.

In less than four Days I was metamorphos'd into a genteel young Fellow, and the Disguise became me exceedingly.

I ask'd *Christina* and her Mother, how they lik'd me. They protested I look'd charmingly, and personated a Man so naturally, that no Creature would ever suspect I was any thing else. This delighted me, and I never doubted but my Project would succeed according to my Wishes.

I have a *Valet de Chambre*, who was always in my Interest, and one you have seen at my House: I had given him orders to have *Monsieur de G——* watch'd, and learn, cost what it would, where his Mistress liv'd. He obey'd me, just as I could wish. In three Days time, he inform'd me, she liv'd in a little bye Street turning out of *Fauxbourg St. Honoré*, at a new built House, and that my Husband supp'd there every Night. I was overjoy'd at this Discovery, and order'd every thing accordingly.

I was not satisfied with knowing where this Girl lived; it behov'd me to know when she went out, and where one might see her. I was appris'd two Days
after,

after, that she often went to Plays, of which she was passionately fond. My *Valet de Chambre*, who serv'd me as Footman, had got acquainted with her's: they had drank together; and my Man, who was sly, gave me sufficient Intelligence to flatter myself, that it would not be so difficult a Matter, as I imagin'd, to make an Acquaintance with her.

They were upon the Watch, to give me Notice the very Moment she went abroad. I had hired a Waiting-Job, by the Month. At the Corner of the Street I waited for Miss: she was not long before she came out: my Coachman had Orders to follow her, and to stop at every Place where she did. She enter'd *Paris* by *Saint Honoré-street*, went and bought something at a Millener's Shop, turn'd down *Larberfel-street*, and then to the Play-house. There I thought I was sure of her, and was not mistaken: she was accompanied by a Servant elder than herself, but very well dress'd; I could not guess whether she was a Relation or her waiting Woman: there is no Distinction now a Days in Dress, and 'tis difficult to discern thereby the different Condition of Mankind. I could not get a full View of her, for want of a favorable Opportunity, I had only a Glimpse: she appear'd to be tall and well shap'd; that's all I could distinguish.

I was not much better off, when I came into the Play-house, altho' I had placed myself in one of the Boxes joining to hers: it was so early, that there were but some circular Lights in the Boxes. Nevertheless, the House was full; it was the first Representation of one of *Mr. de Voltaire's* Tragedies, intitled *N.* You have often heard me talk, my Dear, of that illustrious Author, and you may remember, that I extoll'd him to the Heavens, as well as the Publick; this may make you comprehend the Magnificence of the Entertainment, and that all the People of Fashion and Sense at *Paris* were present.

Waiting

Waiting till they lighted the Candles, and I could more easily examine *Mademoiselle Julia* (that was her Name, as my *Valet de Chambre* had inform'd me.) I hearkened attentively to her Discourse, Notwithstanding she spoke in a low Voice, I heard her say to the Person who came with her, that she trembled lest *Monsieur de G* ——— should know she was at the Play. I found out, from what they said, that they had made my Husband believe they were only gone to buy some things, and according to my Conjecture, it appear'd he was jealous, and had a watchful Eye upon his Mistress. I was not sorry to find it so; 'twas just what I wanted to attain the End I had propos'd.

Here I interrupted *Madame de G* ———. I have been, said I, under the greatest Impatience for this half Hour; therefore do me the Favour, my dear Lady, to tell me what End it was you propos'd to yourself; I'll own to you sincerely, that I comprehend nothing at all of the Matter.

You are very hasty, replied *Madame de G* ——— with a Smile, I have half a Mind to leave you in Suspence, till the Incidents that are to follow, had inform'd you; but I should make a good Princess, I don't love to refuse. Know therefore that my Design was, to gain the Damsel's Affections, to get an Assignment, and contrive to be surpriz'd in her Company, and thereby oblige my Husband to abandon her. I had still another View; which you shall not know, but in proper Time and Place.

As soon as the House began to be lighted up, I look'd on *Mademoiselle Julia* with a greedy Eye: I thought her charming: she had an enchanting Sprightfulness in her Countenance: the Fineness of her Complexion dazzled sufficiently, without that Quantity of Red she laid on: her Neck was admirable, and the rest of her Figure was perfectly well turn'd.

After this Examination, I was not surpriz'd at my Husband's Fondness for her. Notwithstanding I am a Woman, I never was backward in doing Justice to those

those of my Sex that deserv'd it. I was just in regard to this Person, and sensible of all that was to be seen in her.

It was no difficult Matter for me to make an Acquaintance with her : these Creatures carry not their Reserve so far as to refuse Conversation. I had a long one with her, and as she saw me completely dress'd, and that I had something of an Air of Distinction, she was pleas'd with all I said in her Commendation. I ask'd her Leave to make her a Visit : she did not absolutely grant it ; but it was easy to perceive, that before the Play was over she would not refuse it. The Play began. I was so charm'd with it, and heard it with so much Attention, that I had like to have forgot my Project. Figure to yourself, my dear Child, that Delicacy of Sentiment was never carried to a higher Pitch, than what the celebrated Poet affected the Audience with, in this Tragedy : every thing was majestick, noble, moving : the Actors were more the real Heroes they personated, than themselves : Fancy, Address, Energy of Style, Dignity ; all this concurr'd in the Composition of *Zaire*. Happy, thrice happy, those who possess Talents in such an eminent Degree ! They deserve to have Monuments erected to their Honour, as in former Days. What do I say ? in doing justice to Authors of this Rank, it is ourselves we honour in raising Monuments to them. Is it not a Monument of the good Taste of that People, who knew so well whom thus to distinguish ?

I took the Opportunity of the Intervals between the Acts, to obtain my Request. Fair *Julia* seem'd on purpose to delay me, till the artful Solution of the Play, and did not grant my Petition till it was over. I have a Difficulty, said she, in admitting your Visits ; and that because, you appear to me a dangerous Man ; if you were no more than an ordinary Person, I should not fear you so much ; but, without valuing myself for my Wit, I have Sense enough to discover

you have a great Deal, and that your Conversation is enchanting. For Reasons known to myself, I am obliged to grant your Petition conditionally: when you are acquainted with them, you will not be surpris'd at the Precautions I exact from you. I will even own, that I could easily inform you what my Motives are. Perhaps you have conceived a good Opinion of me: I could wish, if it were possible, that you might persist in it. Of this we will talk another Time. For the present, I must desire, when you come to see me, that it be after Dinner, and to leave it in my Breast to send you away when I shall think proper.

After having had this Discourse with her, she told me where she lodged. I said every Thing to the fair *Julia*, that I thought most likely to persuade her, how much I was transported with the Favour she had granted. You Men are all Traitors, said she pleasantly as she rose up; you are the loveliest Things in the World, when you take a fancy to court us; but you have no sooner succeeded, no sooner are we foolish enough to listen to you, than you become perfidious, and make us repent the Regard we have been so silly as to have for you. This Farewel was so gracefully spoken, that had I been a Man there needed no more to have captivated me entirely.

I took care not to fail my Appointment the next Day. Little thought I of being sent away without seeing her. I found standing at the Door the Servant whom I saw the Night before along with *Julia*: she shew'd me into a little Parlour as soon as she knew me again, and told me, that *Mademoiselle* would be vastly mortified for the Trouble I had taken: that she had a Visitor just come in, whom she did not expect, and it was not possible for her to see me that Day. I immediately thought this Disappointment was a concerned thing, either to excite the Passion I had discover'd, or to make me explain myself better: In order to make short Work on't, I thought proper

to begin by winning *Gogo*, (that was her Chamber-maid's Name) I gave her ten *Louis d'Ors*, which made her blush more than the most impudent Discourse one could have utter'd. My Present had its usual Effect: it purchas'd her Confidence: she acquainted me with what I knew as well as herself, that is to say, that *Monsieur de G*— was in love with *Mademoiselle Julia*. He is terribly jealous, said this Wench, and knows already that my Mistress spoke to you last Night at the Play: she was no sooner return'd home, but *Monsieur de G*—, who was waiting for her, made a furious Noise: we have been crying almost all Night long. However, Matters are made up, he has not stir'd out since yesterday, and, to compleat our Misfortunes, he has told us of his Wife's Absence, which will give him, he says, an Opportunity of coming here at all Hours. If he thought the News would be any Satisfaction to us, the poor Man was very much mistaken; we are cruelly mortified at it. Whilst he was at *Paris*, we had Time to breathe, he left us one Part of the Day to Ourselves: Yes truly, from Morning till Eight of the Clock at Night *Mademoiselle* was at Liberty: she certainly made no bad Use of it; there is not a more retir'd Person in all the World, and except two or three of her own Sex she now and then sees. She leads the Life of a Nun, Sir; she is a little Treasure, never to be enough esteem'd.

My Present, as you see, my dear Child, had a wonderful Effect. I catch'd at this Opportunity of being acquainted with the whole Affair. Come tell me, my dear *Gogo*, replied I, does *Monsieur de G*— make you some Amends, by his Liberality, for all the Vexations he gives you—? Why, pretty well, answer'd she turning aside—the Truth is, he might do better; we know he is rich. But *Mademoiselle* is not mercenary; Complaisance works more upon her, than all the Treasures in the World: For Example now; it would be the same Thing as

stabbing her to the Heart, to offer her a Gratuity; 'twould grieve her to the very Soul, and she would certainly fall sick upon it. I know her Folly on this Subject, and blame her for it. What can one do? Every body has their Whims. Would you believe it, Sir, continued the cunning Gogo, that I am obliged, in order to ease her of the Vexation I have mention'd, to charge myself with the Receipt of the Presents that are made her, and to instruct Persons how to behave, that they may not incur her Displeasure? 'Slife! if one did but presume to offer her a Purse of Guineas, a Snuff-box, a Diamond, she would that Minute forbid you her Presence. No! no! there is no touching there.

But, replied I, without seeming to understand her Meaning, how did *Monsieur de G*—get acquainted with her, and manage his Matters so as to become her Gallant? Ah! Sir, ask me not about it, answer'd Gogo with a flirting Air, his way of breaking the Ice had like to have thrown *Mademoiselle* into Fits; nothing was ever done in so rude a manner. He meets her at the *Opera*; after ogling her there, he has her follow'd home. The next Morning as soon as he was up he wrote her Word, that he admired her, that he knew very well she was kept by a Counsellor of the *Parlement*, and that but very indifferently (he was well inform'd). Will you, said he to her, do one Thing? Dismiss your Counsellor, and I will give you (do but observe the Brutality, if you please) I will give you a thousand Crowns a Month; by way of Preliminary I here send you a hundred *Louis's*, do as you will. Adieu, Charmer, think well of this; afterwards we will be better acquainted.

This Conclusion almost made me laugh. Here I trac'd my Husband's own Likeness to the Life. But, said I to Gogo, this Way of making Love does not seem to me so brutal. Pardon me, Sir, said she, that's not the Way to make Advances to a Woman of her great Merit, and if we had not found Means

of correcting *Monfieur de G——*, he had never fe
his Foot in this Houfe again.

Tell me then, faid I, how you compromis'd Matters, for you feem to me a Girl of real Merit. You are pleasant Sir, replied *Gogo*, I pretend to no fort of Merit; but I know the World a little. I undertook to go the next Morning to *Monfieur de G——*—I told him *Mademoifelle* was extreemly angry at his Letter and his hundred *Louis's*; that but for me, they would have been fent back again, and that I was forc'd to exert all the Credit I had with her, to keep her in any Degree of Moderation.

Monfieur de G—— was rude enough to answer me, that he did not think there needed all this Ceremony to huddle up a Love-affair with a Wench to be had for Money. Truly, Sir, faid the cunning *Gogo*, I had a Mind to fly at his Throat; I gave him what he defery'd; and after a thoufand bitter Reproaches, I fell a crying. My Tears render'd *Monfieur de G——* more tractable: he beg'd me to make his Peace with my Miftrefs, and to let him know in what he had offended her: Swearing by his ftrong Box, that he had behav'd to her in the fame Manner as to many more, except that he had never as yet made fo handfome an Offer to any body. To convince thee of it, fays he, (take Notice of that *Thee*) I will let thee fee the rough Draught of the Letter I wrote to her, and which I made Ufe of, for above thefe thirty Years, for the like Purpofe. He fhew'd it me accordingly; 'twas fo foil'd, that I eafily believ'd it had been compos'd full as long ago as he faid.

He wanted to know, after that, why my Miftrefs had been fo angry with him. Because your Letter, faid I, had like to have ruin'd her: that ſhe was come of a good Family, not very rich, to ſpeak the Truth: but for that very Reaſon 'tis ſhe is tampering with the Counſellor, who has promiſed to marry her, and who you think keeps her. After all this, judge yourſelf, if ſhe is angry without Reaſon. O! that's

another Affair, cried *Monsieur de G* but I am not the less sorry, for I am in Love with the Wench. Truth, Sir, said I, that very Word *Wench* is enough to have you thrown out of the Window, had it been spoken before my Mistress: if you have that Regard for her, you ought really to make Use of politer Expressions; they would have as much Weight as the Offers you have made.

What shall I say to you, Sir? said Gogo, whom my *Louis d'Ors* had set a chattering like a Magpye. I gave *Monsieur de G* to understand, that I had with much Difficulty gain'd so far upon my Mistress, as to make her think 'twas worth her While to give him Encouragement, and that his Frankness was a sure Proof of his being a Man of Honour. I told him besides, that I had managed so well, as to contrive an Interview for the next Day, and that if he behav'd himself handsomely, the Counsellor would be dismiss'd, provided that he paid down to me, not to *Mademoiselle*, who would not receive any thing as coming from him, a whole Year's Advance. What shall I say more? every Thing was concluded according to my Direction; and from that Time *Monsieur de G* has been Lord and Master here. By degrees I have brought him to humour *Mademoiselle*. When ever he makes her a Present, it must either be put into one of her Dressing-boxes, or into my Hands: no Thanks are return'd for it, and as he does Things pretty generously, we bear with him.

I was sufficiently instructed by this Prodigy of a Servant-maid, not to be at a loss concerning my Husband. I ask'd her, after what manner she could contrive me an Interview with her Mistress. She assur'd me it should be the next Day, at the same Hour, and that if the jealous Man were so cruel as to be there again, I should receive a Note to be at a third House she would appoint me, and whither she would come to me, under the first Pretence that occur'd.

I judg'd from this Discourse, and from what happen'd to me the next Day, that my Affairs were in a right Channel. I found *Julia* alone. She seem'd to have drawn forth all her Charms to complete her Conquest over me. I repeat it again, had I been of a different Sex, I must have lov'd her: she shew'd a Modesty and a Sweetness in her Conversation that charm'd me. I advanc'd thro' all the gradual Progressions of Love with her: not without fearing she would push it too briskly; and I had my Reasons not to draw it to a certain Period, which I carefully avoided.

Nothing, as you see, dear Child, could go on better than my Affairs. All that remain'd farther to be done, according to my Scheme, was to hazard the desiring an Affignation at Night, and so to have myself surpriz'd in *Julia's* Company. Will you believe me, that when I was upon the Point of doing it, there arose within me such a Tenderness towards this Girl, that I hesitated above four Days? She had given me so endearing a Reception; she seem'd to love me so sincerely, and I had discover'd such a Fund of Wit and good Sense in her, that I thought it a Piece of Cruelty, not to be parallel'd, to contrive the Ruin of so amiable a Person. I put it off from Day to Day. In short, I could not come to a Resolution.

On the fifth Day that I had been under these Agitations, *Julia* sent to invite me to Dinner: she knew where I liv'd. As soon as we had dined, she gave Orders to *Gogo*, to tell *Monsieur de G*— I— if he should take a Fancy to come, that she was gone out, and did not know where. He will play the Devil, said she, but that's no Matter; we will find Ways to appease him: this Day will I dedicate to the peaceable Enjoyment of my dear *Mina* (this was the familiar Name she had given me, and she well deserves). I should make her this Sacrifice; but I was with trembling I thank'd her for this Favour. I am undone, said I to myself! how shall I behave, if she

she should. In a Word, dear Child, I never was so much put to it in all my Life.

But charming *Julia's* first Words restor'd me: I have no Mind, said she, to be disturb'd, being determin'd to discover to you the secret Motions of my Soul. Do you know that I love you, and can you guess how you have stole into my Heart? No certainly. By your Discretion. Would you think, dear *Minet*, seeing the Life I lead, that I oftentimes reflect, and spend whole Days in Tears? This Overture affected me. Speak, *Julia*, said I mov'd with Pity; you amaze me! This is what I little expected. What are your Grievances? Can I be so happy as to put an end to them?

Yes, my dear *Minet*, replied the sorrowful *Julia* in Tears; you are the only Person in the World who can restore my Peace, after which I daily sigh. But first hear my Story; 'twill not be tedious.

To the Amours of *Monsieur le Marquis de* a General Officer, and of *Mademoiselle la R* the celebrated Actress, I owe my Birth. I was privately brought up by a Woman, who had liv'd with my Mother, but, falling into bad Circumstances, she left me to the wide World. She has been dead these four Years, and I still continue to live, as you see, without Money, without Protection, without Assistance. It has not yet been in my Power to quit a Life, which I detest. Would you think that I am doing Penance in the high Road to Perdition? Would you imagine, dear *Minet*, that the Address of a Man is to me a Torture? and if it continues much longer, Despair will drive me into the most frightful Extremity?

You seem surpriz'd, and not without Reason. You will answer me without doubt, that there is nothing easier than to abandon such a Course of Life, which I myself condemn, and is highly scandalous: but, my dear *Minet*, I have been brought up in some Plenty, from whence I have contracted a Habit. The

Idea of wanting even Superfluities carries Horror with it: my Table always well furnish'd, and I have been waited on all my Life: if I change my Conduct, there's an End of all at once, and I shall be reduc'd to extreme Want. These, my dear *Minet*, are the Considerations that overwhelm me, and detain my Disorders. This is a great deal: but I am going to surprise you much more.

'Tis now about a Year, when being more than ever alarm'd at the State I was in, I made a firm Purpose of altering it, and of doing my utmost to break loose from those infamous Bonds, with which I was fetter'd. Fully determin'd, I went one Day into a Church; sent for a Director with an Intention to consult him upon my Situation, and to engage him, after a sincere Acknowledgement of all my past Faults, to take Compassion of me, and to find some charitable Means of extricating me for ever from the Life I led.

He heard me with all the Attention he was capable of, insisted on my making, by Way of Preliminary, a general Confession, and whilst I was preparing for it to refrain from all Irregularity: he concluded with saying, he would use all his Endeavours to procure me some honest Means of subsisting.

I resign'd myself entirely to his Advice. As soon as I came home, I discharg'd my Servants; sold all my Furniture; dismiss'd a Lover who provided for me, and retir'd some Distance from the Town, with a firm Resolution of remaining conceal'd, living in a Retreat, and of abandoning the World, and its deceitful Joys.

My Director was three Months without giving me Absolution, under Pretence of knowing, if what I called a Conversion, might not be a Disguist, which would wear off in a few Months: he persisted all this Time in refusing me a Blessing, which I so ardently desir'd, and which I regarded as the Seal of my approaching Tranquillity. I sometimes bemoan'd my-

myself on that Account; but, nothing could move him. During these Delays, I saw the little I had, diminishing daily, what Money I had was just spent; I foresaw that I was going to be destitute of all Relief, and gave myself up to Melancholy. Would you guess, what occasion'd all these Delays in my Director? he waited till I was reduc'd to the last Extremity, to make Proposals of a most impious and a most detestable Nature. Shall I own it to you, my dear *Minet*? He was fallen in Love with me; he was bold enough to declare it, and that in such an impious manner, as cover'd me with Confusion and Horror. I drove him shamefully from my Sight, telling him, that if he durst return and offer to speak to me again, I would make him repent what he had done, and make my Complaints that he might be punish'd by his Superiors according to his Deserts.

But what was I preparing for myself? The Mischanceant not having the Fear of God before his Eyes, could there be Hopes of his standing corrected? No, my dear *Minet*; he was so provok'd at my Steadiness, that he swore he would be reveng'd; and he punctually kept his Word.

I had pass'd the Remainder of that Day in Tears, and had resolv'd to seek some Clergyman whose Reputation for Religion and Piety might shelter me from such Misfortunes as had lately happened to me, when about Dusk an *Exempt* with several Assistants came and carried me off. They did not give me Time to inform myself of their Reasons for this Violence: I was hurried to Prison; and 'twas three Months before I was enlarg'd.

I easily imagin'd from whence this Stroke came. I conceive, my dear *Minet*, that you can very well guess at it. 'Twas to no Purpose to justify myself, and to tell those who had confin'd me the Occasion of my being secur'd: they look'd on all I said as an idle Invention; it made no Impression; and they did not so much as make a Report of it.

The

The first thing I did after I was set at Liberty was to go and return God Thanks. I learnt from my Landlady, that there was a famous Preacher, who besides that, pass'd for one of the ablest Directors. I went. I acquainted him with my History: he conceiv'd a Horror at the Proceedings of my wicked Confessor: he took three Days to resolve upon what could be done for me; at the End of which, he told me he had thought of something to enable me to end the Remainder of my Days in Peace and Tranquillity.

I did not stay to ask him what it was. So happy did I think myself to be rescued from Want, of which I even then began to feel the Effects, that I threw myself at his Feet, assuring him that I should be eternally obliged to him, and that I would never cease to pray to Heaven for his Preservation.

But what do you think he had done for me, my dear *Minet*? You will be full as much surpriz'd at it, as I myself then was. O Heaven! is it thus your Ministers distribute the pious Contributions of the Well-dispos'd? The Clergyman bid me be the next Day at a Convent call'd *les Filles du bon Pasteur*, that he would meet me, and he would lay down what was requir'd for my Subsistence as long as I lived.

I was enraged at this Proposal, for I detested a Convent; besides I knew from a Friend of mine formerly, what sort of a House this was, and that in order to be admitted, one must own one's self to have been a common Prostitute. I stifled both my Grief and Astonishment: I had been too severely treated by my former Director, to dare to put myself in a Way of making this Man repent of his Goodness towards me: I was convinc'd besides, that too much Zeal was often as dangerous, as too little Virtue. I went away, after I had promis'd to be the next Day at the Place appointed; but with a firm Resolution of forfeiting my Word, and never more to think of seeking Consolation in the Bosom of such People, in whom

whom so much is wanting to render them humane and compassionate.

I return'd Home oppress'd with Sorrow, and a desponding Heart, full of all that had happened to me since my sincere Desires of a Conversion. After a thousand cruel Reflections, I wrote to Gogo, the Girl you now see about me; I knew where she liv'd: she came, or more properly flew to me: She had ever had a tender Regard for me; of which she gave me Marks after I had with Tears imparted to her all that had happen'd to me; instead of making me any Answer, she quitted my Room with as much haste as she had enter'd it. I thought at first, that seeing me in Misery and Distress, she deserted me; but just Heaven, how much Reason had I to repent me of too hasty and too unfavorable a Judgment! I heard about a quarter of an Hour afterwards, a Coach stop at the Door; it was Gogo; she brought me whatever she could scrape together; and giving it, said, 'twas all my own, bid me make Use of it, and that she should think herself too happy to spend her Days with her dear Mistress. I gratefully embrac'd the Girl, and swore to her that let what would happen, we would never part more.

Assuredly, when I compar'd her Zeal, with that of the Ecclesiasticks, whom I mention'd had I not Room to think, that one often finds Christian Charity lodged in very improper Places? But where is the Wonder of that? the greatest Part of those who are appointed to practise it, and be its Distributors, abuse and drive it away, if I may say so, by a wrong Application: it needs must find an Asylum, and refuge itself somewhere or other.

This, my dear Minet, is my History; from whence you may easily comprehend, how much I abhor my present Situation: I am very desirous of changing it; but the Methods of doing it appear'd so difficult, from the first Steps I took, that I durst no more attempt it, and that I have persisted till now in the State of Life you see.

I was

I was mov'd even to Tears at what *Julia* had related. I waited with Impatience to know what might be her Views on me, and why she had given me the Preference, in assisting on an Occasion wherein I seem'd so improper a Person to be employ'd.

She did not make me wait long. You will scarce believe, said she, that you are the only one in the World, on whom I depend to draw me from the Precipice into which I am fallen. You have so often assur'd me of your Love, and this with so much Discretion, that I flatter myself you will afford me the most convincing Pfoof. Assist me, Sir, in taking that step I most desire, I only ask your Protection: the Money *Monsieur de G* ——— has bestow'd on me, since he has visited me, is sufficient to set me up in a Way of Business, changing my Name, Place of Abode, and Conduct. I have admitted disorder only to enable me to fly from it. Some Money I have sav'd; and with what my Goods will produce, I reckon to make up a Sum of ten thousand *Livres*: 'tis but a small Matter; yet sufficient to begin with. Marry I will not, neither will I become a Nun; one is as hateful to me, as the other; what I desire is, to carry on a Trade, in order to make the most of my Pittance, and afford me enough to live comfortably and honestly in the World. In you alone I place my Confidence: if you love me sincerely you won't refuse me your Advice and Assistance; I take you for a Man of too much Honour and Principle to give me any Distrust.

I was preparing to answer these Requests, and to applaud *Julia* for her Sentiments which I so much approv'd, when we heard *Gogo* screaming at the Door, and doing all she could to hinder *Monsieur de G* ——— from coming in. He had learnt in the Neighbourhood, that *Julia* was not gone out, and moreover that there came a well-dress'd Gentleman just at Dinner-time. This had rous'd his Jealousy. He had got in, in Spite of all *Gogo* could say to him, altho' she had given him her Word, that she would inform

him where her Mistress was, and that with a Design of getting rid of him, and giving me Time to get off; but she could not prevail. *Monsieur de G*, who was in Passion, brought up his Servants, and bid 'em break open the Door where we were. This was what made the Uproar.

Julia gave herself over for lost. Ah! Sir, said she to me, take Pity on me, or I am ruin'd! If this Brute finds me here with you, he will have no Mercy on my Life. I encouraged her; for I was sure that I had infallible means of appeasing his Wrath: I came to a Resolution whilst *Julia* was speaking; and I was not sorry for what happen'd.

In the mean Time they were hard at Work to force the Door. I bid *Julia* assure *Monsieur de G* thro' the Door, that she would immediately open it, provided he would send away his Servants, and not make such a Disturbance, advising her at the same Time to be sure to scold first, making as if he had waken'd her out of her Sleep. I told her besides, that I would hide myself, and that if he presumed to use her ill, I would soon fly to her Assistance. She follow'd my Advice, and play'd her Part very well. Scarce had she begun to raise her Voice, but my Husband lower'd his: the Door was open'd: he maunder'd; but *Julia* was before-hand with him. She said, 'twas mean and pitiful in him to commit such Extravagances: she for her Part had a violent Head-ach, and should never forget his brutal Behaviour. In fine, she said a great deal. *Monsieur de G* seeing her in a Night-cap (for that was really the Case) and alone, began to think he was wrong, and that he had been imposed upon, with the Story of a Gentleman's having come to Dinner with her; he ask'd for him, telling her he had been so inform'd. She assur'd him that she had dined alone, and could not conceive how he was capable of crediting such idle Reports.

All things went on swimmingly: but it was not my Intention they should continue so. I had form'd my

Project. *Julia* was just going to take *Monsieur de G* into the next Apartment under a Pretence of showing him something she had bought, when I fir'd my self in such a Manner, that he heard and saw me. Hah! hah! *Mademoiselle* cried he, are these your Tricks? is it thus you expose me? As he utter'd these Words, he gave her a Box on the Ear, and fell to beating her. As eager as I was of getting out from the Cloiet, to come to her Relief, he had already given her fifty Blows, which made her cry out most lamentably. Sure 'tis very rash and daring in you, cried I, laying hold of him and assuming a menacing Voice, to treat this young Lady after this Fashion; and that before Me too. *Monsieur de G* little dreaming to have found a Spark of so much Metal, as I appear'd (for I had cock'd my Hat over my Eyes) drew back a Step or two, grew pale, and laying his Hand on his Sword, told me, that the Wretch cost him dear enough to have her all to himself. This would have done well enough some Years ago, cried I, bursting into a fit of Laughter, for I could not contain; but People of your Age are fit for nothing but to maintain Mistresses, and such young Fellows as I, to— and Zounds—I could hold out no longer; my Laughter spoil'd all. *Monsieur de G* knew me; and was so prodigiously frighten'd at my Presence, and at finding me shut up with his Mistress, as well as imagining that I could have— He was so astonish'd, I say, that he fell back into an easy Chair with so disconcerted a Countenance, that *Julia* herself, who knew not the Meaning of all this, nor the Reason of my immoderate Laughter, could not refrain, in Spite of her Tears, from laughing herself. She soon discover'd the Mystery; not only my Voice gave her a Suspicion, but my Behaviour to *Monsieur de G*—I had seated myself on his Knees instead of bitter Reproaches, which he might well expect, I applauded his Choice of so amiable a Person as *Julia*, and fondly rallied him for his Cruelty

to her. At last he recover'd from his Surprize, and, mightily pleas'd to see Things take this agreeable Turn, begg'd to know the Solution of this burlesque Adventure. I related it without Disguise, and finish'd my Narration by saying, that so far from disapproving the Esteem he had for the charming Person, who had created me so much Trouble and Uneasiness, I was the first to intreat his Perseverance in it; and that I hop'd, in Consideration to me, he never would withdraw it from her.

If what had pass'd, so much astonish'd my Husband, it was nothing, my dear Girl, in comparison of this Request: it was necessary at last to ease him of his Perplexity. I made *Julia* repeat her Story: She told it with new Graces: she concluded with most moving and reiterated Intreaties, to be drawn from the Abyss wherein she was plung'd: she interwov'd her Supplications with such pious and just Reflections on the Affair of Salvation, that *Monsieur de G——* could not help being moved. We all cried in Concert; and the Adventure terminated in a Pension for Life, which *Monsieur de G——* granted *Julia*, sufficient to make her easy for the rest of her Days.

This, dear *Jenny*, continued *Madame de G——*, is the End of an Adventure, on which I shall ever have Reason to value myself. *Julia* resides always in *Paris*, and leads the Life of an Angel: I see her from Time to Time: She edifies me, my sole Pleasure is to be with her. But, the most surprizing Thing is, that *Monsieur de G——* is entirely reclaim'd from Women, and leads a Life of great Regularity, for which I shall bless Heaven as long as I have Breath.

We came in Sight of the Village where we were to dine, just as *Madame de G——* had finish'd her Story. I thought of it, as it really was, that is to say, no less interesting than agreeable. It furnish'd many Reflections on Necessity, which occasions Disorder, and on the little Care those Persons take to find a proper Remedy, who by their Vocation and Charge are oblig'd to do it.

That

That very Day we arriv'd at *Madame de G——*'s Seat. *Monsieur de G——* receiv'd me with the greatest Civility. I return'd my Acknowledgments with the greater Pleasure, as what I had lately heard, encreas'd my Regard for him. He seem'd to bear his Age much worse than his Lady. I behav'd with great Complaisance. He gave me to understand I should have good Company. I could not conceive what he meant; for it must be observ'd, he was full as mysterious as my good *Mamma de G——*, never so much as naming the *Marquess de L. V.*

After the first Compliments were over, I ask'd after *Christina*, the Servant I so much lov'd, whom I have mention'd elsewhere; she was present and I did not know her again: she took me about the Neck, and thank'd me very obligingly for my kind Remembrance of her. I was the more sensible of it, because the Instance her Mistress had given me of her Virtue render'd her the more amiable and dear to me.

They had conducted me to the Apartment design'd me, where I was changing my Clothes, when *Madame de G——*, who had left me, came to know if I was ready to see some Company just arriv'd? I answer'd by rising and meeting the Old *Marquess*, who enter'd the Room accompanied by *Monsieur de G——*, his Son, and *Saint Fal*. The Colour came into my Face; I little expected so ceremonious a Visit. The Old *Marquess* complimented me upon having recover'd of my Sickness handsomer than ever, as he was pleas'd to say. As for my Lover, 'twas far otherwise, he could scarce be known again: the Minute he saw me, he slept back, whisper'd *Saint Fal*, and held up his Finger, as much as to say, Is it thus you put your Tricks upon me?

I return'd the Old *Marquess* Compliment for Compliment, and wish'd him Joy upon his good Looks. The Conversation turn'd for a Minute upon our past Sickness. The Old *Marquess* rallied his Son on his being so maul'd. This Point concern'd me: I could not help taking his Part myself, saying, I thought him

the same answer to which he made no more Answer
than a Bow. His Father replied, that spiritual Eyes
saw always favourably, and that he was not at all sus-
picious of his Son. Silence ensued, because the Old Marquesse was mute,
and seem'd recollected within himself. He trembled,
and knew not what to think of it; but it was soon
broken. My Lover's Father ask'd Monsieur de G-
if he had given Orders that we should not be inter-
rupted; to which being answer'd in the affirmative,
he said, It's well; then casting his Eyes on me,
spoke as follows.

It is high Time, dear *Jenny*, to put an End to your
Troubles and to crown your Virtues; you certainly
merit a Fortune superior to that which you are on
the point of enjoying; this I have been long con-
vinced of, and you are accordingly dear to me; but
with all your good Qualities, I should never have de-
cided in your Favour out of Motives of Convenience,
and such as regard me personally, had it not been
for the Proofs you have given me of your elevated
Sentiments. These Proofs have been hitherto a My-
stery, and I will first of all explain it to you. I knew
the Passion you had for my Son, as well as the Excess
of his towards you. It would have been to great a
Sacrifice in me, to have approv'd of your mutual
Flame, without an Assurance of your being both
worthy of it. What Means did I employ to find
that out? Why, I gave you both an Opportunity of
Sacrificing that Passion to me, which from its Birth
created me so much Uneasiness. I would satisfy myself by Trial arising from my
Son's Heart, whether he deserv'd I should forget my
own Rank and publick Censure, out of Complaisance
to him; and whether I was beloved by him suffi-
ciently to yie'd up to me all that was most dear to
him in the World: if I discover'd in my Son, said I
to myself contriving the Means that were to convince
me, that he loves me well enough to renounce what
he dears on, then he deserv'd I should consent to his
Happiness.

What

What I am going to say, will surprise you. I had continued he, when you call to Mind all the Steps I have seem'd to take to gain your Favour, and the Proposals I made to marry you: but, don't be deceiv'd, it was but to try your Character to the Bottom, and whether a Fortune in present was capable of tempting your Vanity. Young People are so often ensnared by Objects, artful in bringing about their own Ends, that I should not suffer my Son to run the Risk of repenting his having given himself up to such a one: 'tis for that Reason I watch'd you so narrowly, and endeavour'd by all possible Means, to discover the inmost Recesses of your Heart.

I have Reason to be satisfied with my Discoveries in your regard; but this was not sufficient to determine me, I wanted to know what Dispositions my Son was in; and if *Forsan* had not inform'd me where you was hid, I should have begun by obliging my Son to discover you, and to deliver you into my Hands. Had I prevail'd, I should have been satisfied, I should have sav'd both of you the many Hazards you have run; but Heaven, that has punish'd my Presumption in endeavouring so farth, like I self, the Hearts of Man, after shewing me the Danger my Son incur'd, has been pleas'd to restore him to me, and preserve a Treasure for him, with which his Life was wound up, and which was ever destin'd to be his.

To compass my Ends, dear *Yours*, that Fit of Sickness, which to every one appear'd to be real, — How? cried my Lover, kissing his Father's Hand, that cruel Condition in which I saw you, and which the whole Town talk'd of, was it nothing but a Feint? Yes, Son, replied the *Marquis*, it was all a Sham: but let me go on, every Thing shall be made clear.

It was not difficult for me, continued this awful Nobleman, to act the Part in Question, my Servants know my Humour, and that I will be pleas'd and never forget to disclose Talks, *Forsan*, whom I had

taken again on Account of the Service he had done me, was let into the Secret, two *Kitchen Maids* and my Surgeon; as these are the only People that approach us, it was no hard Matter with their Assistance, to make the Family believe whatever I pleas'd. Such was the Mystery. My Son has shewn himself worthy of what he is; he generously sacrific'd what was most dear to him, to preserve his Father's Life; I was as much mov'd with this Sacrifice, as I admir'd your Complaisance for my Son. That Day when Nature prevail'd over your generous Resolution, was I about to reward you; you were then going to be united. One Minute later my Son had taken the Place I seem'd to occupy. Your fainting away, O my dear Jenny, prevented this Stroke premeditated with so much Pleasure! How much did I repent, from the Dread of losing you both, my not discovering myself sooner! But Heaven, whom I have implor'd so much in your Behalf, continued the worthy *Marquess*, by restoring you to me, puts in my Power to finish what I have begun. I Approach, my dear Son, cried the *Marquess*, rising and taking me by the Hand, Be happy: I give you Jenny: making you this Present, I reckon I once more give you Life. Pronouncing these Words he seem'd to melt; we both fell at his Feet. I was so seiz'd, so overjoy'd, so full of I know not what, that I can no Ways explain the true State I was in. The *Marquess* himself dropt a Tear, *Monsieur* and *Madame de G.* and *Sr. Fal* join'd in this affecting Scene. After some Moments of Silence, the *Marquess* made us rise, and take our Places, then continued thus. If you are satisfied, my dear Children, truly I am not less so myself; but this is not always sufficient; Decency must be observ'd. I have taken my Measures so well, that the World shall be for ever ignorant of the real Origin of my Daughter in Law. I do not mention this to humble her, she is greater by her Virtue and fine Qualifications than a vain Birth can

can make her; but considering what Slaves we are to Prejudice, I thought I might lawfully employ an innocent Stratagem, to impose upon those of my Rank: *Yenny* shall appear well born, and notwithstanding they bid the Banish this Day in her Village, I have contriv'd Matters so, that they cannot discover my Secret.

In fine, every thing is ready for the Celebration of a Marriage so much desir'd; the Contract you both sign'd, and which cost so many Tears, will serve it is drawn in your Names. Thus, my dear Child, said the Old *Marquis* to me smiling, you see that the Uneasiness you then express'd for the *Marquis*, and which I approv'd, was without Foundation. Don't you remember I told you, we should be all satisfied? have I deceived you?

It remains that I inform you, continued my Lover's Father, addressing himself to me, to make every thing clear, that not being determin'd whither to carry you, I had Recourse to my old Friends *Monsieur* and *Madame de G—*, as Persons on whom I might depend: I knew the Obligations you lay under to them; and that Idea seem'd so suitable, that I went immediately and acquainted them with the Affair, recommending Secrecy. I was very apprehensive of its taking Air; after causing so much Distress, and being the Author of so much Care and Anxiety to these poor Children, I thought it but just to reserve to myself the charming Satisfaction of being the first to inform them of their Happiness.

Thus did the Old *Marquis* finish this delightful Harangue: it renew'd our Marks of Acknowledgment. My heart was full; but I durst not give lively Proofs of it as my Lover. He threw himself twenty Times at his Feet, kiss'd his Hands as often, spoke to him in the tenderest and fondest Manner. After a proper Time spent in these Transports, the Old *Marquis* told me, my Father and Mother were come; that he had sent for them in order to assist at the Celebration of my Nuptials; but that I was to

give them to understand that they were return me more to their Courage, it being of the last Consequence in the Measures he had taken for concealing who I was. They shall lose nothing by the Bargain; said he to me smiling; I'll give you my Estate *de Forfan* which is a hundred Leagues off, (it yields twenty thousand Livres a Year) you shall live there with them and your Husband, till I think proper to have you nearer me. Your Father and Mother shall remain there, and be Lords and Masters; this will make amends for the Loss of their own Country. You'll have time enough to instruct them in the Journey how they must behave. It is not difficult to assume an Air of Ease, when one is so effectually. How sensible was I of so much Goodness, I should I endeavour to express it, the Task would be endless.

Hitherto I never had an Opportunity of owning to the Old *Marquess* that *Barbara* was my Aunt; I did it now. Well, so much the better, continued that dear and worthy Father of my Lover, we shall render one more Person happy.

The Old *Marquess* inform'd us moreover, for every Thing can't be said at once, that he had only brought with him and retain'd in his Service those who attended him in his pretended Sickness; and as for all the rest he had taken others in their Room, to prevent any Discovery. He added, that he had dismiss'd *Forfan*, knowing he was not agreeable to me. (How good was this of him) I but that he had provided so well for him, that he would have no Reason to complain.

My Joy was too great to admit of any Resentment. I interceded for *Forfan* with so much Earnestness, that he might partake of the common Joy, as obtain'd his Readmission; his Behaviour ever after gave me Satisfaction.

Madame de G finding all was said, propos'd going to Supper: every one was willing enough. Nothing gives a better Appetite than Joy: it will be easily imagin'd, neither the *Marquess* nor I wanted a Stomach.

Stomach. At Table I could read Impatience in his Eyes. Must I blush to own I felt the same Emotion? why may not Truth be own'd? I was certainly excusable. Besides, I was in continual Dread of some unforeseen Event which might crush all my Hopes; I had experienced so many Disappointments, that I was habituated to expect no Day could pass without them; but I was mistaken; every Thing has its Time; ill Fortune itself will at last be weary of persecuting us.

The moment Supper was done, I flew to my Apartment and lock'd myself up with *Barbara*, my Father and Mother. I immediately fell at their Feet, owning myself their Daughter and Niece, and asking Pardon for my not discovering myself sooner; alleging the Reasons of it, in a short, but succinct manner. The Reader must imagine their Surprise and Transport. They cried for joy, when I acquainted them with the Happiness design'd me. My Mother, pressing my Cheeks to hers, sometimes cried out, God be prais'd! Then again, I always told you, Husband, she would prove a good Girl. Our Time was too short to be employ'd in these mutual Endearments; I told them in two Words what was intended for them; then propos'd to my dear Aunt, who could scarce persuade herself I was her Niece, either to follow me, or return to her belov'd Village, offering her my Father's House and to buy a Piece of Land to it. No, no, said she very honestly, I am for no Village where you are not to be, my dear Niece, since Providence will have me to call you so. Your Secret would be well kept truly, were I to return to my Village! To be plain with you, I should hunt out every Gossip in the Place, beginning with *Mr. Curate*, to be sure, as our Betters must be serv'd first; I am old Tell-truth. I could not forbear smiling at her Simplicity; nevertheless I intreated her to be on her Guard for my Sake. Her Answer was, that I had nothing to fear whilst she was out of her own Village, as I had experienced from the Time I had liv'd with her.

During

During this, somebody knock'd at the Door; it was the impatient *Marquess*: Every thing is ready said he thro' the Keyhole: they wait for you. The Door being open'd, he catch'd me round the Neck and kiss'd me so eagerly, that I blush'd very much. Nay, cried he, you must not be angry now. Saying this, he embraced my Father, Mother, and Aunt with great Tenderness, calling them, by those Names, and concluded with saying to me, What is it we stay for? His abrupt Impatience made me smile, and I follow'd him with a light Heart to the Church, where every thing was ready to unite us for ever.

In fine, we were married. What did not follow from that charming Ceremony? I am silent; it's sufficient to say, that it's ever fresh in my Memory. The Old *Marquess's* Scheme was follow'd to a tittle. Our Marriage occasion'd various Speculations; but they made no Impression on the *Marquess* or me, entirely taken up with promoting our own Happiness. Two Sons and a Daughter were the Fruit of our mutual Loves. Amidst the great World, my Family employs all my Time; there centers my Happiness. My Husband, ever tender, complaisant and fond; can I conclude with a more endearing and interesting a Circumstance?

The End of the Twelfth and last Part.



